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PRINCES OF THE MODERN PULPIT

PRINCES OF THE MODERN PULPIT IN ENGLAND

BY

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To My Wife

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PRINCES OF THE MODERN PULPIT

INTRODUCTION

A NOTE ON MODERN PREACHING

PREACHING has undergone an almost revolutionary change in the past thirty years. Different things are said, and they are said in a different way. The message and the task of the preacher still remain substantially the same; but the message is delivered in a new language and with new emphases, and the task—of "edifying the saints" and converting the sinners—is approached from a new angle.

This book is entirely personal in its scope; an attempt to sketch the characteristics of a few of the most widely heard and influential of the British preachers of one generation. It does not profess to be in any sense a history of religious thinking in that period. It is concerned rather with the manner and method by which individuals have interpreted to the church-going public the results of religious thinking. Yet, because changed ways of thinking, both in the pulpit and in the pew, have led to changed ways of preaching, it may be worth while to recall one or two of the main lines along which British Protestant thought has moved since 1900.

First there was the emergence of the " Social Gospel." The enlarged view of Christian duty which this phrase represents is not, of course, a discovery of the twentieth century. All through the Christian centuries there has been some sort of recognition of the truth that Christianity has a relation to social and national as well as to individual life. And the germ of the " Social Gospel " as, say, the late Canon Scott Holland and Dr. Clifford understood it, is to be found in various movements which cut sharply nto the more complacent mid-Victorian religious individualism. But the turn of the century found a very large number of Christian people preoccupied with the social and economic implications of their faith. Several leading preachers, like Bishop Gore and Charles Silvester Horne, defined those implications with arresting force and eloquence; and by about the year 1910 there was scarcely a sermon preached—at all events in Free Church and High Church pulpits—which did not include among its " applications " a reference to the duty of " Christianizing every sphere of human activity."

Thirty years ago, too, the new views of the Bible were just beginning to be accepted generally—at least by the younger ministers and their younger hearers. There are still, of course, stray groups in most of the Churches, rallying round preachers of ability, who reject the Higher Criticism and all its works. But from the point of view of the preacher the vital point in the new situation was this: that as the present century drew towards its 'teens, he could no longer presume in his congregations either the old unquestioning faith in the literal inspiration and the consequent infallible authority of the Bible, or the old loving familiarity with its text.

The discoveries of science have, of course, had their strong influence upon preaching. The modern preacher

undertakes to "justify the ways of God to men" in a Universe which is seen more and more to be governed by "unalterable law"; in which the human race seems shrunk to infinite insignificance when measured against the galaxies of heaven; and in which the spiritual interpretation of life has to be reconciled with the disturbing researches of the new psychology.

"Then came the War." From the preacher's point of view, the main effect of the War and its aftermath was an insistent demand for "reality"; for a preaching free from every suspicion of sentimentality or rhetoric, a preaching employed in stating or re-stating the Christian positions in the language of the day, and consonantly with the science and the scholarship of the day—however inadequate the language of the day may be to express spiritual mysteries, and however hopelessly the science and scholarship of the day may seem to clash with traditional Christian belief.

It is obvious that when the pew makes an "insistent demand" upon the pulpit there has been indeed a revolution within the realm of preaching. Instead of mounting to his pulpit as to a throne, the modern preacher is rather in the position of being summoned into the witness-box. No longer does he speak with the majestic authority of a prince and an ambassador. He stands there, a man among men, abiding every man's question, cross-examined on every point in his evidence. I think it is the glory of the modern pulpit that it has met this new situation with such genuine good-will, such steady courage and unshaken faith, and such tact and wisdom in re-adjusting its language and its emphases without surrendering the key positions of Christian belief.

The story of that re-adjustment is a part of religious history; and that, as I have said, is outside the scope

of this book. Looking at it purely from the angle of an interest in preaching, I suggest that the re-adjustment is most strikingly illustrated in the attitude of the modern pulpit to the Person of Christ. With a true strategic instinct at a time in which only an absolutely realistic Christianity can hold and win the minds and hearts of men, the forces of the modern pulpit have concentrated around the Fact of Christ. The average sermon preached to-day in a British Protestant church (assuming that it is possible to strike an average in these matters) might be described, not as an argument about Christ, or on behalf of Christ, but an argument *from* Christ. With a great and touching gesture of faith, the modern Christian pulpit is staking everything upon Jesus: staking everything upon the chance, if one may use the term, that men and women who doubt all else will not be able to doubt Him. He stands there in history, the ideal personality, the one Man for whom God, and God's love, and the reality of the spiritual world, were not merely believed or felt but *known* to be certainties, and who lived among men as the God whom He revealed would live. The modern pulpit has found a favourite phrase to express the nature of Christ's revelation: "God *is* what Jesus *was*."

This retreat, if one may call it so, to the central and impregnable stronghold of personality involves, for the moment at least, a surrender of some positions which were once held to be fundamental. There is, let it be admitted, an awkward gap at times between present-day popular preaching and the more precise statements of theology. Many preachers would find it difficult to state precisely their beliefs as to the Divinity of Jesus; and what would still more horrify the preachers of a generation ago, some of them would say that precise

statements are not essential. Let a man explain Jesus as he will, they say, so long as he is sure that the Spirit of Jesus dwells within him, filling his whole personality with love and peace and serviceableness.

And there is a difficulty in speaking of the Cross. The central emphasis is placed on the life and teaching of Jesus, where for centuries it had been placed on His atoning death. "Atonement" is a word seldom used in the modern pulpit; so also is "blood." No change in pulpit emphasis is really more revolutionary than this. If a student of preaching were to visit, say, twelve churches of each of the chief British denominations during the coming year, I doubt whether he would hear, more than once or twice, any more orthodox doctrine of the Cross than this: that it is the supreme revelation of the sacrificial nature of Love, a sort of parable or drama of Love, loving to the uttermost. The old "Plan of Salvation" is scarcely known by name to the occupants of the modern pew.

Thirty years ago this gospel would scarcely have been considered a gospel at all. All I am concerned to say here is that the modern pulpit is preaching it with as great an earnestness, as passionate a sense of its indispensability for individual and social redemption, as admirable a devotion of intellectual gifts to the preacher's calling, as that with which "the old gospel" was preached in the days of Spurgeon and Parker and Liddon. The average level of intelligence and earnestness I believe to be actually much higher in the pulpit of 1931 than it was in the pulpit of 1900.

But what of preaching as an art? Of the preacher as an orator and a personality?

On this point, as several of the preachers sketched in this volume are still living and preaching, it would,

perhaps, be indiscreet in me to make comparisons on the point of actual merit between the preachers of to-day and the preachers of 1900 and of the preceding generation. In any case, fashions in pulpit oratory change, and the man who drew crowds in 1900 might prove quite unattractive to present-day audiences. One can only record that there is a very great difference between the pulpit fashions of yesterday and of to-day.

Oratory, in the commonly accepted sense, is definitely at a discount in the modern pulpit. There is a sort of suspicion of all speech which is so fluent and harmonious that it can glide gracefully over a weak point in the argument. Thirty years ago rhetoric was admired for its own sake. There was certainty in the pews and certainty in the pulpit, and the pews settled down snugly to hear the champion declaim his variations, so to speak, on a classically familiar theme. Sermons were longer, too, and more architecturally constructed. Expository preaching was the normal method, whereas to-day a preacher often shuts his Bible after reading his text—and often leaves his text behind him in the first five minutes. I will not say that pulpit manners and demeanour were better then than now, but they were certainly more stately and imposing.

"Princes of the Modern Pulpit." There were indeed princes in the pulpit a generation ago; men whose very bearing and tone spoke of prophetic authority and the pride of being employed in a royal service. I once saw Joseph Parker, Alexander Maclaren and Robert Rainy standing side by side in the pulpit of the City Temple. Fifty Archbishops and Moderators of this degenerate age could scarcely turn the scale, in point of awful majesty, against those three old men. But I

disbelieve the legend that the royal epoch of the pulpit is behind us.

Princeliness does not consist in stateliness of bearing and sonorousness of phrase. Its essential quality is that of moral and intellectual leadership; and I am quite certain that the preachers of to-day, standing among their people as brothers and counsellors, rather than as ambassadors and princes, include many who are deeply influencing the thought of this bewildered age, and whose moral leadership of the nation is as real and effective as that of the mighty orators who thundered from their pulpit thrones in the last decades of the age of faith.

. . . . . .

A word as to the selection of preachers for the purposes of this book. My twenty do not represent my personal opinion as to "the twenty best preachers of a generation," nor do they necessarily represent pre-eminent importance in the leadership of religious thought. Some are included because they were and are pre-eminently popular, some because they were and are pre-eminently great, some because they were and are leading representatives of schools of preaching or of tendencies in the life of the Churches.

Many are left out who would have been in—had the volume been twice its present size. Among the Church of England preachers one would gladly have included Bishop Gore and the late Bishop Boyd-Carpenter, Canon C. E. Raven, Bishop Barnes, and the present Bishop of Durham. Congregationalism possesses, in men like Rev. Leyton Richards and Dr. F. W. Norwood, worthy successors to its departed princes. Methodism has a pulpit genius in Dr. Russell Maltby—and many men of talent and attractive power. So one could go on.

And if one had had space to include the Americans, one's difficulty there would be to select from a crowd of luminaries: headed, perhaps, by Dr. Parkes Cadman, the radio preacher to a Continent, and Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, the most lucid and inspiring of all the popularizers of modern liberal Christianity.

The Christian pulpit, in one word, was never more rich in preaching power than it is to-day, and never more adequately equipped for the defence and advancement of the Faith in an age of doubt, questioning, and wistful seeking.

JOSEPH PARKER

JUST thirty years ago, a small boy in a cheering crowd on the Thames Embankment, I saw a carriage driven swiftly by: and in it sat a tiny old lady in black—so tiny and so old that I retained no real impression of her features. But I had seen her! George the Third had held her on his knee. She had talked intimately with Wellington and Peel and Palmerston. The soldiers of the Crimea and the Mutiny had marched past her with dipped colours on their way to make history.

It was something to have seen Queen Victoria. And yet it is not the memory of the Great Queen which thrills me most with a sense of having peeped into the historic past. The flavour of the Victorian Age, now so romantically "period," comes to me most acutely through my memories of a Nonconformist preacher. I am glad to have pulled off my cap to Queen Victoria as she drove for the last time through the streets of London; but I am still more glad to have seen and heard Joseph Parker.

For Dr. Parker was the last of the old princes of the pulpit. The pulpit still has, and will continue to have, its princes; but they are princes of a new dynasty. The old royal line—majestic, awe-inspiring, autocratic, sometimes whimsical and eccentric (as great men wielding unquestioned authority must have leave to be)—passed into history when the voice of Joseph Parker fell silent. Dr. Parker died in 1902. It would be more fitting to

say that he survived until 1902. Not that he was very old, as we now count old age—he was seventy-two when he died—but everything about him was reminiscent of the 'sixties and 'seventies. Whoever has heard Dr. Parker preach can imagine himself back in any decade of the last two centuries. He can believe in the legends of Whitefield's eloquence and of Wesley's awful authority; of the thrill which ran through St. Mary's, at Oxford, when Newman's silvery voice was changing the history of the Church; of the rough humour of Rowland Hill, and of the homely tenderness of Spurgeon. The point is, not that Parker was really endowed with all these gifts —though he had a good share of many of them—but that he was hedged with the old divinity which democracy denies (assisted by the de-bunkers), a divinity which haloed great men in all walks of life until the old Queen's passing closed the pre-democratic age. As Gladstone was the last example of the Great Man in political life, so Joseph Parker was the last example in the realm of preaching.

Probably Parker's preaching would not draw crowds or compel admiration to-day. He would be called eccentric, emotional, theatrical—all the things which are most condemned in the modern preacher, who is put into a witness-box and expected to put up a plain answer to Julian Huxley and Bertrand Russell. Modern congregations, like modern political gatherings, are no longer harps to be played on by master musicians. Perorate as he may, the present-day politician cannot perorate away a single false statistic. Preach he ever so eloquently, a present-day preacher has lost ninety per cent. of his audience if he evades, or defies, the latest finding of scholarship as to the authorship of St. John.

But, for all that, I believe Parker would be listened to if he could be restored to us to-day. He would be shrewd enough to know that the style of 1900 would not do for 1931.

Joseph Parker's history is not eventful. He was always making events—saying things which stirred people to angry controversy or delighted gossip. But he said most of them from the same place and in the same circumstances. Son of a Northumbrian stonemason—and himself of stocky peasant build and of little formal education—he became Congregational minister at Banbury in 1853. Then he went to Cavendish Street, Manchester, and later, in 1869, to the old Poultry Chapel in the City. To house the immense crowds who thronged to the Poultry, his people built the City Temple, by Holborn Viaduct; and there for thirty years Joseph Parker reigned in kingly state.

One of the countless legends about Dr. Parker concerns the building of the City Temple. "What style of architecture would you prefer, Doctor?" said the architect. "Any style!" said the Doctor. "But build me such a church that when Queen Victoria drives into the City she will say, 'What place is that?' —and she will be told, 'That is where Joseph Parker preaches!'"

Dr. Parker was always on familiar terms with his own name: rather like "Joseph Bagstock, sir—your humble servant, Joey B."

And now let me say at once, before the younger reader takes a prejudice against the Christian preacher who could talk like that, that most of Parker's critics and admirers have missed the essential point in his personality—I mean on its human and worldly side. They have missed in Parker the very thing which some admirers

have missed in Dr. Johnson: the glorious, gigantic humour of the man. A little while ago as the result of a "scene" in Parliament, there was some grave discussion as to the precise meaning of the word "humbug." To be quite honest, Parker was always suspected of a touch of humbug "in a Pickwickian sense." He would say things which did not ring true in so superbly sensible a man. I heard Parker once a week in the last two years of his ministry: and if ever a man was filled with a mighty spirit of humour, delighting to "humbug" the over-solemn and to relieve his own heart in laughter, I am certain it was he. Many of the Parkerisms which caused the austere and fastidious to shake their heads were no more serious than Dr. Johnson's roarings against Whigs and Scotsmen. But in England it is rather dangerous for a public man to be a humorist.

Frankly, because I was so conscious of the humour and the dramatic sense in Parker (he was an actor in every line of his face, in every look and gesture), I never got carried away, or, so to speak, stabbed to the heart, by his evangelical appeal. His power to "convert sinners and edify the saints" I have to take on trust from older men who went to hear him in a (shall I say?) less journalistic mood. But the evidence as to the reality and depth of the impression he made upon men, in the deepest concerns of the spiritual life, is too copious and too emphatic for one to doubt that Parker was a great evangelist in the primary and most serious sense of the word. Over and over again I have talked to men who traced the source of some fertilising river in the map of their spiritual pilgrimage to "a sermon-ending of Joseph Parker." That metaphor, by the way, is not quite in the purest literary taste. Recalling those mornings in the City Temple, the baroque spirit of Parker's

prose has begun to possess me. "This was thought tolerable good writing in the year 1900."

As one looks back on those mornings at the City Temple, the conviction grows that there really was something unique about Parker's personality and preaching. They were theatrical in a big sense of the word. No other preacher has ever given his congregation such a sense of waiting for the curtain to rise and a thrilling drama to begin. The City Temple is rather a theatrical building—all green paint and gilding, with a sort of proscenium framing the great marble pulpit presented to the church by the Corporation of London—and no entrance of Hamlet or Macbeth on the classic stage was ever more tremendous than the ascent of Dr. Parker into his pulpit. When the service began the pulpit was empty. There had been an overture on the organ, and the first hymn had been announced by a deacon. Country cousins began to wonder if the great man was absent and some understudy was to appear . . . and then, as the first verse of the hymn drew to its close, a black-robed figure, with leonine grey locks and face of rugged impressiveness, mounted slowly into the rostrum. It was the face of an actor, a prime minister, a Hebrew prophet —anything you like to imagine in the grand style: an imperial air, an imperious glance, a sort of conscious but not a heavy or pompous majesty. Great men looked like great men in those days.

The preaching itself is indescribable—or, rather, the effect of it is incommunicable. Parker's sermons may still be read, but they do not read well. They resemble a musical score which only comes to life when it is translated into actual tones and harmonies. So much depended on tone and expression in Parker's case. He was extraordinarily slow—with an occasional sudden

burst into rapid eloquence. He was picturesque, tender, scornful, witty, colloquial. His preaching was expository, to use the technical term; but the technical term somehow hardly fits Parker's warm and personal style. He was concerned, not so much to bring out the original and precise meaning of a text as to make it vividly alive in all its circumstances—in its Biblical background and in its application to the spiritual life of men. I can never think of Parker wooing men into the kingdom with the simple, earnest appeal such as we normally associate with the evangelist. He was more inclined to shame them into the kingdom. He made the unspiritual life seem so puerile, so poverty-stricken. How Parker humbled himself to conversion and self-discipline I do not know; but it was as clear as daylight that all his bright, strong faculties were concentrated on the one object of preaching Christ. May one say without offence that he gave one the impression of a man whose powerful faculties might easily have been turned to ill uses had he not early in life been caught up by a tremendous conviction? There was a rugged force in him which was bound to break out in some direction, right or wrong.

Here is a perfectly characteristic bit of Parker:

What is true of the man and of the Bible is true of the Church. "What are you doing, Church? Are you the Church that should come or look we for another?" "Well, I am an old Church." "That is nothing." "Well, I am a rich Church." "That is less than nothing." "Well, I am a learned Church." "That is very good so far as it goes, but what are you doing? Curing lepers?" "Lepers! but the age of miracles is past." Past! nothing of the kind. The age of miracles is always coming; it is one of the ages that will never

come in all its fullness till time shall be no more, and we all stand in the miracle of heaven. Ah, fools, that think that life cleansing means an operation performed on the skin or on the blood, and that opening the eyes of the blind literally means going and giving the man physical eye-sight—these are but types, hints, symbols, parables, similitudes, by which are figured the grand miracle of the cleansing of the leprosy of the heart, the opening of the eyes of the mind, the cleansing of the sources of the will, and the bowing down of the whole nature in intelligent and loving homage to Him who is the Saviour of the world.

And these miracles are being done to-day. I would that those upon whom they are performed would make them more known. You are rather too silent. If there are two musical people here to-day, two young people who have studied music, they will not get across the church door if they have not seen one another for a week without instantly beginning to talk about the last concert they were at, and you dare not tell who you heard preach last Sunday, and if anybody were to ask you, you would half forget his name, and if you remember his name I am confident you would not remember his text. You hear little children talking about their last music lesson, you hear the girls and young men who are at the Academy; do they forget the name of the piece? Do they say, "What was that thing now? What was the text?" No, no, they know it, all of them, talk about it openly, and lovingly, and joyously, and what difficulties they had, and how nearly they failed, and how difficult it was to get a low note, and how she trembled upon this upper note. They talk about it lovingly, rapturously. Now listen to these two people coming out of Church. "Ah, very damp!" "Yes, very damp!" "Unseasonable weather I call it." "Yes, very unhealthy I think." Poor souls, it is even so they chatter when they might be up in the blue morning sun singing about the God and Father of our Lord Jesus

Christ. Ay, but I tell you what the answer is. The devil is cunning; he says, "Do not mention God, the subject is too sacred—too sacred to be spoken about, too sacred to be observed about." A man keeps his spiritual feelings to himself. That may be a mischievous error because of its partial truth. I have no fear of any naked lie; my fear is of the lie that has one rag of truth upon the left shoulder or the right; that lie will make more progress than a stark naked, bare-faced, impudent lie.

And so with regard to these excuses and mitigations, they are partially true; but according to that reasoning we have only to make a subject grand enough never to have it mentioned—so solemn that not a soul will ever refer to it. I do not believe that Christ's religion was ever meant to be treated in that way. It is, "They that feared the Lord spake often one to another," and the Lord hearkened and heard; and they communed with one another as they went along, and as they communed Jesus Himself drew near. "Where two or three are gathered together, there am I in the midst of them." I never knew two of us get together to talk about Christ but there was a third party in the room at once, and a man looking in upon us with eyes keen enough to pierce and recognise the reality of things, would go home with this report: "Were there not two in that room, and yet I saw a third there like unto the Son of God?" . . . Oh, speak about religion! The musician will speak about music; the artist never ceases to delight to talk about his art, and we, who are in Christ, and think there is nothing worth living for but Christ, and who find all we are and have in Christ, should sometimes, at least, speak very warmly, and fervently, and gratefully about our Lord and Master.

That is characteristic of Parker on the side of his brisk and vivid colloquialism, and of his favourite tone of raillery, if one may use such a word in connection with

preaching: characteristic, too, of the warm religious sentiment—very seldom declining into sentimentalism—which many found the most attractive thing in Parker's preaching. His religion was fundamentally a religion of praise. He was deeply conscious of man's need of redemption, for he knew the dark places of human nature and the " too, too solid flesh "; and Christianity appeared to him in the light of a daily miracle of salvation. This, I say, was fundamental: but the expression of Parker's religion took the form, not of solemn exhortations to repentance, but of a warm, human sentiment of wondering love for Jesus Christ. This was really all that mattered to him. He disliked the new religious liberalism, especially as it affected men's views of the Bible; but he disliked it, not as likely to shake his own faith, but as a sort of impertinent intrusion upon the Christian's happy and rapt meditation upon Christ.

Dr. Parker was definitely of the old world in his attitude to scholarly and scientific criticism of orthodox Christianity. Mr. Arthur Porritt has recorded an example of his controversial style on this subject. He writes:

One of my most vivid memories of Dr. Parker is of a Thursday mid-day service at the City Temple, when he scarified the higher critics and the evolutionary scientists for their assaults upon the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture. He turned to Genesis and read the story of Creation. " ' Cut it out,' cried the scientists," he shouted. Then he turned to John xiii, " Let not your heart be troubled. . . ." " ' Cut it out,' cried the higher critics," he screamed. And suiting the action to the word, he slashed at the Bible with an imaginary penknife. Then in his left hand he held up the imaginary Bible as the scientists and the critics had

left it, and with the fingers of the right hand he played with the imaginary tattered leaves. "It's in ribbons," he cried in an awed whisper. It was all so dramatic and realistic that one strained one's eyes to see if he had really had a tattered, mutilated Bible in his hand, but a 1930 congregation would wonder if it was not all a sin against the truth. To Parker, God's revelation to man ended when St. John wrote "finis" to the Book of Revelation.

And yet there was a modern note in Parker's preaching. He probably never once used the philosophical term "values," but fundamentally his Christian apologetic was based upon the appeal to "values." When all your doubts are stated, he argued, here are the unanswerable things—the ultimate realities—Goodness, Truth, Beauty. These are the witnesses. This clear perception of spiritual values, this scornful comparison of them with the values of the world, appears like a refrain in all his preaching.

Parker could touch the strings of tenderness very delicately and beautifully. Now and then he overdid it. I was in the City Temple once when a woman got up to take out a crying child. "Don't take it away, madam," said Parker; "its little voice is music to my ears!" That was a little too impressive; and sometimes a similar exaggeration of sentiment crept into the sermons. But at other times one felt in all its beauty, in Parker's preaching, the tenderness of the strong man. As a set-off to my crying baby I recall an occasion when Parker told how a little girl had come to his vestry with a little offering of wild flowers. "Did I need the flowers?" he asked. "No! Did I want them? God knows every fibre in my body cried out for them—ached for them."

He was very much of a public man, though he preferred to deliver himself from his own pulpit rather than from miscellaneous platforms and in the Press. The City took a special interest in him, and he regarded himself as a sort of semi-official representative of Christian idealism in all that concerned the City. He once even undertook to edit *The Sun*, a London evening paper, for a week, setting forth the news of the day according to Christian values. It was not quite a success. People of fifty or thereabouts still remember the famous philippic against the Sultan Abdul Hamid, at the time of the Armenian massacres. It concluded:

He may have been the Kaiser's friend, but in the name of God, in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost—speaking of the Sultan, not merely as a man, but speaking of him as the Great Assassin—I say "God damn the Sultan!"

In controversy Dr. Parker was a little too emphatic and reckless to be successful. He enraged all orthodox Baptists, and many others, by controversial interchanges with Spurgeon, arising out of that famous preacher's refusal to co-operate with him in an Evangelical conference. To our modern ideas Spurgeon's refusal seems incredibly narrow, and it was couched in provoking terms. He wrote to Parker: "The view of religion which takes you to the theatre is so far off from mine that I cannot commune with you therein." But Parker certainly hit hard in the "Open Letter" with which he responded. The most talked-about passage ran as follows:

I will speak frankly as to a brother beloved. Let me advise you to widen the circle of which you are the

centre. You are surrounded by offerers of incense. They flatter your weakness, they laugh at your jokes, they feed you with compliments. My dear Spurgeon, you are too big a man for this. Take in more fresh air. Open your windows, even when the wind is in the East. Scatter your ecclesiastical harem. . . .

Ecclesiastical polemic was distinctly pungent in those days.

Parker anecdotes are innumerable. Some are apocryphal, for it is almost as easy to parody Parker as it is to parody Dr. Johnson; but Parker's humour did undoubtedly bubble forth in countless surprising sallies. All his mock-serious utterances must be imagined as being delivered in a tone of bland innocence, breaking at the climax, usually, into a deep roll of thunder.

There is, for example, the famous occasion on which he announced a collection for widows and orphans, and added, " Widows and orphans who are present in the congregation will not be expected to contribute." On the following Sunday, when collection time arrived, Parker delivered himself thus: " I announced last Sunday that the collection would be for widows and orphans; and I took occasion to add that widows and orphans in the congregation would not be expected to contribute." . . . A dramatic pause. . . . " *Never bloody battle produced so many widows and orphans as did that announcement!* "

On another occasion Dr. Parker informed his congregation, with a serious air, that he approached the duty of preaching that morning with a certain amount of trepidation. A gentleman had informed him by letter that he proposed to attend the service with a view to subjecting the sermon to a philosophical analysis. The usual pause . . . then: " I may add," said Dr. Parker,

" that my trepidation is somewhat mitigated by the fact that the gentleman spells philosophical with an ' f '. "

His pleasantest performance, in my opinion, was his letter to " John Oliver Hobbes " (Pearl Craigie), a brilliant though now forgotten novelist, in whose career Dr. Parker had taken a paternal interest. She wrote informing him that she had become a Roman Catholic. In accordance with Catholic custom, she added, she had adopted a " Saint's name " and in future would be known as Pearl Maria Teresa Craigie. Dr. Parker replied in a friendly letter. He signed himself " Joseph Matthew Mark Luke John Parker."

Another pretty example of his " malice "—using the word in its French sense of humorously ironical criticism —was contained in a sermon on the training of youth. One of his points had reference to Sunday observance, and he drew a lifelike picture of the old-fashioned Sabbatarianism as it affected the child. " Rise at seven, family prayers. Breakfast at eight o'clock, Sunday-school at nine, church at ten-thirty, then home to cold dinner. One hour of Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, then Sunday-school at two. Home to tea, then another hour of Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, then hymns round the pianoforte. Then evening church followed by cold supper, more hymns round the pianoforte, family prayers. Then to bed. Bring up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it . . . WON'T HE! ! ! "

A " de-bunking " biographer might possibly find plenty of material for satire in the details of Parker's life, particularly on the score of egotism, " humbug," and financial acumen. He would not reduce Parker's moral stature by many inches. Parker was an egotist as Bernard Shaw is an egotist. He was a gay egotist, not a solemn one. I have already given my opinion that the element

of "humbug" in him is to be explained by the motions of the great gusty humour which was his unique possession among the men of his grave calling. As to the gossip about his keenness for money, all that needs to be said is that he earned all he got by genuine hard work (not to speak of his genius) both in writing and preaching, and that he gave generously and secretly. Parker knew all about this gossip. He referred to it once in a sermon. "It was told me the other day that there are some persons doing me a great deal of injury because they say I never go out to preach under £50 a time. Oh, how often I should be out if that was the case!"

I must confess that I like that reference almost as much as I like Dr. Johnson's sturdy defiance of the people who grumbled at his pension: "I wish it was twice as large, so that they might grumble twice as loud."

Dr. Parker was of the old school in his personal isolation and independence. The day of innumerable conferences and assemblies, drawing religious leaders of all denominations into habitual co-operation on platforms and in committees, had hardly dawned in his time. The old "star preachers" dwelt in a sun-like splendour of isolation, each with his circle of devoted admirers and disciples. At intervals they met in public, and with what stateliness of courtesy did the great captains then salute each other! I have referred to an occasion when the three grandest old men in Nonconformity stood together in the City Temple pulpit. It was in 1901, when Dr. Parker was chairman of the Congregational Union. On one side of him stood Alexander Maclaren, the venerated scholar and preacher of the Baptists; on the other was Robert Rainy, the iron-willed and subtle ecclesiastical statesman who had led the Free Church of Scotland for nearly half a century. I have often seen gatherings of

kings and premiers, but never a more astronomical spectacle than that.

One such concurrence of stars drew forth one of Dr. Parker's best remembered pleasantries. He was preceded at a public meeting by an eminent ecclesiastic who described himself as "a humble Presbyterian." Dr. Parker began his own speech by a reference to this phrase. "A humble Presbyterian!" he said. "When I heard that I said to myself: 'I will turn aside and see this strange sight'."

Singularly happy in his home life—though the death of his second wife in 1898 was the beginning of the end for him—Dr. Parker retained his genius and his attractive power until the day of his last sermon. By the year 1900 he had already become a legend, a noble relic of a past age, one of the sights of London. Exulting in the widespread sales of his sermons and commentaries, he declared once that "the back pews of the City Temple are in the Rocky Mountains." Such is the virtue of a good phrase that the back pews of the City Temple gallery are still known as the Rocky Mountains. They were filled, in the sunset of Parker's life, with hushed and curious hearers, eager to store away in their memory a lasting impression of the last of the old lions of the pulpit. Nobody went away disappointed. Whatever the matter of the sermon might be, the manner was unique, the personality of the preacher a thing to treasure in the mind.

Before he died Dr. Parker had expressed his earnest desire that he should be succeeded at the City Temple by Mr. R. J. Campbell, a young preacher whose delicate spirituality and clear, keen intellect had marked him out as in any case a future prince of the pulpit. Mr. Campbell accepted the call. Within four years he had raised the

most furious ecclesiastical storm of the century. He had evolved "the New Theology"—a crude but exciting swing to the extreme left—and he had thrown in his lot with the Socialists. Nine years later, having recanted the New Theology, he was a clergyman of the Church of England.

So near was Modernism, so close at hand was the new indifference to denominational barriers, when Joseph Parker—who could never have been a Modernist, and would never have been anything but an Independent—passed to his rest. The new world was about to be born. The last of the old princes of the pulpit was dead.

CANON R. J. CAMPBELL

Though the issues which have hung upon his spiritual pilgrimage are less vital and historic than in the case of Newman, the career of Canon R. J. Campbell bears a striking and picturesque resemblance to that of the great Cardinal. Like Newman, Dr. Campbell is a loving and well-loved son of Oxford, bearing her lineaments indelibly imprinted upon his mind. Like Newman, too, he has been the idolized leader of more than one group of eager disciples, and has sacrificed an almost unlimited personal prestige and authority at the inward call to tread a new path. He has been a controversialist, he has won brilliant dialectical victories, and he has uttered the words of recantation. He has passed, after deep meditation, from one great Christian communion into another; and there have been times when the whole English religious world has stood to watch, curiously and with mingled sympathy and dismay, " the pageant of his bleeding heart." And, as with Newman, throughout his pilgrimage he has retained that rare and perilous gift of personal charm which enables a man to make, so to speak, his own private laws of conduct, to " withdraw into his own atmosphere," to be one of those few persons of whom men say " Others abide our question. Thou art free."

Like Newman, whose sermons in St. Mary's at Oxford are a sort of poetic legend in Anglican Church history, Dr. Campbell is indisputably one of the most attractive, and in the precise sense of the word, " interesting," of all the preachers of his generation. Among the eminent

preachers of the past thirty years I can think of only four who have had that unique quality of "interestingness"—in their personality as well as in their thought—which makes people almost as eager to see as to hear them. Just as in the political world men would always crowd to see and hear Lord Rosebery, Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Balfour, so one has felt that Parker, Silvester Horne, "Dick" Sheppard and R. J. Campbell would always be sure of an audience whatever they did or said. The charm is indefinable and incommunicable, and I have failed even to suggest its nature unless my list of names conveys a hint of it.

R. J. Campbell probably ought never to have entered the Free Church ministry—that is, supposing him to have been bent chiefly on prestige and promotion. Had he gone at once into the Church of England he would by now have become, inevitably, Dean of Westminster or Bishop of Winchester or Durham. It was by a series of accidents, actually, that he became a Nonconformist minister. He was never an Evangelical of the normal Free Church type; and his period of extreme Modernism was an episode which he has long since regretted and repudiated. Dr. R. J. Campbell is by nature and temperament an Anglican of the middle school: that is to say, one who holds to the Catholic tradition and the Evangelical emphasis, yet stands apart from "superstition" on the one hand and "sentimentalism" on the other. (I put those two words in quotation marks from motives of discretion.) The Anglicanism which Dr. Campbell represents is not wedded to any high-flying notion of the Church of England as being somehow *the* true Church. But it does find in the Church of England a satisfying feeling for the historic continuity and significance of the Faith; and it finds, also, satisfaction for its

profound belief that all religion, to be personally and socially effectual, must be sacramental.

This deep and unsuperstitious sacramentalism lay, I believe, at the bottom of Dr. Campbell's "New Theology." His mistake was that he attempted to express it in unworkable terms.

Reginald John Campbell was born in 1867 in London, but the influences surrounding his boyhood were those of Ulster Methodism. His ancestry was Scottish *via* Ulster. Delicate in health, there was a core of hard Scottish grit and resolution in him, allied to the keenest and quickest of intellects. He did brilliantly at Oxford, and but for ill-health, which robbed him of a First in the History Schools, he would almost certainly have settled down to a University career. As a Christ Church man he came under the influence of Dean Paget, whom he still calls his " spiritual father." All the religious influences of Oxford, so far as they impressed his sensitively impressionable mind, were Anglican. He worshipped with the Cowley Fathers, and as for the " Lux Mundi " group —scholarly Anglicans, including Charles Gore, who were called heretics but proved to be embryo Bishops—Dr. Campbell has since declared: " Spiritually I owe nearly everything to it in my mature life."

Fortunately or unfortunately, one of his Oxford friends and advisers was the celebrated Dr. A. M. Fairbairn, Principal of Mansfield (Congregational) College. When, at the period in his Oxford life in which he was unsettled and undetermined as to his future course, R. J. Campbell received a pressing invitation to Union Church, Brighton. Dr. Fairbairn told him solemnly: " It is the call of God." He took the plunge and became a Congregational minister in 1895. He awoke to find himself famous. The charm of his personality, the grace and depth of

his preaching, and most of all the atmosphere of delicate and yet not effeminate spirituality which surrounded him as with an aura, made him the idol of thousands. Really no other word than "idol" will serve. There was something about the fervour of adoration bestowed upon young Mr. Campbell which turns one's thoughts irresistibly to the "idols" of the stage and screen.

There was nothing theatrical about the man himself, apart from the picturesqueness of his personal appearance. His hair was prematurely white, showing up to special advantage his dark and luminous eyes and his "brent brow"; while his features seemed to be delicately carved out of an originally rugged piece of Ulster granite. One does not care to linger on these personal details in the case of a preacher; but they certainly counted for something in Dr. Campbell's early career, and ought not therefore to be passed over in silence. "A presence" is not without its value as part of the pulpit orator's equipment. Some people take a special pleasure in recalling that St. Paul had no presence.

All this early success was shadowed by physical delicacy. As a child Dr. Campbell was "scarcely ever free from pain," and with the sensitive organism went an ultra-sensitive and "thin-skinned" personality. "How in the name of all that is reasonable I ever became a public speaker," he said once, "heaven only knows; for no man was ever less fitted for a public career, and this disability has caused me untold agonies in times past."

After eight years in Brighton, Dr. Campbell was called to the most illustrious pulpit in Nonconformity. Joseph Parker, dying in 1902, had bequeathed his mantle to the young preacher, whom he knew and admired; in less symbolic language, he had told the City Temple deacons that if they were wise they would invite R. J.

Campbell to succeed him. They did so, and in 1903 began one of the most brilliant and sensational pastorates ever known in Nonconformity. For a year or two all went well. Sunday by Sunday the crowded audiences were spellbound by the grace and fire of this prince of preachers, and it looked as if R. J. Campbell might become one of the brightest luminaries in Free Church history. But strange rumours began to spread in Congregationalism concerning the heretical trend of Mr. Campbell's thought. And presently a bomb burst. A paper read at a private gathering of ministers was "peached" on—to borrow a phrase from the *Beggar's Opera*; and a leading brother of the Congregational order denounced the new doctrines as "the spawn of hell."

Thus began the New Theology controversy, which filled the churches with the noise of warfare for the next two or three years.

"The New Theology! It's not new—it's not theology—and it doesn't matter." That was a jest of the times, invented (obviously) in Oxford. But there was a grain of truth in it, and it is not necessary to recall the details of Mr. Campbell's "heresy" or of the campaigns which were fought around it. I have said that there was a sacramental urge at the bottom of the New Theology. What it really amounted to was a new and no doubt excessive emphasis upon the sacredness, the Divine nature, of all human relations and activities. One may quote a few disjointed sentences from Mr. Campbell's own utterances at that time.

The starting point in the New Theology is belief in the immanence of God and the essential oneness of God and man. We believe there is no real distinction between humanity and Deity. Our being is the same as God's, though our consciousness of it is limited. *Every*

man is a potential Christ, or, rather, a manifestation of the Eternal Christ.

Sin is simply selfishness, an offence against the God within. . . . We believe that Jesus is and was Divine: but so are we. . . . All that could be said about the love of Christ could be said about the love of John Smith, Tom Jones, and all those humble sons of toil whom Jesus came to call to God.

Mr. Campbell preached these new doctrines with the utmost candour and, as his enemies put it, with the utmost provocativeness. Probably he was provocative. He had been bitterly assailed, and the Scot's motto is *Nemo me impune lacessit*—especially if he is an Ulster Scot. One eminent orthodox theologian delighted the faithful by likening the New Theology to a bad photographic negative: "under-developed and over-exposed." It was neat criticism, though as theological argument it was on about the same level as the superb gesture of the contralto who resigned from the City Temple choir on the ground that the sermons she heard did not harmonise with the solos she sang.

A friend of mine was staying with Mr. and Mrs. Campbell at the height of the excitement. One day a parcel arrived containing a pair of scissors labelled: "For R. J. Campbell. To cut up the Bible with." And one heroic soul mounted a ladder at dead of night and painted on the façade of the City Temple the accusing word "Ichabod."

Mr. Campbell, following the gleam with an almost childlike simplicity of courage, found that his new theology was leading him into a new view of society. He became an ardent Socialist, a co-worker with various Labour and reforming groups; and thus once more he found himself the idol of a particular community. The preacher

of the Revolution, the new John Ball, had arisen. New faces began to appear in the pews of the City Temple: working men, earnest intellectuals in Harris tweeds and soft collars (in those days the mark of the rebel), young ladies from the Chelsea studios and the London School of Economics. I remember one of those young ladies. Clad in William Morrisy sage-green, she sat in the front row of the gallery—as much bored with the service and the sermon as any young lady might naturally be who had forgotten what churches are like. But half-way through the sermon Mr. Campbell, who had hitherto been quoting from Isaiah and the Evangelists, found occasion to declaim a few lines from Walt Whitman. Eagerly and soulfully the young lady from Chelsea leaned forward, and drank in the remainder of the sermon with touching devotion. Free Verse was the sort of language one understood.

Gradually Mr. Campbell found himself moving onward from these positions. Some of the young ministers who had followed him found themselves stranded, without a leader, and one or two cherished bitter thoughts of the Pied Piper who had led them down this awkward cul-de-sac. But there is no doubt at all that the New Theology and its recantation—for Dr. Campbell afterwards categorically recanted many of his theses—were unavoidable steps in a genuinely earnest and painful search for truth.

R. J. Campbell's preaching never rose to greater heights of inspiration than in the years between the New Theology and his 'version to Anglicanism. There was a depth of thought—sombre yet firmly confident—a swift rush of language, a sense of the reverent unveiling of mysteries, which held one in awe, as if in the presence of an authentic prophet.

One such sermon I have always remembered. It seems to me to be a perfect model of Christian preaching on the tremendous problem of human suffering and the apparent silence of God in the face of agonized prayer. It began with an extraordinarily impressive statement of the problem. Mr. Campbell described the massacre at Cawnpore, in the Indian Mutiny—described it in about four hundred words of concise prose which would have made a classic page in written history; and he told how, in a Bible belonging to one of the victims, there were found underlined in blood the words from Psalm xviii, "They cried, but there was none to save; even unto the Lord, but He answered them not." Mr. Campbell laid bare, with serious and tender honesty of thought, the "discrepancies" in God's dealing with men, and the impossibility of building faith on the commonly accepted notions of a protecting Providence, intervening at the call of the faithful. The argument seemed to come to a dead end . . . and then, as if by inspiration, came a sudden and joyous appeal to the experience of "the spiritual mind" in Christian history; the experience of spiritual victory and liberation in and through calamity, the "mysterious but indisputable connection between suffering and spiritual gain." This was no sentimental glossing over of the fact of suffering, nor was it a mere desperate leap over a chasm of darkness. The argument was made to appear part of a faith large enough to meet and conquer all the problems that the human mind can bring for solution to the feet of Christ. It was a faith with a Cross in it; a faith in which suffering becomes sacramental—the surest and swiftest way to a deep-rooted certainty of God's existence and God's love.

It was only when the problem had been stated and faced in its uttermost rigour, and when the solution

had been suggested with equal clarity and candour, that the prophetic note of loving and confident exhortation was, so to speak, set free. I quote the concluding passage of the sermon as illustrating the tender grace of appeal which brought this preacher so near to the hearts of all who heard him:

There is something here for you, my friend, whoever you are, to whose cry of need God has for the time being apparently turned a deaf ear. There is a mysterious but indisputable connection between suffering and spiritual gain. The saints have always known it, and our blessed Lord Himself, as we now see, submitted to the great law. I expect we shall find in heaven that all earthly suffering, deserved or undeserved, and from whatsoever source, has its equivalent in spiritual good. I cannot explain, I cannot defend, the awful tragedies God permits in human life, nor shall I try in any way to minimize their dreadfulness. Humanity has been crucified throughout all ages, and you may be stretched upon your cross at this moment. Am I wrong in saying that the principal horror at the situation is to you the silence of God concerning it? You cry—but there is none to save—to all appearance none to care. Ah, my brother, you may not believe me just now, but God has not despised or abhorred your affliction; neither has He hidden His face from you; when you cried unto Him He heard. The only question is how He is going to deliver you, for deliver you He will when this trial has done its work and you have entered into the fellowship of the risen Christ. The worst part of every night of sorrow is that the watcher feels there will never be a dawn. Think, and see if I am not right. Is it not the case with you now? You feel that the shadow can never lift, the trouble can never come to an end, life can never be glad again. That is always the heaviest part of a sorrow, and it is always a delusion. "Sorrow endureth for a

night, but joy cometh in the morning." God is never a passive spectator of the woes of His children; He is within them; He is manifesting through them; and the day will come when He and we shall rejoice together over what they have accomplished. Cling fast to His almighty hand; cast yourself in the darkness upon His beating heart; and when the morning breaks, and the shapes of anguish flee, it will be to show you the smile upon His face.

This, I suggest, is real preaching—if preaching is not the passionless enunciation of a set of doctrines, but, rather, the carrying of a lamp a little ahead of the pilgrim company in the dark and terrifying ways of life.

Dr. Campbell's passage into the Church of England was naturally an unhappy event from the point of view of his Free Church admirers. Only a few were aware of his early association with Anglicans, and, although "Black Prelacy" was no longer considered an absolute defection and backsliding among enlightened Free Churchmen, yet there was a natural sense of regret that a man to whom Nonconformity had given its central pulpit, as well as its admiration and affection, should find himself unable to remain in it to the end. This was, too, the first time in history that a really prominent Free Churchman had "gone over."

Even then Dr. Campbell might not have "gone over" but for the clumsy handling of the situation by the City Temple authorities. He was delicate and needed relief in the discharge of his pulpit duties; and the City Temple put too many difficulties in the way of carrying out the rearrangements he suggested. He resigned his pastorate, and in 1916 was ordained into the ministry of the Church of England. He published his *apologia* in the same year. In this book he eased the minds of many Free Churchmen by a frank and worthy expression of

his own opinion as to his " re-ordination." " I believed myself to be no more and no less truly a minister of Jesus Christ after I had been ordained in the Church of England than I was before. . . . My re-ordination was no judgment upon my earlier ministry one way or the other. That ministry was what it was, had its own value, and nothing that any ecclesiastical authority could say or do could make it different." Less gracious was Dr. Campbell's declaration that he had " owed nothing to Nonconformity."

Long before he joined the Anglicans, Dr. Campbell had told the Bishop of London that " what he missed most in Nonconformity was the Altar." And looking back upon Nonconformity he saw that what he had wanted all the time was " theological freedom combined with such a view of our individual and corporate relation to Christ as the sacramental system of Catholicism had historically given." Dr. Campbell's passage into the Church was in no sense a surrender to superstitious scruples, as (in the Protestant view) was Newman's passage to Rome. Neither, of course, was it influenced by any " pull " of social influences or mere fastidious taste. There was not really any truth in the contemporary jest that " Reginald had triumphed over John."

Most Free Church ministers who enter the Church of England find themselves eclipsed as far as any hope of farther prominence and promotion is concerned. But few who " go over " have Dr. Campbell's shining gifts; and after a decorous interval the illustrious new-comer was given full opportunities of service among his new companions. After a short term as vicar of Christ Church, Westminster, he was given the charge of Holy Trinity, Brighton, the pulpit of F. W. Robertson; and here, surrounded once more by devoted followers, he exercised

a luminous and consoling ministry until his appointment in 1929 as a Canon of Chichester and, later, as Chancellor of the Cathedral.

His spiritual pilgrimage over, Canon Campbell is now devoting his rare gifts to the preaching of an enlightened and forward-looking faith, still emphasizing the spiritual mystery at the heart of life, still setting all human relations and activities in the light of the Incarnation, life, teaching and death of Christ; but facing readily and seriously up to the new problems presented by the advances and assumptions of science and scholarship. Among the dazzling and glaring lights of the day, the preaching of R. J. Campbell is like the soft gleam of a silver lamp, fed perennially by a unique sensitiveness to all spiritual impressions.

Of Dr. Campbell the man little is known to the general public. His social and conversational gifts are of the most attractive order; but it is not until the ecclesiastical memoirs of this age come to be written that we shall get an inside glimpse of this aspect of his personality.

Among his intimates Dr. Campbell is held in peculiarly close regard for his eager readiness to fulfil " the offices of friendship." His warm-hearted and impulsive helpfulness to all who are in trouble or in need has been a leading characteristic throughout his life. A friend of mine was once visiting Dr. Campbell when an old man came to the door to tell a " hard luck " story, as the rather cynical phrase goes. Diving into his pocket immediately, the famous preacher and scholar remarked with kindly concern: " Well, my friend, I have no doubt your story is true. You have an honest face." My informant adds: " As a matter of fact I never saw a more villainous-looking old ruffian in my life! "

DEAN INGE

DRIFTING up Fleet Street like a rather disdainful somnambulist, oblivious alike to the cheery bustle of the traffic and to the curious glances cast at himself, a clerical gentleman of singular and striking appearance invades Newspaper Land at intervals, to the joy of all its citizens. His legs are cased in hierarchical gaiters, his tall hat is the only "topper" in Fleet Street since *The Daily Telegraph* took to democratic manners, and he indulges in a sort of nervous hitch of his shoulders which reminds the historically minded of another famous Fleet Street character—Dr. Samuel Johnson. Strangers look at him with a slightly puzzled expression. There is something vaguely familiar about that gaunt figure and those sharp and acidulous features. Familiar indeed!—for this clerical gentleman is one of the most caricatured men in England. Of all the clergymen of the Church of England he is the most famous, the most talked about. He is particularly precious to Fleet Street. He never speaks in public without providing at least "a couple of sticks of copy." A wit himself, his name and reputation are a never-failing spur to witty invention in others. His name, indeed, has even been made to rhyme with "sing" or "singe," according to the author's taste, in the topical ditties of Revue.

If Fleet Street has cause for gratitude to Dean Inge, it is none the less true that Dean Inge owes a good deal to Fleet Street. A smart journalist gave him, almost at the start of his London career, the lucky nickname of

"The Gloomy Dean." In these days, if a parson gets a nickname—like "Dick" Sheppard or "Woodbine Willie"—he has his foot well within the portals of Press publicity. By attracting the attention of Fleet Street Dean Inge has secured such a platform as no other Dean, gloomy or otherwise, has ever been fortunate enough to obtain. The word has gone forth to the reporters' rooms: "Inge is good copy"; and through the mighty Press of London this donnish clergyman, with the voice of a stage curate, has been for twenty years instructing, delighting and disturbing all England with his pithy and pregnant thoughts.

There have been three Gloomy Deans in English history. One was Dr. Inge's far-off predecessor in the Deanery of St. Paul's: the great and strange John Donne, poet, metaphysician, amorist, ascetic. The second was Dean Swift, bitterest of satirists, most exquisite of humorists. It was Harley Earl of Oxford who had the merit of promoting Dr. Swift to a Deanery. It was Asquith Earl of Oxford who had the responsibility of elevating Dr. Inge. These three Gloomy Deans, by a singular coincidence, were the greatest wits of their respective epochs in the Church of England.

It hardly needs to be said at this time of day that Dean Inge is not really gloomy at all. He is a humorist of sharp intelligence and terrifying candour who does not accept the conventional democratic creed of automatic progress, and who is, therefore, a pessimist upon certain aspects of civilization. But there is no gloom about him. He is the last man in the world to sit down and moan about approaching disaster. His plan is rather to point out with complete coolness and cutting precision just where the democracy is making a fool of itself, and then to go cheerfully off to read his Plotinus, or

. . . to preach deeply wise and beautifully tender sermons recalling men to the source of all wisdom and grace and power.

William Ralph Inge was born at Crayke, in Yorkshire, just over seventy years ago. His father was an Oxford Don, his mother the daughter of an Archdeacon. The most highly civilized form of Christianity, that is to say, is in his blood. A dazzling career at Cambridge was followed by a year or two as assistant master at Eton. (Query: Did young Mr. Inge invent the now universal fashion of irony among schoolmasters?) From 1884 until 1911, with a short interval in a West End vicarage, Dr. Inge was studying and teaching at Cambridge, where for several years he was Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity. He came to St. Paul's with the reputation of a profound scholar, especially familiar with the history of Mysticism, both in its Christian manifestations and in the thought of the Neo-Platonists.

Dr. Inge has recorded some interesting boyhood memories of life in a pious Anglican household sixty years ago. "Sunday," he says, "was a mitigated Puritan Sabbath. The only amusing book we were allowed to read was one by Neale on the Christian martyrs, whose ingenious tortures gave us great pleasure." The Inges were High Churchmen of a type which is now extinct. "Ecclesiastical millinery was totally neglected; I do not think that my grandfather (rector of Crayke) ever wore a cassock. On the other hand there was no hesitation in calling Dissenters heretics, or schismatics, or both. The Church of England was the only religious body which had a right to exist. There was a small Wesleyan chapel in the village; but half the Methodists came to church once on Sundays, and all, I think, were married and buried by the rector. The stiffer Churchmanship

of a later generation drove all such pious waverers into unmitigated Nonconformity."

When he came to London, while still continuing his grave studies Dr. Inge very soon became a figure in society—in many circles of society. His sermons, in spite of his bad voice and delivery, drew keen and intelligent congregations to the Cathedral. His speeches on politics, literature, eugenics, and a dozen other subjects were recognised as possessing that "squeeze of the lemon" which is the surest antidote to boredom. And later, as one of the first, and decidedly the most popular, of clerical journalists, he found himself addressing hundreds of thousands of people with whom no cleric could hope to get in contact under ordinary circumstances. He did all these things because he has the clearest, coolest intelligence in the Church of England; because he does not know the name of fear—or even of diplomatic tact; and because he dreads dullness in himself as much as he abhors it in other men.

Dean Inge is no friend of revolutionaries. "Of course he isn't," said a witty observer once. "He knows that he is the very type of person who, if a revolution were to break out, would be strung up on the nearest lamp-post." The idea of Dean Inge *á la lanterne* is distressing to those who are liberal enough to enjoy his wit and wisdom and to avoid being irritated by his prejudices. But one can hardly expect such liberality on the part of the men who—one really has to say it—*are* his prejudices.

For Dr. Inge is prejudiced very strongly against the people who make revolutions. He neither understands nor likes the insurgent working man, nor does he like the politicians and reformers who see such tragedy in the lot of the masses that they are ready to do hasty

and unhistoric things in order to improve it. For Dean Inge there is little virtue, little to be admired or preserved, outside the upper middle class. The dons, the archdeacons, the barristers, the squires and the lieutenant-colonels—these are the people whose morals and manners constitute " the unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations." And they are vanishing; taxed out of existence for the sake of the turbulent, greedy, and, one is afraid, idle and self-seeking mob. No wonder the Dean of St. Paul's has his pessimistic moods and occasionally dips his pen in gall.

That is one side of Dean Inge. He has two other sides.

Nay, he has three other sides. But the third side is not shown to the public. For twenty years the gloomy old Deanery off St. Paul's Churchyard has been the brightest and happiest of homes. Married in 1905 to Miss Mary Spooner, Dr. Inge has been tenderly guarded against all those domestic cares and irritations which might have hindered his amazing and versatile public activities. He strongly resembles the absent-minded professor of fiction in the dreamy casualness of his habits. But his wife sees to it that nothing really disastrous happens.

A year or two ago a party of distinguished Continental pastors, visiting this country on a mission of peace and fraternity, were invited to tea at the Deanery. The guests arrived, and so did the tea and the gracious hostess. After a little while the hostess smilingly explained that the Dean, who was in his study, had probably forgotten all about the engagement. He had. When he was reminded of it, he came in, abstracted but hospitable, and made his guests as comfortable as people can be when they perceive too clearly that their host, in spite

of his kindly intentions, is wondering how on earth sensible men can waste their time tea-drinking in Deaneries.

The Dean's peaceful home life has been shadowed by one great sorrow. The early death of his little daughter, Paula, a child of rare grace and promise, was a heavy blow. Dr. Inge's account of his little girl, published as a preface to a book of Lenten devotions, is one of the most moving things ever written on that most poignant of all subjects, the deaths of children.

. . . . .

His fame and his wit have made Dr. Inge a coveted guest at "good men's feasts"—and even at the feasts of the less good. He can be a delightful companion; but he is handicapped by deafness . . . which, according to a malicious rumour, increases or decreases in intensity according to the degree of prosiness in his dinner-table neighbour.

. . . . .

But I have digressed. I was about to touch on Dean Inge's brilliant and reconciling work as an exponent of the relation between modern science and religion—or, rather, between the modern mind, in all its aspects, and religion. As president of the Modern Churchmen's Union Dr. Inge has stated his position in precise philosophical and theological terms. His most useful service, however, has been done in his more popular utterances and writings. His main position can be very concisely outlined. Dr. Inge is a reverent disciple of science, and his chief preoccupation has been to show that true science is the strongest buttress of true religion. If religion proves incompatible with science it is not true religion. True religion will never betray the utterly honest seeker

after truth. "Science," says Dean Inge, "is the latest revelation of God," and he sees no reason to regret the fact that the revelation of science modifies some of the revelations vouchsafed to man in days when he was as yet unprepared for the fuller light of our own times. It corrects rather than supersedes.

"Science may speak doubtfully about the existence of a personal God. But it will not allow us to believe that, if there is a personal God, He is either a capricious Oriental Sultan, to be approached only through His privileged courtiers, or a magnified Schoolmaster, or the Head of the clerical profession. Sir John Seeley said that the man of science has a nobler conception of God than the average churchgoer, and I think he was right."

In a recent *Evening Standard* article on Superstitions Dr. Inge spoke contemptuously of those people who "throw salt over their shoulders, avoid walking under ladders, refuse to sit thirteen at table, *prod their waistcoats at certain points in the church service*. . . ." The italics are mine. The cry of horror comes from the Anglo-Catholics, who recognize in the Dean of St. Paul's a more fundamental critic even than Bishop Barnes. Dr. Inge, Modernist and (in some respects) pessimist, is in fact one of the most powerful guardians of Protestantism. He believes the future of religion lies with an enlightened and re-founded Protestantism.

"There is a deep seriousness and earnestness about the Northerners," he says (in *Christian Ethics and Modern Problems*), "which will not rest till they have found a religion which will satisfy both their conscience and their intelligence. That this religion will be Christian need not be doubted; that it will not be Latin Catholicism is certain; but it is equally certain that it cannot be Protestantism as we have known it. The

seat of authority will not be the Bible, but the mind of Christ—the Gospel interpreted by the 'testimony of the Holy Spirit within us.' This Christ-mysticism is the centre of St. Paul's religion. Further, the Protestantism of the future will have made its peace with Humanism —which now means science rather than literature."

In all his popular writings and sayings Dr. Inge is hammering away at his great thesis: that to be a Christian does not mean to close one's mind to science, sense and shrewdness. Some of his utterances, especially on current politics, are too much warped by impatient prejudice to be shrewd or sensible. And at times there is a harshness of judgment in him which is desperately hard to reconcile with the gentle and merciful spirit of Christianity. The cause of peace has had few more effective advocates; yet Dr. Inge regards with the utmost sang-froid the barbarity of capital punishment, and seems, indeed, to regard quite a number of unfortunates as likely to be "nane the waur o' a hangin'." But the total effect of his published wit and wisdom is overwhelmingly to weigh down the scale in favour of enlightenment and right feeling. Let me quote a few of his pungencies and prejudices at random (from *Assessments and Anticipations*):—

"Sentimentalists have soft hearts and softer heads. But they are kind only to be cruel. They always attack the symptoms and neglect the disease."

"The Liberals seem to have turned their backs on all their old principles, and they are likely to be a broken reed in any future struggle against a Red terror. . . . It is enough to make Gladstone turn in his grave."

"In the warfare of the spirit there is no exemption for persons over fifty. They must stand on guard till the end."

"Resignation is the disease of which civilizations die."

" It has been said that there are two things which the average sensual man is ready to do for religion—to perform certain ritual observances, and to fight. This is not exactly the religion of the Gospels."

" To be successful is to have made a right use of our life; to ask what we have got by it is irrelevant."

" He who has decided to follow the Crucified must keep nothing back, and as long as he debates within himself whether he has made a good bargain he will either conclude that he has made a bad one, or, as so many do, he will secretly keep an account open with the world, the flesh, and the devil, so that whatever happens he may have something to fall back upon."

Some have asked in their haste, after reading some particularly provoking piece of " anti-sentimentalism " from this singular cleric : " How can he reconcile these views with his position as Dean of St. Paul's? " I have been inclined occasionally to echo that question. But it is always brushed out of sight by the emergence of another and more pertinent question : " Is there another man in England who is doing a more useful service in infusing reason, candour and the love of truth into the Mother Church of the English people? "

And there is another Dean Inge: a different person even from the Modernist Protestant and the learned teacher of Christian Neo-platonic Mysticism. When, under the mighty dome of St. Paul's, " Mr. Dean " passes from his stall to the pulpit, everything that might seem unbecoming in the thought and language of a Christian preacher is laid aside. He takes into the pulpit only his positive and humble faith: a faith purged by reason and science of all that savours of superstition and sentimentalism, yet which remains anchored firmly to a deep experience of communion with God through

close companying with Jesus Christ. Dr. Inge does not talk much in the pulpit about Mysticism. At least he does not use that technical term. He speaks rather of the common human experience of weakness and temptation and despondency, and of the inexplicable inflow of power and victory and joy which comes to men who, quite simply, take Jesus at His word when He tells of the love of God and the gift of the Holy Spirit—who, in Dr. Inge's own memorable phrase, resolve to "live by the noblest hypothesis."

Dr. Inge is not a good platform speaker. His thin, high voice does not carry well, he speaks too fast, and he uses the most perilous of all rhetorical devices—irony—so freely that the average popular audience is never quite sure "how to take him." If ever Dr. Inge goes *á la lanterne* it will be on account of one of his cutting sarcasms. This is the one mode of warfare which the democracy will not stand at any price. But in the pulpit Dr. Inge can be immediately and popularly effective. He is, so far as his habitual icy reserve will permit, gentle, gracious, explanatory, tender. His sermons are real sermons, not lectures.

I have before me the report of a sermon which Dr. Inge preached in St. Paul's Cathedral a couple of years ago on "The White Stone"—based on the words in Revelation: "To him that overcometh, to him will I give of the hidden manna, and I will give him a white stone, and upon the stone a new name written, which no one knoweth but him who receiveth it." The sermon is characteristic, not only of the warm and simple directness of Dean Inge's preaching, but also of his method of sermon construction. First the text is placed in its historic setting, then the spiritual meaning or suggestion of the passage is drawn out, and lastly there is a perfectly

modern and personal application to the spiritual needs and aspirations of "seekers" in our own time.

Our "new name," or "name of God," Dr. Inge suggests, symbolizes "just that aspect of the Divine goodness and truth and beauty which God has willed to make known to us and to develop in us; so that our blessedness will consist in being transformed into that image." This leads Dr. Inge to a meditation upon the reality of spiritual experience: "the individuality and the incommunicableness of the inner revelations made to each person." And here we come upon the heart of Dean Inge's argument for Christian faith. He throws aside every secondary, every "corroborative" testimony, and takes his stand firmly on an appeal to the individual's inward religious experience.

"Are any of you inclined really to doubt whether there is such a thing as consciousness of the presence of God? I know, of course, that many people have denied it, or they have regarded it as something merely subjective or imaginary. But I think that these have really prejudiced the case, and they are trying to find far-fetched explanations of something very clear, a really very common experience which may be most easily and most naturally explained as being what at the time it seems to be: I mean a real communion between the human spirit and the Divine. And, you will understand, I am not speaking of mystical ecstasies or anything of that kind at all. I am speaking of the common experience of prayer, when we feel sure that we are being listened to. I know the denial or the doubt of these experiences are made easier by the fact that we have all to blame ourselves for inattention. We have not shown proper reverence for these moments of revelation when they came. We have not taken anything like sufficient care

to prepare for them, to make our hearts a shrine which the Holy Spirit may be glad to enter. And we have not used them, acted upon them, afterwards. For it is an old maxim which one really cannot repeat too often that passive impressions, impressions that are not acted upon, become weaker each time they are repeated, while active exercise becomes easier and stronger each time it is repeated. If we pay no attention to the Voice of God, the Voice of the Holy Spirit within us, we may end by not only 'grieving' the Holy Spirit, but even by 'quenching' Him. However, I think I may appeal to all of you who are here to-night to answer in the affirmative the question whether you have ever felt, or felt sure that you felt, the Divine presence very near to you, either in prayer or at other times.

"The Holy Spirit, then, is even now writing on 'the white stone' the hidden name which we are to bear in eternity. There is some 'Name of God' being prepared for each of us. And that means that our personality, our selfhood, has an eternal significance in God's sight. It is not only accident or a transitory phenomenon like a mere ripple on a stream. It represents a Divine thought and purpose in the mind of God. He wishes each one of us to express and realise some definite character, some reflection of one of His own excellences, some hue or shade of the many-coloured wisdom of God, as St. Paul said. God gives us our experience, unique in every instance, because He wants us to be something. He wants us to take up our life as a whole with us into His presence. He wants that there should be a central meaning in it all. I mean it ought to be possible to say of us: This is what he lived for, this is what life primarily meant for him, this is how he saw his duty and tried to do it, this single, true note was rung out by his life as a whole.

Although we do not know—we cannot know—yet the exact name which God has written on ' the white stone ' which is being prepared for us, we can guess what kind of name it is, and we can pray to God to make it clear to us what He wants us to do."

. . . . .

I suggest that this is not only fine preaching, but that it carries with it a justification of Dean Inge's many and (as some are inclined to think) incongruous activities. Granted that some of his journalistic work is no better than bright journalism—labour worthy of its hire—yet the Dean's " outspoken essays " into many non-clerical realms of thought all take their place in a large unity of purpose. God, he says, " wants us to be something." Dean Inge has " been something " to his day and generation. He has been an exorciser of superstition, a liberator of the mind, a most incisive and effective advocate for a view of faith and life which shall make two things possible for educated and thinking people. And these things are—first, to stand at the full height of manhood, intellectually and morally, rejecting every conception of religion which forbids the freest development of human faculty: and second, having gathered up all the treasures of knowledge and human wisdom, to offer them kneeling at the feet of Christ . . . gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

DR. J. H. JOWETT

John Henry Jowett was one of those public men to whom a label gets attached fairly early in life, and who are handicapped ever after (so far as their popular reputation is concerned) by the necessity of living up to the label—or, rather, by the unreasonable insistence of the public that they should live up to the label.

Jowett's label was one which nobody who ever lived could live up to all the time, or to everybody's complete satisfaction. He was to a certain extent a victim of modern newspaper methods and of the eagerness of the newspaper-reading public to gaze upon superlatively distinguished people—" champions "—in any line of public activity. When, in 1911, the minister of Carrs Lane Congregational Church, Birmingham, was called to the pastorate of Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, the daily Press perceived an amount of " news interest " in the event such as it was not likely to find in many Nonconformist happenings. Fifth Avenue was the " millionaires' church," and all sorts of apocryphal stories were floating around as to the vast salary with which wealthy America was tempting away England's foremost preacher—just as she might collect a pre-eminent Raphael or Velasquez from some English ducal mansion. The point is that until the call from New York arrived the daily Press was quite unaware that England had a " foremost preacher," or, at any rate, that Dr. Jowett was the man. But there was something exciting in the thought of an unchallenged champion, a supreme genius,

in the sphere of the pulpit; and until the end of his life Dr. J. H. Jowett moved about with that imposing label affixed to his reputation: "The Greatest Living Preacher."

Long before 1911, of course, he had been a famous preacher: many already thought him the most distinguished inheritor of the Nonconformist preaching tradition. But from 1911 onwards, whenever Free Churchmen discussed preachers and preaching, the dazzle of Jowett's fame was sure to invade the discourse; and sermon-lovers divided themselves roughly into those who accepted, and those who did not accept, the legend on the label.

America, quite naturally, having collected Dr. Jowett, was only too willing to believe and proclaim that she possessed the greatest preacher in the world. An English traveller, visiting New York a few years ago, heard the guide of a charabanc tourist party discoursing thus: "On your left is Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, the wealthiest church in New York. For several years the pastor of this church was Dr. John Henry Jowett, the greatest preacher in the English-speaking world. He ministered here until 1918, when he was recalled to London by the King of England."

It so happened that those who went to hear Dr. Jowett, with their imagination stirred by all these superlative phrases, often experienced a sense of disappointment. Jowett never preached badly, or slackly, or without manifest distinction of thought and language. And yet . . . ! One somehow expects the Greatest Living Preacher to look differently from the common race of men, and to say things which take the breath away by their originality and grandeur. People used to go to hear Jowett, in short, vaguely expecting the same kind of thrill which they would have got from a superb performance of

Hamlet or from an all-star night at the Italian Opera —a thrill immediate and almost physical. Instead they found themselves facing a slight, straight, formally clad gentleman, with a clipped white moustache, using precise rather than poetic gestures, talking in an almost conversational tone, and quite clearly holding all his powers under disciplined restraint: a figure to be associated with —let us say—the teaching, the legal, the banking, or even the military profession, rather than with the strange calling of the prophet of God. The matter of the sermon, too, though excellent and holding the attention of the listener, was by no means sensational.

All this was a little disappointing to the sensation-hunter. It was not easy for him to realise that this quiet, crisp, precisely worded, perfectly controlled preaching was the instrument—that and nothing else—which Dr. Jowett had used throughout his career; by which he had filled the historic Carrs Lane Church for sixteen years; and by which he had obtained that acceptance and fame within English Nonconformity which had at last drawn the attention of America and placed him on the pulpit throne of the English-speaking world. Clearly the tone and demeanour of pulpit royalty had changed since the days of the dramatic and leonine Parker!

Yet to tens of thousands of people in the English-speaking world J. H. Jowett is still, in memory, the prince of preachers. They had come to that conclusion long before the secular Press manufactured for the quiet Yorkshireman the diadem of dazzling publicity for which he cared so little, and which was so queerly incongruous with his simple and homely ways of life.

John Henry Jowett was born in Halifax in 1863, the son of a tailor and draper, who brought up his boys and girls in homely comfort and under a pervading and kindly

Christian influence. Jowett owed much to his father and mother. He is, indeed, one more proof of the rule that while good Christians may and do develop out of the most unfavourable home environment, it is very rarely that a great preacher comes from an unchristian home. John Henry Jowett was a bright but orderly boy, studious though not precociously so, and quite early in his 'teens his course was shaped by a keen intellectual ambition. He became a pupil teacher at Victoria Street Board School, Halifax. To the end he retained something of the method, the precision, and the manner of the schoolmaster.

He attended with his parents the services at Square Congregational Church, then under the ministry of Dr. Enoch Mellor, one of the most distinguished of those stately, scholarly and liberal-minded pulpit orators who made Congregationalism such an intellectual and moral force through the Victorian decades. Jowett had a deep admiration for Dr. Mellor, and when he became a preacher himself he consciously modelled himself, in certain respects, upon that revered figure of his boyhood. It is, by the way, rather fascinating to speculate on how much of the old pulpit tradition has been handed down by this process of conscious or unconscious imitation of pulpit heroes. Who in modern Methodism, for example, preserves most of the style and manner of John Wesley? Who among the Baptists brings us (if we could only be sure of it!) a faint echo of the tones of Bunyan?

Jowett's early ambition was directed by law and politics. It was the great age of politics and Liberalism. Work in the Sunday-school had paved the way for occasional mission preaching, and the young fellow had dimly realised his own potential powers of speech. With Parliament a starry dream far ahead, he decided

to be articled to a Halifax firm of solicitors. But on the day before the decisive step was to be taken Jowett met his Sunday-school teacher, a man whom he much loved and honoured, in the street, and told him of his plans. "But I had always hoped," said his old teacher, "that you would go into the ministry." It was a curious little shock to the young man to find that his friend had been cherishing that dream about him. He went home and thought out the whole question of his future; and as he pondered a firm conviction came to him—"the grip" he called it—that his gifts of brain and tongue ought to be dedicated to the service of the Church. He entered Airedale College as a student for the Congregational ministry.

"Mr. Jowett," said his Principal, the formidable Dr. A. M. Fairbairn, when this promising student had preached in "sermon class," "your gestures are most ungraceful. It seems as if you have a semi-circular row of lighted candles in front of you which you proceed to extinguish, moving your hand from the candle at one end to the candle at the other. Mr. Jowett, we must strive to avoid all mannerisms." Mr. Jowett did so strive. He came through his seven years of preparation, at Airedale and at Edinburgh University, the master of a perfect pulpit manner—graceful, easy, dignified—and with his gift of language improved by study into a mastery like that of a trained musician over his keys or strings. Theologically, although that was a period of intense unrest in religious thought, Jowett stood like a rock on the enlightened Evangelicalism of the ministry under which he had grown up.

At twenty-six he became minister of St. James's Church, Newcastle, the leading Congregational church on Tyneside. His was one of the rare cases of a student

going straight to a very important pastorate; but his genius as a preacher had become so manifest that nobody who knew him felt much surprise at this early elevation. The fame of the young Newcastle preacher soon spread through his own denomination.

Congregationalism is sometimes criticized as placing a disproportionate value on the preaching which draws crowds. This is not quite a fair criticism. The distinctive contribution of modern Congregationalism is its ministry to those who seek an intellectual interpretation of religious truth: who go to church, in plain words, to have their faith confirmed and strengthened by the sermon. If a preacher is specially successful in confirming and strengthening the faith of his hearers, so that his fame spreads abroad and his pews are crowded, where is the harm in praising his ministry and placing him in positions where he can influence the greatest possible number? If Jowett soon became one of the half-dozen most coveted "anniversary preachers" it was rather a tribute to his denomination: for Jowett was neither sensational nor "topical." He dealt with the deepest, most intimate concerns of the spiritual life.

After six years at Newcastle, Jowett was invited to succeed the great Dr. Dale at Carrs Lane Church, Birmingham, the provincial cathedral of Nonconformity. His power and influence grew steadily. He became Chairman of the Congregational Union and President of the Free Church Council; but though he filled these public offices with dignity and success there was always a sense in which they seemed not to be his true element.

Jowett was never really a platform man. He was always the preacher and pastor, concerned primarily with his allotted "cure of souls."

A pretty anecdote is told of Jowett's skill in dealing with children—always a deep concern of his pastoral heart. One day at Newcastle, just as he was beginning to address a special children's service, some high-spirited boys began " a shrill obbligato on penny whistles." Four of them were promptly " arrested " and brought into the vestry. Jowett looked at them for a moment and said, " Can't you fellows play a tin whistle better than that? If you can't I shall have to get Mrs. Jowett to give you some lessons." Some weeks later the peccant musicians mounted the platform and played a quartette on penny whistles to a pianoforte accompaniment by the minister's wife.

But it was Jowett the preacher whose fame was growing through these years. What was the secret of his pulpit mastery?

Part of the secret was the nature of his message, and his steady concentration upon the one aspect of his message which was vital to himself. Let it be clearly understood that Jowett's message was in a sense, and relatively to the main trend of the preaching of his day, " old-fashioned." The very keynote of it was a word which belonged to the older religious vocabulary: Grace. For J. H. Jowett all the mystery and poetry and sublimity of the Christian gospel lay in that great word. " I have had but one passion," he said, " and I have lived for it—the absorbingly arduous get glorious work of proclaiming the grace and love of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Laymen have sometimes wondered how a preacher can go on, year after year, finding new things to say about the apparently simple and few fundamentals of evangelical Christianity. Jowett, like many another great evangelical preacher, would have answered that a lifetime of preaching is too short to tell

all that is to be told of "the wonders of Redeeming Grace." For the doctrine of Grace means perpetual movement and adventure and revelation. The Christian is not engaged in mere awed contemplation of a white radiance at the heart of things. He is watching "the traffic of Jacob's ladder," the perpetual flowing of love between heaven and earth; noting its daily miracles in the transforming of human lives from weakness to strength, from ugliness to beauty. Grace is the point at which the most enlightened Humanism parts company with evangelical Christianity. The preacher of Grace pre-supposes two things which Humanism rejects: an insufficiency in man to rise by his own unaided nature to ideal beauty of living, and an all-sufficiency in God to endow man with supernatural qualities of life.

Close observers noted that Jowett utterly avoided in the pulpit any discussion of the problems raised by modern Biblical criticism. That he accepted the results of authoritative scholarship there is no doubt, but all these things seemed an irrelevance to him. They did not affect the revelation in Christ of God's redeeming love and grace. Though Jowett lingered over every word of the Bible, yet to him the Bible was, so to speak, only the alphabet of the literature of Grace. The "unanswerable literature," he called it; and, indeed, that literature is unanswerable which is written in human experience. The pulpit to-day is falling back more and more on that "unanswerable literature." Jowett was not really old-fashioned in his preaching. But he was not afraid to use the theological terms in which human experience of God has been traditionally expressed.

That Jowett really had a gospel—a gospel of comfort to the desponding and of power to the weak of will—and that he preached it with the contagious glow of glorious

certainty: this was the primary element in his power as a preacher. The second element was his mastery of preaching as an art.

This is the point around which the "Greatest Preacher" controversy is really waged. To some who heard Jowett the art seemed too obvious, the technique almost too perfectly finished. Others gave themselves up freely to the appreciation of the finished canvas. Jowett's art lay in the exquisite use of words and in the infinite variety and suggestiveness of his illustrations. He selected words, not with the instinct of the literary man for beautiful tones and cadences, but rather with the painter's sense of the exact impression likely to be made by a particular shade or depth of emphasis. Students of political oratory will get an idea of the intellectual excitement which Jowett's audiences enjoyed if they recall Lord Hugh Cecil in his best days. Lord Hugh selected his words with that feeling for fine distinctions of meaning which Oxford has always cherished. There was nothing of Oxford in Jowett's temperament, but his artistry had much the same effect upon the connoisseur in language.

Jowett's illustrations, images and metaphors would make a study in themselves. Once he described an old saved sinner as having a face "like a half-ruined chapel, lit up for evening service." Was this a perfect illustration, or was it so artistic as to distract attention from the thing to be illustrated? I heard him once very elaborately describe the blooming of two hyacinths, one rooted in soil, the other in water: an illustration of the various paths along which souls enter "the kingdon of beauty." At the moment, I remember, it left me quite cold. To put it quite candidly, appreciation of Jowett's preaching depended very much on one's personal taste for the use

of illustration and metaphor, of "beautiful thoughts," as integral parts of a close argument. I always felt personally that my watchful enjoyment of Jowett's artistry prevented me from making that inward surrender to the preacher's spiritual authority which, one somehow thinks, should be an effect of prophetic oratory. J. H. Jowett "preached to the saints," or, at all events, to people who had learned the alphabet of religion. His supreme appeal was to those who accepted, intellectually, the main positions of Christianity, but who needed to have their faith and hope warmed into a glad sureness. He took them by the hand and led them into a garden of the soul, flowering with sweet, peaceful, stimulating thoughts, grown in the rich soil of meditation and study and prayer.

I remember an example of his artistry which I should not quote if I thought there was anything at all dubious in a preacher using every possible art and artifice to speed his arrow to the mark. (I do not think there is anything at all dubious in it. To scorn the artifice of oratory is no more virtuous in a preacher than in a political orator.) It chanced that I heard Dr. Jowett preach twice in one week, in cities more than a hundred miles apart. He preached the same sermon on each occasion—and, once again, there is nothing of dubious sincerity in that. On the first occasion Dr. Jowett paused in the middle of a crucial sentence, explaining that he was "groping for a word." He "groped" for a moment, and then, with an exquisitely natural gesture of the hand, he caught the word, so to speak, out of the air —the perfect, the inevitable word. On the second occasion he paused once more at the same point. "I am groping for a word," he said. . . . Was this wrong? —insincere? I do not think so. The "groping" did

precisely what it was meant to do: it impressed upon the mind of the listener the crucial importance of the word in question—of the word, and of the thought which it alone could convey with perfect exactness.

Dr. Jowett's call to America was not accepted lightly. He actually declined it once, and it was only when the New York Church renewed it most urgently, after a six months' interval, that he came to the conclusion that he ought not to decline the vast opportunity which such a metropolitan "pulpit throne" would present to him. His own city pulled hard in the other direction. The Lord Mayor of Birmingham and the city magistrates paid him the remarkable tribute of a signed memorial begging him to remain "in the interests of all that is best in our civic life." But eventually New York prevailed, Dr. Jowett first making the stipulation that his salary should be the equivalent (taking the cost of living in America into consideration) of that he was already receiving at Carrs Lane. This is worth recording, for there was undoubtedly some uneasy or malicious gossip going about concerning the financial lure of Fifth Avenue.

The full glare of publicity now blazed upon Dr. Jowett, and he lived in it for the remainder of his days. Just before he left England he was commanded to dine with the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace. The King assured him that he would be going "with the goodwill of your King and Queen." And, as I have said, the Press duly celebrated the emergence of the Greatest Living Preacher. The American Press was even more excited than the British; and, to tell the truth, there was a considerable cooling of interest among the American newspaper men when they discovered that Dr. Jowett would neither talk nor preach anything that could be called,

by any known standard of newspaper values, "good copy."

When Dr. and Mrs. Jowett arrived in New York—the ship had been delayed and they landed at midnight—they found that a suite of rooms had been engaged for them at one of the most luxurious hotels in the city, and the chef had received orders to stay on duty to prepare their supper. The chef was the first American to be disillusioned by the famous preacher; for the order for supper, telephoned through from the ship, was "Two bowls of bread-and-milk."

That was symbolic of Dr. Jowett's New York ministry. Surrounded by the aura of fame and public curiosity, he declined utterly to play up to the part of a great public figure. He preached the gospel of the Grace of God to his New York plutocrats just as he had preached it to his middle-class Independents at Birmingham. From the spectacular point of view this was a disappointing ministry; but of its real success and happiness and influence there is no manner of doubt. New York had as many sensational and topical preachers as she needed. Jowett satisfied the deep hunger of men and women who needed a gospel rather than a thrill. There are actually few finer things in the history of the modern pulpit than Jowett's steady faithfulness to what he knew to be his true task, amid all the temptations to do the showy things which attract attention in modern America.

Perhaps New York presented fewer temptations to Dr. Jowett, in this respect, than she would have done to some preachers. He really disliked glare and publicity, not from any motive of austere self-discipline, but because he was in very truth a plain Yorkshire Dissenter, who loved a book by the fire, a hymn at the piano, and the homely talk of a few intimate friends with "the

minister." There never was a less metropolitan, not to say cosmopolitan, personality—apart from a discretion and good sense which made the Dissenting preacher seem a great gentleman in whatever company he appeared.

Jowett's happiness in America was marred by the outbreak of the War. He felt intensely the pain of being out of England during the years of her martyrdom. In 1915 there was a chance of his going back as minister of the City Temple, but the projected invitation fell through owing to some unhappy internal dissensions in that famous church. At last, early in 1918, the way was open. Dr. Jowett accepted the pastorate of Westminster Chapel, the great, ugly, but finely situated church which mid-Victorian Nonconformity had erected almost under the shadow of Buckingham Palace. It is not true that the King pressed him to return to England, but certainly there was something of a national character in this recall of a great preacher to his war-stricken native land. It was the spring of 1918, the dark hour before the dawn. England, feeling in every fibre the need of all the spiritual uplift and sustenance she could get, welcomed Jowett back with open arms and a thankful heart.

President Woodrow Wilson had begged him to stay in America, and his church offered him six months' leave of absence in England on full salary. But Dr. Jowett had heard the clearest call of his life. "I love my country," he said, "and if she thinks I can serve her I must obey her call and do the remainder of my work on her soil."

For the remainder of his career Dr. Jowett held a sort of unofficial primacy among the English Free Churches. At his suggestion the signing of the Armistice was celebrated by a united Free Church thanksgiving

service in the Albert Hall. This was rapidly organised and held on the Saturday after the Armistice Day. The King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Prime Minister, and many other illustrious persons were present, and Dr. Jowett delivered a ten minutes' address which was a perfect model of dignified simplicity, combined with depth of thought and feeling. A year later Dr. Jowett's pre-eminence in the Free Churches was recognised by his being invited to preach in Durham Cathedral—the first time since the days of Cromwell that a Nonconformist had been admitted to a cathedral pulpit.

Rising to the full responsibilities of this national position, Dr. Jowett ended his active career—and it was doomed to end prematurely and sadly—as the first leader of that great crusade for world peace which has been the glory of the British Free Churches in the last few years. He attended a peace conference of the Churches at Copenhagen, where he intervened with magical effect to avert a deadlock between the French and German delegates, whom he recalled solemnly and tenderly to their common brotherhood in Jesus Christ. He addressed through the Press a challenge to the Christian Church to unite in an international council of peace. And, with the co-operation of the Archbishop of York (now of Canterbury), he organised and led a national campaign against war, culminating in a great meeting in London at which Viscount Grey paid a worthy tribute to the inspirer of the crusade. "We need," said Lord Grey, "the moral basis without which nothing prospers in human affairs, and it is men like Dr. Jowett who will give us that moral basis." In the midst of these activities Dr. Jowett was stricken down. A disabling weakness and languor seized him, and he was less and less able to preach. He resigned his pastorate in 1922. Pernicious anæmia

declared itself, and after months of weary inactivity, borne with a high and cheerful courage, he sank to sleep on December 19th, 1923. He was only sixty years old. A year before he had been made a Companion of Honour.

This rapid sketch of Dr. Jowett's career has omitted much that was essential and interesting in his character. His keen sense of humour, for example—that fundamental sort of humour which is only another name for a wise humility and a shrewd sense of proportion. This helped to explain what is really the most interesting thing in his life on the personal side: his passing through all that fame and praise without becoming spoilt or "exalted" in the slightest degree. He was always able to look at his imposing "label" as from the outside, and with a twinkling smile. His ambition was quite impersonal. As an example of his gay humour, take his description of a Billy Sunday mission in New York, addressed to an old friend in Birmingham. I quote it from Mr. Porritt's "Life" of Jowett:—

As I have just been to hear Billy Sunday, the cultured evangelist: and as he addressed me as a "white-livered black-hearted mug," I think I'll pass the compliment on to you. His tabernacle holds twenty thousand, and the ministers are penned in an enclosure immediately on Bill's right, and as he knows just where we are, he fires his torpedoes at us before we even show a periscope. He lets go a first shot at us and then retires across his huge platform making silent nods at us. At one moment, observing one or two of us looking slightly resentful, he raced again towards us shouting, "I don't care whether your collars are buttoned at the front or back." That was too much for me, and if I hadn't had a collar round me, in the shape of a Jaeger belt, one of Billy's audience would have gone all to pieces and would have been seen no more.

On being made a Doctor of Divinity (of Edinburgh University) he wrote to the same friend:

Eh! it's grand to be a doctor. The "elevation" it gives you is fine. Since I got it the Malverns have shrunk into mole-hills, and as for the Welsh hills I "havena' seen 'em." Everybody seems to be looking at me, I walk wi' such dignity! and all so natural like! The D.D. gets at once into your legs: they say it mounts at last into your "nut" . . . meanwhile I have been thinking of my deacons. Words fail me! they look like ants! I am just amazed at the revelation. For fifteen years I've deluded myself into thinking they were men: man, they're just midges. Doctors of Divinity call them "Ephemera," and that's just what they look like.

The humour which thus bubbled forth in the intimacies of friendship was not conspicuous in Dr. Jowett's public utterances. He had a native sense of dignity which warned him to beware of public facetiousness; and of the jocular note in the pulpit he cherished a positive and salutary horror.

He was even suspected in America (the country which has invented the phrases "a good mixer" and "a regular fellow" as expressing the sort of jovial camaraderie most esteemed in its social life) of being somewhat stiff and stand-offish. Actually he was both a shy and a humble man. One of his letters throws a light on the curious contrast, to which I have more than once referred, between the publicity of his later career and the quiet simplicity of the man himself. "I feel," he writes, "like one who has been in the devouring glare of some furnace but has now passed into God's sweet sunshine. Surely I was never meant for glare and limelight, and

yet it seems as though my path led through Vanity Fair. . . . One thing at any rate God has done for me. He has made me graciously numb to it all. I have felt no exciting response to all the garish curiosity of these latter days and to the publicity which has accompanied it. On that side the Lord has taken away feeling and I am unmoved. And that is an answer to prayer."

Jowett's sermons and devotional articles were published in large numbers and are still in circulation. Their grace of language, sensitive but virile spirituality, and luminous suggestiveness of thought are manifest in the printed page. Imagine them delivered in a voice of golden tone, and with the assured and unanxious yet keenly intent air of the teacher who is master of his facts and in love with his subject, and one has a very fair idea of the immediate effect of Jowett's preaching. His elocution was as perfect as anything could be which was, so to speak, on the level of prose rather than of poetry; I mean that there was nothing in Jowett's oratory of the flaming, lyrical kind. All was under command. Within these limitations he could be thrilling enough. One of his most famous illustrations may be quoted as being also an example of the swift precision of his English style. He is illustrating "the path of sacrifice":

"I was crossing the shoulder of one of the lower Alps, the Fürren Alp, whose bold, rocky head looks down into the lovely valley of Engelberg. My guide-book told me that I should reach a place where the visible track would cease, but it vouchsafed no further information. I reached the place, and with the place the end of the beaten road. For a time I wandered about uncertainly, guided only by the vague and somewhat capricious counsels of a compass. And then I caught sight of what

seemed like a splash of blood upon a rock, and then at some little distance another similar splash, each one I came to bringing another into view further away. And then I inferred that these were to be my dumb guides across the trackless waste. I was to follow the blood marks. By the red road I should reach my destination."

I spoke of Jowett's preaching as being the prose of oratory, as to its manner and tone. But his method, finally, was the poetic method. He was not so much a thinker and a theologian as a prose poet of the evangel. It will not be denied by those who take Art seriously that there may be a religious argument in merely "talking beautifully about God." If the character and teaching of Jesus Christ and the spiritual experience of Christians are found to be well-springs of beauty, that in itself is an apologetic. If a preacher can show his audience the beauty of holiness, the loveliness of purity and sacrifice, he is arguing powerfully for the centrality of these qualities at the heart of the universe where Truth, Beauty, and Goodness dwell. In the long run only true things can be "talked about beautifully." Dr. Jowett's preaching needed for its full appreciation an audience ready and willing to be led to meditate upon the beauty of the spiritual life. He lived in an age when harsh questioning troubled the minds of many, so that they felt perhaps a more urgent need of a simple and fortifying prose than of poetry. Hence the reserve with which some still listen to the claim made on Jowett's behalf that he was "the prince of preachers." This ranking of preachers in an exact order of merit is, no doubt, a rather useless exercise. At the same time one cannot but wish that the later Jowett—the Jowett who came out of the quiet of his study into the dust of the arena, at the call of great

issues in a crucial hour—had been granted time to reveal more fully the manly strength which underlay his artistic sensitiveness. Only for a moment were we given a glimpse of the massiveness of the pillars around which he had delighted to carve the " lilywork " of his exquisite meditations.

DR. ALEXANDER MACLAREN

"HUMANLY speaking," the fame of a preacher is almost as evanescent as that of an actor. A few shining names survive: Spurgeon, Liddon, F. W. Robertson, Whitefield. Other preachers are remembered, not so much for their preaching as for the use they made of it in building more enduring monuments—Wesley for founding a denomination and (on the testimony of more than one historian) so affecting English social life that he averted an English revolution: Keble, Newman, and Pusey for instigating the Anglo-Catholic revival. But, speaking generally, a preacher who is nothing but a preacher is scarcely remembered after those who knew him personally have passed from the scene. Who in this generation knows the names of Allon, Punshon, Grattan Guinness, or Knox-Little? I choose at random four preachers who in their day knew all the glory of the famous pulpit orator.

Even the great preacher's sermons do not survive, except in cases where he is genuinely a literary man; and nobody has any right to expect a preacher to be a literary man. It is a fatal theory to consider preaching as a branch of literary art. As a matter of precise definition it is not; it is a branch of oratorical art—and some of the most powerful of orators have been not only unliterary but almost illiterate. Of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain it was said that his oratory gave evidence of his having read only one book—"Pickwick. And of the most famous political orator of our own times it has been

suggested (by his enemies) that "he *can* read, but he doesn't." Printed sermons can easily be as dull and profitless as printed speeches. Why not? Sermons and political speeches both appeal, it is true, to great principles with which every age is concerned. But most sermons, like all political speeches, draw their colour and emphasis very largely from local and temporary interests and circumstances.

We read, for example, an historic peroration of Gladstone about a drooping flag which will "rise again in the eye of heaven and be borne by the united peoples of the three kingdoms to a certain and, I trust, a not far distant victory." It is interesting to the student of political oratory: he nods approval as he fancies the rolling music thrilling the rapt audience. But he is not thrilled himself; for on reading backward from the peroration he discovers that the "flag," that fine military symbol, turns out to be the flag of Irish Disestablishment —a subject of very mild interest to the citizen of 1931.

So with the preacher. His themes are less liable to change than the politician's; but his emphases, his authorities and his "ghostly adversaries" alter with each generation. "You will as soon find a grey badger in modern England as a black Calvinist," says Mr. Birrell; and where now are the smoke and thunder of controversy which rolled around Election and Predestination, Eternal Punishment and Conditional Immortality, "the credibility of Genesis and the edibility of Jonah?" Who now could read the sermons which refuted the heresies of "Robert Elsmere," or hailed the author of "When it Was Dark" as *Fidei Defensor?*

Twenty or thirty years ago the name of Alexander Maclaren was familiar throughout the English-speaking world as that of a star of the first magnitude among the

luminaries of the pulpit. Sermon-lovers, and especially young preachers, would go on pilgrimage to hear Maclaren, and would deeply study Maclaren's books to learn the secrets of pulpit mastery. I doubt if so much as his name is remembered now by the men of thirty to thirty-five. Yet he survived until 1910. All he had to be remembered by was his work in the pulpit. He was not a " character " like Parker or a legend like Spurgeon; he founded no school and left no immortal treatise. He was just a great preacher, a man who lived in his pulpit and his study, a man who put all the impassioned and dour concentration of the Scot into " this one thing," the making and preaching of sermons. Great as he was, he is less considered to-day than many a second-rate novelist or lucky Major-General of his generation.

The life of a preacher in an age of settled institutional religion seems to be perfectly exemplified in Dr. Maclaren. Peaceful, absorbed, studious, with no adventures save those of the mind, he lived to his eighty-fifth year in the joyous exercise of his gifts as teacher, interpreter and exhorter. He turned all life, all experience, all literature, all natural beauties and wonders, to the purpose of sermon-making. As he grew to old age he carried about with him, not only the air of distinction which marked eminent men of the Victorian age, but the peculiar awe-inspiring dignity of the man who has lived all his life in ambassadorial rank, a messenger between earth and heaven.

Maclaren was a Scot who spent the greater part of his working life in Manchester. But Manchester had no part in him. He thought like a Scot, he preached like a Scot, and he looked like a Scot—and how dignified a Scots divine can look nobody can imagine who never saw Alexander Maclaren and Robert Rainy. He was

born in Glasgow in 1826, of Scotch Baptist stock, and was baptised "on confession of faith" at the age of eleven. At Stepney College, where he was trained for the ministry, he displayed all that voracity and tenacity in study which makes the ambitious Scot in London—*teste* Sir James Barrie—"a terrible sicht."

On the day of Maclaren's admission to College, one of the examining committee went home and said to his son, also a student at Stepney, "We have accepted to-day a young Scotsman who will cut you all out!" He did "cut them all out," but he was well-liked by his fellow students, and also a little feared. He had even then the gift of cutting irony which, to the end of his life, he kept in reserve for fitting occasions. His first pastorate was at a certain derelict Portland Chapel in Southampton, where, he used to say afterwards, "during the first five years you could have had a pew all to yourself, and another for your hat." But his name and fame grew, and people began to come in from all parts of the district to hear the young Scottish preacher.

Photographs of Maclaren in those early years reveal a young man of remarkably handsome and striking appearance. "He had long flowing hair," says one who remembered his Southampton days, "and possessed a singularly fascinating face which might have belonged to a poet, which readily lent itself to the varied expressions of a genius which revelled in strength and sweetness of thought. His eyes . . . gave forth the lightning-flash of the storm or the soft light of a peaceful calm." It is a little amusing, but not at all surprising, to hear that he was considered a little unorthodox in those days. There was too much Thomas Carlyle in his sermons. Young Scotsmen could hardly help being Carlylish in the eighteen-fifties.

He had already marked out for himself his path in life. He was never fond of pastoral visiting—rather a bad fault in a pastor—and he had already adopted the axiom: "The secret of success for a minister is that he should concentrate his intellectual force on the one work of preaching." He worked, then, as afterwards, heroically. "No man can reproach me with idleness," he said proudly in his old age. Dr. Maclaren was a somewhat aloof and awesome figure to the people of his own congregation; but they consoled themselves by the rare quality of the preaching which resulted from his Olympian withdrawal from the cheery intercourse of the tea-meeting and the "church social." In 1858 he accepted the pastorate of Union Chapel in Manchester. Here the great work of his life was done. He was Maclaren of Manchester to the end.

Like Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, whose only travels were "from the blue bed to the brown," Dr. Maclaren's outward adventures ended with the removal from Southampton to Manchester. There were no crises or sensations in his career. He studied, preached and wrote; his fame grew; his denomination twice honoured him with its presidency; and in 1905 he was the inevitable and unanimous choice for the presidency of the newly-formed Baptist World Alliance. Even in his own city he stood rather aloof from his brother ministers and the ordinary civic activities of public men. Once or twice he raised his voice on behalf of movements for the welfare of the city, and his voice was always listened to with reverence. One who was present at his first appearance on the platform of the Free Trade Hall recalled that young Joseph Parker made his first speech to the citizens on the same occasion. The visitor inquired "which was which," and the answer was: "The young man

with the eagle face is Maclaren, and the young man with the frizzle of hair is Parker."

Eagle faces and frizzled hair are both out of fashion in the modern pulpit. Something has been lost. There were giants, after all, in the days when young men with eagle faces went into the ministry instead of into politics, and when strong individuality of character was not afraid to express itself, incidentally, in a mop of hair. The face of Maclaren kept its eagle-like aspect to the end. But the graceful and poetic youth grew slowly into the dignified veteran; and according to our modern taste the picturesque beauty of his features was not improved by the fringe of beard which he cultivated as youth departed. Yet Maclaren remained an arresting figure of Victorianism. He had more of the glance and stance of Gladstone and Lincoln about him, certainly, than almost any other old Victorian upon whom I have had the privilege of gazing.

On what kind of preaching was Maclaren's fame founded? My own interest in the old man—stirred by that glimpse of him in noble old age, side by side with Rainy and Parker—lies in the fact that he was the supreme example, the perfect type, of the classic Protestant tradition of expository preaching. The very foundations of preaching have changed since Maclaren's time. Maclaren's conception of a sermon, and that of practically all the great preachers of his century, was an expounding of Scripture. The minister was a prophet, in the sense of being divinely commissioned and endowed; but primarily he was a man who opened the Scriptures to God's people. The Bible itself was the actual preacher; the preacher's function was to draw out of it the inexhaustible riches which the uninstructed reader might miss. This view of preaching

involved, of course, a very definite view of the nature and purpose of the Bible. It did not necessarily involve an acceptance of the literal inspiration of the Bible, but it did involve the view that Christians are (in the respectful phrase with which the Moslems describe them) "people of a book." The Bible is the divinely ordained source of all their knowledge of spiritual things. Studied devoutly, and in the light of the Holy Spirit, it is Authority. Preachers and congregations who, broadly speaking, accepted this view of the place of the Bible in Christian life were not likely to care much for sermons on "The Religion of Robert Browning," or "Are Science and Religion Antagonistic?"

Brooding endlessly over his Bible, Dr. Maclaren found in it endless material for coloured, pungent and pointed oratory. He used the whole Bible. The preachers of his day would have scorned the modern chariness with regard to the Old Testament and the Pauline epistles. "The Galilean Gospel" would have seemed to them mere sentimentality. All the Scripture was for edification: the sternness of God's judgments, the wrath of the prophets, the philosophy of Paul. Christ was central, and the Cross was central in one's thought of Christ; but the whole Bible had its rich and profound lessons for the human heart. One of Maclaren's most famous sermons was on "Ahab and Elijah." In our own day very few eminent preachers would dream of taking an Old Testament character as the subject of a sermon on a great occasion.

The charm of Maclaren's preaching was intellectual and artistic. It lay in the logical closeness and firmness of his exposition, the architectural cumulation of proof and argument, the warmth and richness of his metaphor and illustration; and under all this was the stern

challenge to righteousness and repentance, breaking out into sunshine, so to speak, when the emphasis changed from the God who judges to the Jesus who redeems. Like many great Puritans Maclaren had a deep appreciation of beauty in its grander and simpler forms, and especially in the more sublime aspects of Nature. The sea, the mountains and the clouds formed a magnificent picturesque background for his preaching. It is not surprising to learn that he was somewhat of a connoisseur of Italian art; his bent was essentially picturesque. And, what was perhaps the most pungent and indispensable element in his pulpit power, he possessed to the full that burning intellectual passion which serves the rugged Scot in place of softer emotions. A Scot will defend a religion, or a policy, or a philosophical thesis, with a fiery eagerness which the Englishman often finds it hard to understand. It is a mood which suits the advocacy of religion.

I take from his printed sermons three short passages which fairly represent Maclaren's illustrative method and the sharp thrust of his language:

Unto salvation! It was a new word and a new thought to Peter's readers, and just because it was new and strange they could not get themselves right into it, and did not understand the sweep and the depth of it. You and I do not understand the sweep and the depth of it for precisely the opposite reason. You all think you know all about it. You have heard it until you are weary, and, like a sixpenny piece, by much attrition the lines and the letterings are faded. But I want to try to bring back some of the morning freshness to that great force that rose upon a darkened world in the early days of Christianity. A bit of seaweed, as long as it is in the ocean, has the wavelets expanding its delicate fronds, and brightening its sober colour. But lift it

out, and it is dry and dim. And you have got to take these familiar commonplace Christian ideas and plunge them into an ocean of profound meditation, so to speak, and they will open out into all their pristine beauty, and be felt in all their power.

. . . . .

Christ, silent now, will begin to speak; passive now, will begin to act. The stone comes down and the fall of it will be awful! I remember, away up in a lonely Highland valley, where beneath a tall black cliff, all weather-worn and cracked and seamed, there lies at the foot, resting on a greensward that creeps round its base, a huge rock that has fallen from the face of the precipice. A shepherd was passing beneath it; and suddenly, when the finger of God's Will touched it, and rent it from its ancient bed in the everlasting rock, it came down leaping and bounding from pinnacle to pinnacle—and it fell; and the man that was beneath it is there now! "Ground to powder."

. . . . .

Death, death itself, will be but the last burst of the expiring storm, the last blast of the blown-out tempest. And then, the quiet of the green inland valleys of the Father's land, where no tempest comes any more, nor the loud winds are ever heard, nor the salt sea is ever seen; but perpetual calm and blessedness; all mystery gone, and all rebellion hushed and silenced, and all unrest at an end for ever! "No more sea," but, instead of that wild and yeasty chaos of turbulent waters, there shall be "the river that makes glad the city of God," the river of water of life, that "proceeds out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."

. . . . .

Mr. Gladstone, to whom a volume of the sermons was sent, thought they exhibited "much rare power." So

undoubtedly they did. It is another question whether their power would exercise its full influence in the pulpit of 1931. Analogies from Nature are still used, but rather from the point of view of illustrating the unity of all law in the Universe—not in the sense of pictorial illustration of spiritual truths. The modern mind is suspicious of picturesque analogy. It is suspicious, indeed, of all poetry in the pulpit . . . which is absurd!

One element in Maclaren's preaching—again an element typical of the old "ambassadorial" style in the pulpit—calls for a special comment. It is curiously hard for a modern reader to appreciate this note when he comes across it in some old volume of sermons. In descriptions of the old-time preachers we frequently discover an admiring reference to the orator's power of scorn, invective, irony. This seems to the modern taste an incongruous note in Christian preaching. Against whom were the scorn and irony directed? As a matter of fact it was often directed against the good Christians in the pews, who squirmed under it and yet experienced a fearful pleasure in it. The point is this: the old preachers had scant patience with people who made trivial difficulties about problems of faith, and who, faced with the tremendous issues of life and destiny, lingered stupidly and frivolously on the outskirts of experience. For such as these "the wooing note" was a waste of time. A whip of small cords was the appropriate instrument. "Some of you people will believe the ridiculous rather than the miraculous!" declared Maclaren on one occasion. And on many occasions the biting sarcasm of his speech cut deeply into mind and conscience. He startled a congregation once by a reference to "You young men sitting there in the gallery, still stinking of your last night's debauch." These things

are not said in the pulpit to-day. Sometimes one wonders if a touch of scorn is not just what the pulpit lacks; but it must be rightly directed. Scorn directed from the pulpit at, say, drunkards and brewers, is not much to the point in a congregation of lifelong teetotalers.

Nobody could have called Maclaren a meek or a humble man in the ordinary sense of the word. He was conscious of his calling and of his powers, and the anxious pursuit of humility did not seem to him part of the necessary discipline of a Christian. Yet he was humble on the essential point of preaching. Like a true artist he never thought he had done well, because he felt that the thing could have been done better. "To the last," writes Mr. David Williamson, "he was as nervous over special sermons and addresses as if he had no brilliant record of success behind him to inspire him with confidence. As the day drew near, he became positively distressed, and often his family would fear up to the last that he would have to disappoint the audience. Then, when the strain was over, he would write a line or two, if he were away from home, saying some such words as these: 'It is over.. How I managed I cannot tell. I did my best, and must leave it there!'" And his friend, the late Dr. J. H. Shakespeare, relates that "again and again he has said to me . . .'A dead failure. I can never speak again'!"

Dr. Shakespeare also records the simplicity and loveableness of Dr. Maclaren in private life and among his friends. He gives a pleasant picture of the old preacher sitting in his arm-chair after a day of fierce toil in the study, placidly smoking a long clay pipe, and talking wisely and humorously with clear-cut Scots precision of language. It is not so pleasing to read of his "terribleness" in speech to the evil-doer, or to those who had

roused his wrath. "I have heard him speak in such a way to some men," says Dr. Shakespeare, "that they were dumb, crushed, and helpless. No reply was possible, for it was like the sentence of a judge."

Dr. Maclaren was President of the Baptist Union in 1875 and again in 1901. In the latter year the Baptist and Congregational Unions held their spring assemblies jointly in the City Temple—Dr. Parker being the Congregational Chairman—and there were majestically jocular exchanges between the two grand old presidents. Maclaren chose as the subject of his address "An Old Preacher on Preaching." It was a large and mellow utterance, a sheaf of maxims for preachers which the passage of thirty years has not quite out-dated in wisdom and pointedness. In the course of it the old preacher made a touching and striking *apologia* for the type of preaching of which he had been so long the acknowledged master. There was a gallant gesture in his opening reference to the Higher Criticism—that relentless movement of scholarship which had robbed old preachers like himself of their ancient fortress of authority.

"As the theme is Christ," he said, "so the text-book is the Bible. Whatever the Higher Criticism has done, it has not touched the main substance of the Gospel which we have to preach, nor do even its most advanced positions seem to me seriously to affect the homiletic worth of Scripture. The truths of the Bible remain, even if extreme theories as to date and manner of origination of its several parts were much more undeniably proven than they are. . . . The widest scope is to be given to varieties of mind and ways of assimilating Scripture, but that ministry only is true to its duties, and up to the height of its large possibilities, which makes its main purpose the drawing out into clear statement

and the supporting by forceful argument and the impression by emotional pleadings, what it has pleased God to say to men. If it was worth His while to give us the Book, it is worth our while to toil to fathom its depths, to saturate our thinking and feeling with its truths, and it is our highest function and office to interpret them to our brethren. . . . There are nebulæ, as well as brilliant stars, in the firmament of the Word. It is for the preacher to show men that the stars are suns, and the nebulæ galaxies of light. How unworthy it is for him to direct his telescope from the heaven of the Word to the low levels of current topics!"

Alexander Maclaren resigned his pastorate in 1903, and passed into a peaceful retirement broken only by this or that summons to go forth and be crowned with some fresh honour by his Baptist brethren.

He died on May 5, 1910. "If loves remain"—and hates—his majestic and accusing spirit must still haunt the studies of young ministers who, instead of expounding Scripture, preach on "The Religion of Robert Browning" or "Should Cinemas be Opened on Sundays?"

MARK GUY PEARSE

One Sunday morning, some twenty years ago, I slipped into the back pew in a Wesleyan church in South-west London. It was the church of a prosperous suburban congregation, and everything connected with the building and the service was in the best suburban taste. The church, red-brick and new, was built in that nondescript style of architecture which succeeded "Dissenting Gothic" and which personally I do not think an improvement on "Dissenting Gothic." I have no objection to straightforward imitation Gothic, however new; neither have I any objection to the square classical chapels ("Brunswick" or "Hanover") which were erected by Georgian Nonconformity in a sturdy independence of the Anglican Gothic tradition. As for this newer style—well, many good people have been, and still are, comfortable in mind and spirit amid their shallow curves and their blue-and-pink windows: so I will drop the subject and make no enemies.

The service was as up-to-date and respectable as the church. There was an orderly service, partly liturgical and partly "free." There were nicely sung hymns and a nicely rendered anthem.

In these surroundings the man in the pulpit seemed somehow out of place. He was a famous man—his name a household word among Methodists—and the announcement of his presence had drawn a packed congregation. No doubt, too, the sermon was enjoyed. "Well, I am glad we heard him": "Very original,

isn't he?" Such were the comments one heard as the congregation dispersed. And yet I could not but feel that the impression made by the preacher was not quite proportionate to his fame. There was the same vague feeling of an imperfect contact which one has in hearing a fine singer with a small voice in a great hall, or a fine singer with a huge voice in a small drawing-room. The suburbs were not the ideal theatre of action for Mark Guy Pearse.

With every advance in refinement of manners, I suppose, something is lost in energy and freedom of expression. Mark Guy Pearse was not "unrefined" in the ordinary sense of the word; but the free, colloquial, dramatic style of preaching which made his reputation —and which was the natural and inevitable expression of the man that he was—seemed to belong to a larger and simpler air than that of London Nonconformity in 1910. The flavour of his humour, pathos and drama seemed too homely, too redolent of his beloved Cornish hamlets, with their simple fisherfolk, to mingle perfectly with the scent of new pitchpine. It was all very interesting, novel and entertaining—too entertaining perhaps. Mark Guy Pearse was a man with a fundamentally serious outlook and a serious purpose (seriousness and solemnity are two different things); yet, because he was so attractively "original," so certain of drawing a crowd and a collection at anniversary services and "special occasions" all over the country, his reputation tended to be too much in the hands of people who spoke of him admiringly but a little patronisingly—who regarded him as a very entertaining "character" rather than as a preacher with a personal challenge to themselves.

Very much of an "original," an individual, Mark Guy Pearse may also be regarded as a type. Many a

little Methodist preacher moulded himself consciously or unconsciously on Mark Guy Pearse; but there was something in Pearse's sermons which represented a tradition much older than he. He typified a strain of preaching which has always existed in the English pulpit, and especially in the Methodist pulpit. In Tudor times we find Hugh Latimer preaching his "popular series" of "Sermons on the Card" to the surprised and delighted Cockneys at Paul's Cross; and in each generation there has been a certain number of preachers who may be described without offence as "the comedians of Christ." They may be called "comedians" in the highest and most precise sense: the sense of Dante's Divine Comedy. They conceived of the religious life as a drama: a cosmic drama of salvation, ending in fearful tragedy or glorious romance according as to whether the hero, whose name is Everyman, plays his part wisely or foolishly.

Bunyan was the greatest of the Divine Comedians. There had been many less great. Many old Methodists remember the honest but crude performances of Peter Mackenzie and Billy Bray. These preachers were dramatic because the dramatic nature of the eternal choice was ever in their thoughts, and a dramatic presentation of truth seemed the most natural and effective way of awakening their hearers to the tremendous urgency of the evangelistic message. And they were humorists. They were humorists because they were on the winning side: because they were so blithely certain of the joy and liberation which come to the man who has turned his back upon the City of Destruction. In this kind of preaching—chiefly to be heard to-day in Methodist pulpits—one catches the tone of a real inward sunshine and laughter, the blitheness of the man who

feels that he has made a good bargain, that he has " got the laugh of the world." Mark Guy Pearse was the last preacher of genius in this country to use this dramatic and humorous style. The taste of the age is against it. And, what is more important, Pearse's style of preaching needs an audience which accepts at least the main axioms of Christianity, even though it does not act upon them. The modern preacher has to spend most of his time defending his axioms.

Mark Guy Pearse, born at Camborne in 1842, was both Cornish and Wesleyan Methodist by long descent. There were character, wit, religion and energy in his blood. Methodist traditions and Methodist manners and customs surrounded him in boyhood, and he entered the ministry gladly and without any painful inward struggles—although he pondered gravely enough the question as to whether his duty lay in the ministry or in the medical profession. He was trained at Didsbury (as much as anybody or anything could train a Mark Guy Pearse) and it is clear, from Mrs. George Unwin and Rev. John Telford's " Life," that he arrived very early at his characteristic outlook on life and religion. Writing from college to his sister in 1863, he declared:—

My great theory is that *religion is neither gloomy nor dull*, but that the highest duty of a Christian is to be a *happy person*, and that till they get religion enough to make them happy they should keep their possession all secret, for I've seen some men so gloomy and grave and sad in their talk of good things, that if I had known no other phase of religion, I should have thanked God I *hadn't* a religion that could *make me so miserable*.

His wit was developed as early as his attractive identification of religion with " the great cause of cheering us

all up." At Didsbury, says Mrs. George Unwin and Rev. John Telford, a rigid non-smoking rule was imposed upon the students. Mark, who was no friend to asceticism, disapproved of the ban. One day the theological tutor, Dr. Hannah, informed the students of an experience which had led to his forming a resolution of total abstinence from tobacco; he had formerly indulged in a modest pipe at bedtime. While attending Conference, he said, he had been entertained in a home where smoking was frowned upon, and so for three weeks he had had to go without his nightly dissipation.

"On the first night of my return," he continued, "Mrs. Hannah, as usual, filled my pipe. 'No, my dear,' I said, 'I have done without a pipe for three weeks without discomfort, and now the pipe and I will part company for ever'."

"Does that apply all round, sir?" asked young Pearse demurely.

"Why do you ask that question, Mr. Pearse?"

"Well, sir, did you say to Mrs. Hannah, 'My dear, I have been separated from you for three weeks without discomfort. Let us part company for ever?'"

Beginning his ministry at Leeds, Mr. Pearse served, as Methodists do, in a variety of circuits, always with great acceptance. His vivacity and dramatic power were at once recognised as something quite out of the ordinary. He was a Celt, with the Celt's imaginativeness and freedom from awkward self-consciousness, and English audiences flocked eagerly to preaching so different from the decorous native brand. Reading through Pearse's sermons preached over many years one is pleasantly conscious of the high level of good taste which he maintained. His humour was audacious but never vulgar. His flights of eloquence, though

florid, usually had a touch of the poetic about them; for Pearse was undoubtedly, in his way, a poet. What most people, especially in the earlier years, most admired about him—his dramatic imaginary dialogues and "action" stories—are perhaps the very elements in his preaching which would be least effective to-day. Even an audience of children—modern children—would be likely to gaze coldly and critically on a preacher prowling around the pulpit in imitation of a lion. Pearse could do it well; but to-day it is doubtful whether it would be discreet to do it at all.

It is worth while to stress the point that his humour was without offence. Some humorous evangelism has been very much the reverse. Poor Peter Mackenzie, as a friend of mine well remembers, thought it an amusing thing to speak of Jeroboam as "Jerry"—"Jerry and Mrs. Boam!" There was much tolerance fifty years ago for these eccentricities. "Chapel folk" had practically no social, intellectual or recreational interests outside the chapel, and it was a notable day when anything novel or exciting happened within those narrow limits. The visit of a particularly eccentric preacher was rather like the gruesome yarns of old Billy Bones at the Admiral Benbow Inn: "a fine excitement in a quiet country life."

Mr. Pearse, possessing dramatic and humorous gifts in such abundance, was particularly effective as a lecturer—the lecture was a very flourishing institution in Nonconformity in the pre-cinema age—and as a temperance advocate. He was a temperance advocate by deep conviction. By no means an ascetic by temperament, his financial circumstances were comfortable, and he enjoyed travel, angling, and the pleasant accompaniments of life. In his earlier ministry he was a

"moderate drinker," and one of his most effective pieces of platform narrative was the story of his conversion to total abstinence.

I had gone to the house of a troublesome teetotaler, who had that day buried his only son. My sympathy with him in his great sorrow checked my replies to him in our conversation, and made me think only of how I could comfort him. Of course, we had got on to the old argument. "I do wish you'd join us," he said earnestly. I shook my head and congratulated myself on my good company in Cana of Galilee. I went home, but that night I could not sleep. My thoughts and heart went out to this father in his grief. I said half aloud; "I would do anything to comfort him"; at once it occurred to me, "Sign the pledge and join him in temperance work; that would comfort him." "But why should I give up so much for him?" I asked myself. Then came words spoken, I thought, I still think, by the Master Himself. "Thou talkest of my company at Cana of Galilee. What did I give up to comfort thee?" And once again I saw, not Cana, but Calvary. There hung my Lord in His great grief and agony, and dreadful shame. For me He had laid down His life! Should I dare any more to quote His example? Yes, indeed I could, but for quite another purpose. "We ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." I sought my Lord's forgiveness for my blind selfishness, and the next morning I signed the pledge and joined my friend in his temperance work.

I do not quote this passage in advocacy of the temperance cause, either in my own or Mark Guy Pearse's behalf. As a matter of fact, it is not at all a convincing argument for the temperance cause, though it is an excellent argument for Christian brotherliness. But it is interesting as illustrating my view of Pearse as an inheritor of a very old tradition in English religious life.

The little narrative, with its concise and dramatic picturesqueness, and the intimate tone of its reference to Christ, might have been written by one of our homely Catholic mystics or by one of our seventeenth century Puritan stylists.

Mr. Pearse once invited a cabman into his house to "have something warm" after a cold night drive. He noticed that the man had no overcoat. Mr. Pearse presented him with one of his own, making the whimsical proviso: "That coat has never had a glass of beer or spirits inside it from the day it was made, and I want you to promise that as long as you wear it you will let the drink alone." "All right, sir, I won't upset the coat by putting any drink inside it"—and he never did. Such homely stories took the place of statistics in the old-time temperance campaigns.

In 1866 Mr. Pearse married Mary Jane Cooper, of Dunstable. Most great preachers have been blessed by a peaceful and happy home life (John Wesley was an unlucky exception), and Mr. Pearse's marriage brought him an almost lifelong heartsease. His wife died in 1914.

Mark Guy Pearse became a national figure in Methodism, when, in 1886, he accepted an invitation to co-operate with Hugh Price Hughes in starting the West London Mission. Hughes died in 1901, and does not come within the scope of this book; so perhaps it is necessary to explain that he was a man of extraordinary force and vehemence—a little black-browed, stiff-bearded Welshman who made political history by warning Mr. Gladstone that "Parnell must go," on the ground that "what is morally wrong can never be politically right." This utterance drew from *The Times* a new phrase which is now an historic one: "the Nonconformist Conscience."

Gladstone bowed before the Nonconformist Conscience as voiced by Hughes, and Parnell " went."

The West London Mission held its services in the old St. James's Hall, Piccadilly. Hughes was the organiser of the whole affair and the fiery evangelist of the evening services. Pearse preached on the Sunday mornings. " You shall edify the saints," said Hughes, " and I will pursue the sinners." The partnership was a huge success, though the two men were so utterly different in style and temperament. It lasted until Hughes's sudden death, when Pearse felt himself free to travel, preach, lecture and write as the spirit moved him. At the West London Mission Pearse made many new contacts and widened his range of experience to take in the problems of poverty and vice in modern cities. He became a convinced believer in the social implications of Christianity, and no doubt his preaching was deepened a good deal by his awakened social consciousness; but he remained to the end, in essentials, an individualist in his preaching. He knew his own powers and limitations, and he knew he could not dramatize economics.

That Pearse's gift was that of " edifying the saints " rather than " pursuing the sinners " cannot, I think, be doubted. He had not the heart-piercing, anxious fervour of the conquering evangelist, neither had he any particular command of the weapons of apologetic. " I have tried to be a philosopher," said Dr. Johnson's famous friend, " but cheerfulness would keep creeping in." Mark Guy Pearse might have begun to argue for the foundation principles of Christianity in terms suitable for a scientific age—but in five minutes he would have been telling a Cornish story or turning a Bible phrase into a coloured picture. Christianity in any case did not seem to him to stand in need of " proving." " One

day," says his biographer, "as he sat on the platform beside Mrs. Hughes, listening to a learned but somewhat lengthy divine 'proving' Christianity, he whispered, 'If he goes on another five minutes I shall become an atheist!'" Pearse's job was to cheer and encourage the humble and the diffident believers, the simple men and women who do not want persuading to become Christians, but who do desperately need to feel a strong and friendly hand upon their shoulder in times when temptation is fierce and faith is feeble. To such as these his voice rang out like a cheery bugle-call telling of the presence of comrades in the good fight.

Here is an extract from a sermon of his on "The Sleeping Christ," containing samples both of his dramatic dialogue and his warm emotional appeal. The bits of dialogue are to be imagined as delivered with the liveliest gesture, with the appropriate variety of tone and accent, and with the play of imagination lighting up the broad actor-like face with its long and mobile mouth—a little like that of William Jennings Bryan, the "spell-binder" of the Democrats:

The Master came from Nazareth, inland. What did He know about a boat? He could tell them about Heaven, but a boat—when it came to that, He might sleep. But now comes one great sea. I see it falling like a live thing, black in its fury, hissing in its rage. "Master, awake!" What did He know about a boat? He arose. He spread His hands over the tossing seas. A strange word He used, and they haven't been able to translate it. "Peace, be still." But what He said was, "Be muzzled"—as if the waves were so many wild beasts. I think I know what happened next day. You know fishermen. You know how they pace to and fro by the rough stone pier. "Well, Simon, what is it?" "Do you know what I have been thinking?" "No,

"Daniel Quorm"—the pious maxims and anecdotes of a witty old Cornish cobbler—was the first of a long series of Cornish books, half fiction, half preaching, which are still read with delight in Methodist homes. They are excellent as dialect stories, as well as being entirely "edifying." Mr. Pearse drew largely from the genuine humour, sometimes of the unconscious sort, which he delighted to observe in the unlettered but sharp-witted Cornish local preachers. He loved such stories as that of the old man at Bude who used to pray on wet Sundays, "Lord, bless the sick. Bless 'em, Lord! They're in bed to-day. But they'll be in Bideford Market on Tuesday!"

He went on writing for a long time after his physical powers had failed so seriously that preaching was impossible. In 1929 he died. He had previously sent for his latest successor in the West London Mission, Rev. Ira Goldhawk, and had given him precise directions for the funeral service. "Please understand," he said, "no mourning, no grief, no gloom, no Dead March. Start the service with 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,' and let the stops be out on the organ. . . . Remember, I shall be with you and shall join in the singing."

DR. ALEXANDER WHYTE

Mr. Calvin Coolidge, the most taciturn of American Presidents, is the hero of a pleasant and, quite conceivably, a true story. On his returning from church one Sunday Mrs. Coolidge inquired—so it is related—"What sort of a service had they had?"

"Fine."

"Who was the preacher?"

"Dr. Pierce."

"What did Dr. Pierce preach about?"

"Sin."

"Indeed! And what had Dr. Pierce to say on the subject of sin?"

"He was against it."

. . . . .

Dr. Alexander Whyte was "against it" too. Memorable for many gifts and graces, he has a peculiarly interesting and lonely niche in the pulpit history of this generation. Alone among the really eminent pulpit figures since 1900, he preached against sin with all the terrifying intensity of a Puritan divine or a medieval friar. The theme which gripped his own heart and imagination—in his later years almost to the exclusion of other themes—was the Soul's Tragedy of sin. There never was a preacher more infinitely remote from the optimistic humanism of modern popular religion.

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called upon him to plead for funds to rebuild a little church destroyed by fire. Dr. Whyte sent the old man with a letter of introduction to a pious baronet who held a high lay office in the Church. The simple Highlander was too blunt or otherwise indiscreet in his application to this dignitary, who lost his temper and used some uncanonical language. "Dinna ye speak tae me that way," retorted the undaunted minister. "Man, ye're no' but a hell-deserving sinner like ma'sel'!" He returned with the story of his unlucky interview to Dr. Whyte. "What!" said the great man. "You called Sir Henry a hell-deserving sinner?" "Aye, I did that." "Oh, man! I wish I had given you letters of introduction to all my elders. It's what I've been wanting to say to them for years!"

But it must have been a very thick-skinned or an exceptionally virtuous elder who had escaped the conviction, in "sitting under" Dr. Whyte, that he was not only hell-deserving but not at all unlikely to get his deserts . . . "but for the grace of God." Alexander Whyte preached against sin, but he "preached up Christ." His venerable, old-world figure stands in the history of the Kirk as the last of the sternly gracious prophets and deeply learned expounders who for three centuries mounted the Scottish pulpit as if it were the Scottish throne—as, from the point of view of national leadership, a throne it undoubtedly was. Far be it from me to suggest that Dr. Whyte was the last great Scots preacher. But the old majestic note passed with his passing; and as for sin—while the younger Scots ministers are still, unquestionably, "against it," I doubt whether a single preacher amongst them could scare a wealthy and pious elder so much that he would be almost afraid to go to church. Alexander Whyte could.

Alexander Whyte survived until 1921: yet his accent belonged so much to the past ages of the Scottish Kirk that he already seems almost as remote as Chalmers and Guthrie and Candlish. Indeed, it is not difficult to think of him as belonging to a still remoter age. Had he been as dogmatic theologically as he was ethically, he might well have been one of the " grim Geneva ministers " who stood around the scaffold of Montrose.

True to a very noble and very romantic Scottish tradition is the story of Alexander Whyte's rise from obscurity to fame. The poor Scottish student, " cultivating literature on a little oatmeal," and toiling heroically for the glory of " wagging his pow in a pulpit," is a national hero and a national type. In Whyte's career nothing is wanting to complete the picture. Born in Kirriemuir—Barrie's " Thrums "—in 1836, Alexander Whyte had to " burst his birth's invidious bar " against exceptionally heavy odds. He was not only born into stringent poverty, but he was what is called (euphemistically or brutally, as the reader chooses to regard it) an " unwanted child." He never saw his father. His mother, despite the unhappy circumstances of his birth, proved to be a heroine in the struggle against poverty, and also a woman of strong religious feeling and conviction. The great Disruption of the Church of Scotland occurred while Alexander was yet a child. In the preliminary rebellion against ministers " presented " by lay patrons, Dr. Whyte's mother was so prominent, locally, on the side of Free Church principles, that she gained the nickname of " Non-intrusion Janet."

On Sunday mornings the little boy attended the South Free Church with his mother, in the afternoon he went with his grandmother to the Relief Church, and at night he worshipped at the most famous church in

Kirriemuir—the most famous now, thanks to Barrie—the Auld Licht Kirk. It was under the Auld Licht minister, James Paxton, that he received his first impressions of the glory of preaching. His real intellectual awakening, however, seems to have come from his first reading of "Paradise Lost," a gift from a kindly neighbour. Sixty years later, when he became Principal of New College, Edinburgh, Dr. Whyte touchingly recalled those early days of hardship and high dreams. At that proud moment, he said, he saw "a poor little fellow of twelve years old, saying to his mother: 'Don't cry, mother, don't be afraid, for I will go and serve out my time; but mind you, I'm going to be a minister'." He was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and it was remembered in later years that he would spare some of his scanty coppers to induce a younger lad to read aloud to him as he worked. I recall that Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson employed a comrade to perform the same service for him, when, as a trooper, he was busy cleaning harness. These Scots!

A lady once asked Mr. David Barrie, father of Sir James, if it were true that Dr. Whyte had been a shoemaker. "Aye," said the old gentleman, "and a gey puir shoemaker he was. But he's been a fine preacher to many folk in Edinburgh who were sair needing it."

The first step upward was an appointment as dominie in the Free Church School at Airlie. Here Whyte was fortunate in attracting the interest of an able and scholarly minister, Rev. David White, who tutored him and afterwards assisted him to enter Aberdeen University. In his vacations he began to preach, and in after years, as Dr. Barbour relates in his biography of Whyte, "some of the Aberdeenshire folk were of the opinion that even Dr. Whyte, of St. George's, the famous and

eloquent divine, was not so impressive a preacher on sin and salvation as Alexander Whyte, the student-pilgrim with the flaming heart, who still lived among their early recollections." He proceeded to New College, Edinburgh, to be trained for the Free Church ministry: and after being assistant at "Free St. Luke's" and "Free St. John's" he was elected "assistant and successor" to the celebrated Dr. Candlish at "Free St. George's." For the next forty-six years the former shoemaker's apprentice was the most famous preacher in the Free Church of Scotland.

Whyte was an insatiable and most catholic reader. The Puritan divines and mystics were his favourite companions, and he preached and wrote much in the way of commentary on those old thinkers. But all grave literature was welcome to him. He learned from it a taste for style, the secret of piercingly direct language, and, most important of all, a fundamental liberality of outlook. He was not so much a doctrinal as a mystical preacher. Not the forms in which religion is expressed, but the absorbing drama of religion—God and man in their eternal dialogue and controversy—was Whyte's absorbing preoccupation. And because he was always living thus at the heart of things he was never swept off his feet by passing enthusiasms, or oppressed by anything less than the fundamental problems. The most memorable example of his liberality of mind was his support of Robertson Smith in the great heresy hunt of 1877–80. That historic case is scarcely remembered now, I suppose, except in Scotland. But it may well be that the whole Christian Church is suffering injury to-day because the Free Church of Scotland failed in courage and tolerance in 1880. Smith was a scholar and a saint, the brightest luminary in the Scottish heavens. But he dared to say

publicly what he and every other competent scholar knew to be true: that certain portions of the Old Testament had a different origin and authorship from that traditionally assigned to them. Instantly arose a cry that the heretic should be turned out of his Free Church professorship. After long negotiation and controversy, Robertson Smith was driven from his post—the one man who could have saved him, Principal Robert Rainy, having, after many tactical evolutions, turned down his thumb. Rainy was a very great ecclesiastical statesman; on this occasion, alas! he put "the peace of the Church" before the manifest claims of justice and truth.

Before the Assembly which condemned the greatest son of the Church, Alexander Whyte faced the awe-inspiring Rainy and his followers with a superb plea for the liberty of prophesying.

"Fathers and brethren," he declared, "the world of mind does not stand still. And the theological mind will stand still at its peril. . . . Of all bodies of men on the earth the Church of Christ should be the most catholic-minded, the most hopeful, the most courageous, the most generous, sure that every movement of the human mind is ordered and overruled for her ultimate establishment, extension, and enriching. . . . He [Professor Smith] thought he saw the opportunity, and perhaps too eagerly and adventurously seized it, of outflanking your great enemy, the unbelieving, disintegrating, and unremorseful criticism of the great foreign schools. He went out in your service, if not at your behest, and he seeks to return to serve you still. He is fitted by gifts, by learning, by sagacity, by descent, and by personal piety, to serve you as few men in any generation possibly can, and you are sitting here deliberating how you can most speedily cast him over your

walls to the scorn and rejoicing of the besieging enemy. Surely the Free Church of Scotland . . ."

But there was no " surely " about it. The Free Church of Scotland decided that she preferred comfort to truth. To do her justice, she has long since bitterly and sincerely repented of her error.

This was a gallant beginning to a mighty ministry which became, so to speak, one of the classic institutions of Edinburgh. Queues lined up outside the doors of Free St. George's long before service time when Alexander Whyte was preaching. The pastorate of Free St. George's is a sort of semi-official position in Edinburgh, and in Whyte's hands it gained immensely in dignity and influence. Whyte was a good talker and letter-writer, as well as a most dignified and reverend figure (despite his lowly origins), and he parleyed on equal terms with all the great Scotsmen of his day. Robert Louis Stevenson admired his books and cherished his friendship, and J. M. Barrie, the son of his old schoolmate, owed much to Whyte's early interest in his career. But it is as a preacher that Alexander Whyte will be remembered. And as a preacher it is likely that his fame will live, both in authentic history and in apocryphal legend, as not the least of the long line of " characters " who have made Edinburgh so full of engaging ghosts for the imaginative visitor.

The apocryphal legend, as I have hinted, will concern itself almost entirely with Alexander Whyte's obsession with the ugly and sinful possibilities of human nature, and the gloomy and even painful intensity with which he would expose the shameful wounds, and thrust in the surgeon's knife. Pardon the gory metaphor! Whyte is rather infectious in this respect, and I have just been reading about his famous sermon on the Rich Young

Ruler. The Rich Young Ruler, it will be remembered, pleaded that he had "kept the commandments." But Dr. Whyte—according to his young colleague, the late Dr. John Kelman, who heard the sermon—"watched him, and made his congregation see him wheeling blindly down the black depths of the inferno, circle after circle, until just as he disappeared on his way down its bottomless abyss, he, who had been bending over the pulpit, watching him with blazing eye, shouted: 'I hear it! It's the mocking laughter of the universe, and it's shouting at him over the edge, "Ha, Ha! Kept the commandments" '."

In another passage in the same sermon the preacher described the hounds of remorse baying after the awakened sinner. "You may be saved," said Dr. Whyte, "but they will pursue you up to the very gates of heaven, and leave the bloody slaver of their jaws upon the golden bars."

To make these uncomfortable sermons still more undelightful, from the standpoint of those who go to church to be pleasantly reassured and cheered, Dr. Whyte had a habit, which grew on him, of including himself in his catalogue of sinners. He would most embarrassingly unveil the weak places, real or suspected, in his own armour. "What has made me a grey-headed man before my time? It is the woeful work my passions have worked in me, the bitter wages I have reaped in their service." I have heard that he told his congregation once that he had to confess among his sins a wild jealousy of his popular young colleague, Dr. Hugh Black! This was certainly going too far. A preacher can do good by making his people understand that he understands their sins and temptations, even the least dignified ones. But it seems neither necessary nor expedient to impose

on himself the discipline of public confession. That is as painful and as embarrassing (to all concerned) as the "cutty stool" of historic but lamentable memory.

Two Lanarkshire miners, sight-seeing in Edinburgh, wound up with a visit to Free St. George's. They went away speechless with awe after listening to a particularly surgical sermon. After a period of profound meditation one of them broke silence. "Sandy," he murmured, "yon man must have been a *deevil* when he was a laddie!"

A vivid and adventurous imagination was obviously at work in Dr. Whyte's preaching. He visualised and personalised the spiritual adventure, just as Bunyan visualised and personalised it. He was unceasingly fascinated by the tremendous issues faced by each individual soul, so mysteriously related to God on the one hand and to this earthly pettiness and mortality on the other. Nothing seemed worth consideration to Alexander Whyte in comparison with this life-and-death drama of salvation. And that drama made a very different appearance in his preaching from the "quick change act" proposed by the popular optimistic evangelist. "Are you saved? Thank God, brother! Hallelujah!" It was not so simple as that in Dr. Whyte's eyes. Salvation was as free as that, but not as easy as that. Like Bunyan, he saw in his dream that there was a road to hell even from the gate of heaven. To hold Whyte's intensely earnest view of the reality and significance of the spiritual part of man is almost necessarily to be oppressed with gloom at times. Man is so appallingly prone to neglect his spiritual part. Whyte had a Miltonic vision of the holiness and glory attainable by man; but he had also a poet's, or a novelist's, or a police magistrate's insight into the dark actualities of human nature. The one

thing needful for a man is to keep his soul alive, and Dr. Whyte made it his mission to stab lethargic souls out of their slumbers—even their respectable slumbers. More and more, as he grew older, he ignored the "questions of the day," whether social, theological, or scientific. These things scarcely touched the heart of the matter, in Whyte's eyes. All that mattered was that Christ should dwell mystically in the individual human heart. Everything else was irrelevant.

That Whyte's picture of human depravity was far too luridly painted, nobody, I suppose, would deny. There is surely some part of human frailty and failure which is not really depravity at all, but merely the effect of untoward circumstance. Dr. Whyte seemed to ignore this aspect of the case altogether. And in any case it is a question whether the surgical method of preaching is the most truly effectual mode, except on special occasions. At times Whyte's lancet may indeed have pierced to the very heart of a cancerous sin; but more often his incisions were merely watched with critical interest by a congregation which had learned to expect them, and not to be unduly disturbed by them.

It even made affectionate jests about them. When young Dr. Hugh Black came to Free St. George's as assistant to the old preacher, it used to be said that "Whyte blackens the saints in the morning, and Black white-washes the sinners at night."

This is not to imply that Whyte's life-work was in any sense a failure. His gloomy analyses of human nature were only a somewhat exaggerated emphasis in a mode of preaching which, as a whole, served religion well. The essential thing in Dr. Whyte's sermons was their plea for depth, freedom, and imagination in all

thought and speech about religion. They had some secondary virtues, too. They were extraordinarily rich in apt illustration, drawn from wide reading of the great books of the world and from the homeliest things observed in common life. Their heart-to-heart directness and their overflowing gentleness were parts of the same sensitive and truly pastoral awareness of the needs of the flock. And, from end to end of nearly seventy years of preaching, Dr. Whyte never once even hinted that salvation depended on acceptance of this or that scholastic doctrine. It depended entirely, as he saw it, on the living of a life in touch with Christ.

In another quality than that of being " against sin " —urgently and uncomfortably against it—Whyte's preaching represents a vanishing strain in the pulpit. The note to which I refer is still heard in Scotland, but it is a sort of dialect, and is likely to vanish as the wireless and the " talkies " bring even Scotland within the circle of our present-day cosmopolitan and colourless speech. I mean the peculiar homeliness and " personal-ness " of the old Scottish ministers. It dates, I suppose, from the great days when a Scottish minister was in a very real sense the prophet, priest and king of an unlearned but deeply religious peasantry. It is not a language one can very well use to University men and self-confident trade unionists. Listen to Alexander Whyte on Prayer:

You must mend your manners before you make much progress in prayer. You will never be saved in your sleep. You must take off your coat to it, just as you make a lazy apprentice take off his coat. When thou prayest take off thy coat to it, be in earnest about it. . . . This is praying deliberately. That is to say, you will set time for it and space for it, and lay plans for it, as you do in your business. . . . Suppose you go home and say,

"Well, I will just try this deliberate business." Go away now to your room. Say to them at home, "I have something to attend to, something serious." Sit down in your chair, or kneel down, or stand up, do anything natural and true that the Spirit moves you to. Give half an hour by the clock, and don't get up to see how the time is getting on, for the half-hour might come to an hour. Think over the week and the business, the honesties and the petty dishonesties of it. Think of the boys getting up in life, and the girls. . . . Some of you travel often from London to Liverpool or to some other place. After you have glanced at the paper draw your plaid over your knees, and your cap over your eyes, and have a few hours' thinking. You have thought all about the transaction, and the business will only weary your heart, so leave it and say, "Oh, Lord, I come to get a quiet mind before the interview in London or in Liverpool." You will see that all your fortune is not staked on the journey. Think on the way the Lord is leading you, think on the promises and the delight and the consolation; that is deliberate prayer. Aye, when you deliberately sit down that way in the corner of the carriage for the first time, it will be to you the house of God and the gate of Heaven.

Ex pede Herculem. From that short passage, so simple, wise and fatherly, one can imagine how the long ministry of Alexander Whyte sank into the hearts of the Scottish people. Especially as the Scots are a terribly sentimental people, and enjoy, much more than the cold English, to be talked to in the homely accents of intimate family affection and rebuke. Simple—almost childishly simple—as the language of this particular sermon is, I note that it contains references to Bunyan, Thomas Boston, Calvin, Chrysostom, William Law, Augustine and Brother Laurence; and that is a much shorter list than the average of Whyte's

references and citations. It is, indeed, a mark of the Scottish pulpit that it combines a singularly solid foundation of learning with an almost excessive pastoral simplicity of speech.

In old age Alexander Whyte bore an impressively venerable appearance. His was a striking face. There was a touch of true Scotch ruggedness in the features, and the prevailing expression was austere and brooding; but the most interesting feature was the long, sensitive, expressive mouth, capable of a curious smile that was sometimes sphinxlike and sardonic, and sometimes merely tender. In profile there is a strong resemblance between the portraits of Whyte and those of Emerson. Old age brought many honours to the famous preacher. He became Moderator of the Free Church in 1898 and Principal of New College in 1909, holding this latter office until 1918. He retired from his charge at Free St. George's in 1916. "So Dr. Whyte is going or is gone," wrote Lord Rosebery. "Not premature—but a disappearance, or partial disappearance, of a great light and glory of Edinburgh, and, indeed, of the Christian faith."

Alexander Whyte died in 1921. Seven years after his death the Established Church of Scotland and the Free Church were reunited. He had been a consistent and weighty advocate of this reunion—as he had been, indeed, a prophet of Christian unity in general. Had he survived he would most certainly have been the central figure in one of the most moving scenes in the history of the Kirk of Scotland. With one voice the Fathers and Brethren would have acclaimed the 'prentice lad of Kirriemuir as the first Moderator of the reunited Church. No Christian communion has held the preaching and prophetic ministry in higher honour than the Church

of Scotland; and the Church of Scotland, re-established as a truly national Church, would have proudly recognised in Alexander Whyte the last prince of the old Puritan dynasty—the great preachers of righteousness whom Scotland still honours as the source of her peculiar glory as a nation.

DR. F. B. MEYER

For some twenty years no Free Church minister was more widely known by name to the English man-in-the-street than Dr. F. B. Meyer. His was one of the few Free Church names which were familiar even in saloon bars, and among the followers of the turf. "Hullo! I see that old parson Meyer has got the wind up again!" "Meyer? Who's he?" "Why, that bloke what stopped the fight between Jack Johnson and Billy Wells." "Oh—*him!*"

There were some, moving in very different circles and cherishing a high admiration of Dr. Meyer's gifts, who rather regretted that he should be known chiefly as "the bloke what stopped the fight." Dr. Meyer's career, like Gaul, was divided into three parts. The first, in some respects, considerably outshone the second and third. He was, in fact, a very interesting example of the man who feels "called" to do some special piece of work, and who does it well; but who, in doing it, leaves a piece of work for which many think he was uniquely fitted. When Dr. Meyer left his studies and meditations to become the mouthpiece of the Nonconformist Conscience in such matters as prize-fights and music-halls he became a less polished and impressive preacher on the eternal issues. He lost, to some extent, the interest of the studious and the meditative, and gained instead a not particularly valuable popular fame.

And yet he may have done the right, the inevitable thing. Nothing is more certain than the purity of

F. B. Meyer's motives in plunging in mid-career into active life and controversy. He certainly had no itch for publicity and notoriety. If his pulpit touch became less delicate as a result of his work for social purification, there is certainly no Christian angle from which he can be criticized. It would be like criticizing a great singer for damaging his voice by plunging into an icy river to save a drowning man. Even the fact that other and stronger swimmers were (probably) near at hand would not alter the essential rightness of the singer's impulse.

F. B. Meyer was born in 1847 and lived to be nearly eighty-two. Sixty years of his life were spent in the Baptist ministry, and during that long span he was the hero of several religious movements—the "lost leader," perhaps, of one.

Living at Clapham, and attending the ministry of a certain famous Dr. Brock at Bloomsbury Baptist Chapel, F. B. Meyer felt an early call to the ministry—though without any tremendous spiritual experience—and entered the Baptist training college at Regent's Park. He seems to have been a particularly attractive youth: bright, gay and witty, and with a face (like young John Milton's) of an almost girlish refinement. Always in F. B. Meyer there was a curious streak of red-blooded humanness under the austere and disciplined exterior. More than once he hinted in public that he had been by no means exempt from the pull of the ordinary human temptations. One never quite knew when he would suddenly draw aside the veil of reticence, and embark on one of these rather embarrassing confessions. I recall one occasion on which an audience was both embarrassed and shocked, though I myself could see no real cause for either emotion. It was at a big temperance demon-

stration, and Dr. Meyer took occasion to point out the encouraging change of opinion on this subject within his own memory.

"When I was a student at Regent's Park," he said, "I should have thought it impossible to get through the week-end without a bottle of sherry. I was sent out to preach one week-end, and was told that my hosts were strict total abstainers. I put a bottle of wine in my overcoat pocket, intending to consume it in my bedroom. Alas! when we set out for church on the Sunday morning, my hosts insisted on helping me on with my coat—and the bottle fell to the ground with a fearful crash. For weeks afterwards that coat, like an accusing conscience, cried 'Sherry!' at me."

This reminiscence was received in an uncomfortable silence. Equally unappreciated was Dr. Meyer's recollection that, at the same remote date, he "knew the way into Regent's Park college after midnight—and it wasn't by the front gate."

In spite of these frailties, F. B. Meyer passed with distinction into the ministry, having won a high reputation as a preacher while still a student. His first post was at Pembroke Chapel, Liverpool, where he had the honour to be assistant to the celebrated C. M. Birrell, father of the more (and still) celebrated Augustine. He fulfilled the orthodox course of the young minister's duties by marrying within a year of his ordination. His bride was Miss J. E. Jones, of Birkenhead, and to her (in the words of Dr. W. Y. Fullerton, his biographer) for more than fifty-eight years he rendered the most chivalrous devotion. From Liverpool Mr. Meyer proceeded to York; and from York, after a two years' ministry, he began a brilliant career in Leicester, where the fine modern "institutional church" known as Melbourne

Hall stands as an imposing monument to his energy and his lifelong interest in the social and spiritual welfare of the masses.

At York, Mr. Meyer had come under the influence of the famous Dwight L. Moody, then visiting England for the first time. From Moody, Meyer "learnt the art of winning men and women for Christ." Peripatetic evangelists have fallen out of favour in these days. Moody and Sankey had many unworthy imitators, and there has arisen a certain suspicion of the "mass suggestion" on which the emotional appeal of the old-time evangelistic mission was founded. But Moody was really a great man, an evangelist who was not content with "a show of hands in favour of Jesus Christ," but who had a remarkable success in setting his converts to work. Grenfell of Labrador, for example, is a product of the Moody revival. In later years Moody invited Meyer to preach and lecture at his famous Northfield Conventions. And hereby hangs another of Meyer's engaging self-revelations. When he had been for some years a bright particular star at Northfield, a young man of more striking and "curiosity-making" personality appeared on the scene—Dr. G. Campbell Morgan—with the result that Meyer's audiences began to dwindle. "I found myself liable to be jealous," Meyer told his friends, "and the only way I can conquer my feeling is to pray for him daily, which I do."

It was not Moody who actually "re-converted" Meyer. He was in the thick of his work at Melbourne Hall when two of the "Cambridge Seven"—brilliant undergraduates who, under Moody's influence, had volunteered for missionary service in China—visited the church to conduct a special mission. In conversation with these young men the young minister was brought

face to face with the idea of absolute surrender of the whole will, the whole range of personality, to the guiding spirit of God. It is the same emphasis which is now influencing so many young University men through the Oxford Group Movement. Meyer realized that his ministry had lacked its full power because, in his own words, " there were things in my heart and life which I felt were questionable, if not worse; I knew that God had a controversy with respect to them. . . . At the same time I did not feel willing to give these things up." Whatever " these things " were—and it would be an impertinence to inquire—he did give them up, and became a stronger and abler man through this searching experience.

The story of his inward strife and victory were written clearly, I always thought, in the austere lines cut into the calm marble of his face.

One story of his Leicester ministry is worth telling for its own sake, though it also throws a gleam of light on that " human-ness " of Meyer to which I have referred. One of his bits of practical service was to wait outside the gates of Leicester Prison, to meet the discharged prisoners and try to help them in making a new start in life. On being invited, as usual, to " talk things over " in a neighbouring coffee-house, one of these men declared that he had sworn to have a pint of porter to celebrate his freedom. " Well," said Meyer, " if you will promise to sign the pledge afterwards, I'll fetch you the porter myself." The man agreed, and Meyer took a jug and went to the nearest public-house for the liquor—to the bewilderment of the barmaid. " On arriving at my little breakfast party," so his narrative goes, " with the jug and glass in my hand, I poured the porter out as quietly as possible, without the ' head ' which porter

drinkers are accustomed to appreciate. He took the glass and began to drink, and I gave such an unconscious groan that, after two or three efforts, he put down the remainder and said 'This is the miserablest pint of porter I ever drank. Where's your card, sir? I may as well sign it as drink any more'."

In 1892 Mr. Meyer went to London as minister of the cathedral-like Christ Church in Westminster Bridge Road. This was really his headquarters for the remainder of his life, though a "wider ministry" drew him away from his regular pastoral duties after about ten years' service. While at Christ Church Mr. Meyer began the "social purity" work by which in some quarters he is best known and most deeply reverenced. Using a committee of the Lambeth Free Church Council as his instrument, he "cleaned up" much of the commercialized vice in that district of London, and carried on at the same time an invaluable rescue and preventive work among women and girls. On the sex question he was a fiery Puritan, though from no temperamental censoriousness or prudery. His attitude here was often misunderstood. It is best understood by studying his crusade in Lambeth in conjunction with the last bit of social work which he undertook—his practical interest in the Homeless Children's Aid and Adoption Society, a society which has brought the most liberal and merciful Christian spirit to bear upon the problem of the unmarried mother and the "unwanted" child.

But it is with F. B. Meyer the preacher than I am concerned. He drew to Christ Church a special kind of congregation: a congregation most emphatically of "the saints." For Meyer had become known through England as a spiritual "director," to use the Catholic term, a preacher who had a peculiar gift for leading

devout souls into the quiet and secluded gardens of the devotional life. Some would call this "luxury preaching"; preaching addressed, in the main, to men and women who are sufficiently well off, materially and morally, to indulge in the intensive culture of their souls. They do not need to be recalled from gross sin, or given some plain, strong message to help them through the harsher experiences of life. They accept all the axioms of evangelical religion; they have a taste for the sanctuary, and for the cadences of religious speech. They cultivate personal holiness as a connoisseur cultivates a rare and precious flower. Like Alice Meynell's shepherdess, "they have their souls to keep."

I do not know whether that sounds an unfriendly description of the type of worshipper who hung on Dr. Meyer's preaching, whether at Christ Church, or at the Keswick Conventions, or through the medium of his immensely popular books on devotional subjects. No unfriendliness need be read into it. To cultivate and enrich the soul is, after all, the chief end of man. Nevertheless, it would be merely dishonest to say that there is not sometimes, in what may be called the "Keswick type," an element which slightly disturbs the more robust and peremptory inquirer into religious truth. He sometimes fancies, rightly or wrongly, that the "intensive culture of the soul" tends to an over-emphasis on personal as against social religion, on spiritual reverie rather than on strenuous intellectual and practical religious warfare. In Dr. Meyer's congregations were to be found many to whom his preaching was a weekly inspiration to active and courageous effort. There were, also, no doubt, a few who merely enjoyed his "lovely way of talking about spiritual things." What I am trying to indicate is that throughout this first phase of

his ministry—up to the year 1905, let us say—Dr. Meyer was the most favoured preacher of those who were seeking, primarily, not the intellectual basis of faith, not light on the ethical duty of men and societies, but guidance in their quiet meditations on personal holiness and the working of the Spirit in the life of the redeemed individual. This quietist religion has its special language, its characteristic phraseology. Dr. Meyer could speak, and did speak, this language; but his pre-eminence among the more "spiritual" preachers was based on something much more solid than a fluent use of the "language of Canaan." In his best years there was a Napoleonic energy in his preaching which was deeply impressive. The "wooing note" was there, but it was rather the variety and sweep of his thought, the strong fertility of his imagination, which made him a prince of the pulpit. F. B. Meyer was never dull, never languid; he never gave the impression of having taken an old sermon from a drawer and polished it up for a new occasion. He was a spare, slight figure of a man, with, as I have said, a face of ascetic cast—outwardly an ethereal rather than an energetic personality; but virile and commanding energy was the essential quality in his preaching.

I am speaking of his best preaching years, when experience in practical service had broadened his range of interests, but before he had stepped down into the arena of politics and controversy. It was my fortune to hear Dr. Meyer on a great occasion and when he was at the very height of his power; and though, if challenged to give a list of my favourite preachers, I should not perhaps spontaneously include Dr. Meyer in the list, I am bound to say that this sermon is one of half a dozen that have stuck in my memory as having held great

assemblies under the spell of acknowledged mastery. The occasion was the annual sermon of the London Missionary Society in May of 1906. Dr. Meyer was in that year President of the Baptist Union, and he entered the pulpit trailing all the clouds of glory that properly belong to an established and crowned leader of a great Church. The sermon was in the grand style. The argument was fundamental, the illustrations drawn from the rise and fall of nations, the language classically clear and vigorous.

Dr. Meyer set himself to "reconstruct a basis and argument for Christian Missions." The old formulary "The heathen are perishing; shall we let them perish?" had lost its force for a Christianity which could no longer believe in the eternal damnation of Chinese and Africans who had never even heard the name of Christ. Sweeping majestically over Greek, Hebrew and Christian history, the preacher put the whole argument on the high plane of man's spiritual needs and the impossibility of satisfying them by anything less than the power of the Holy Spirit. Natural religion and Judaism alike await the Spirit's creative touch. Christianity is the fulfilment of all high human aspiration and speculation. The heathen needs Christ for the same reason that the Christian needs Him; all life is poor and powerless until it is filled with the Spirit.

It was the power that was so evidently present in the early Church that captivated the imagination of men. Just at the moment when the power which has so long dominated the world through the Roman emperors showed signs of decay, the power of the Christian Church, which was the power of love, of self-restraint, of patient faith—in a word, of the Holy Spirit—revealed itself. There was a buoyancy, an exuberance, an abandonment

to privation and suffering, a conscious supremacy to all kinds of opposition, which announced that a new and Divine energy had begun to stir among men. The very austerities practised by the early confessors and martyrs, in their sublime indifference to physical conditions, approved their sense of a strange and novel power. It was as though they were at a loss otherwise to express the tides of Divine energy which projected their successive waves through their souls. When the race was on the verge of despair, their joyous sense of spiritual power filled the springs of life with the extravagance and glow of youth. The Holy Spirit, who had visited the loftiest Alpine peaks, was now shed upon all classes and conditions of men. Pentecost was the making accessible to all of what had been the perquisite of the few. The energy which had been, so to speak, diffused through the spiritual atmosphere, was now gathered up and focused in the Man Christ Jesus, for the use of every man. Just as Faraday, Tyndall and Edison have taught us how to use the Titan force of electricity, concentrating on useful tasks the electric currents in which men had lived and moved and had their being, and showing even handmaids and servants how to compel them to assist in the ordinary task of daily living; so our Lord has taught us how to utilize the Divine force of the Holy Spirit. He is no longer an atmosphere in which we live and move and have our being, but a Person, resident with us and in us, and waiting to co-operate with us in our life-work. He is no longer the God of the mountains only, but of the valley, also. It is not enough to say of Him merely, that He is not far from any one of us; because, since Pentecost, men may become what the fanes of Greece could never be, the temples of the Holy Spirit, who dwelleth in them, and whom they have for God. Not for great exploits only, such as Bezaleel, Gideon or Elijah performed, but for the commonplaces and drudgery of daily life there is a gracious storage of heavenly power in the Person of the risen Christ.

Dr. Meyer always declared that he was no genius, but an ordinary man who had made vigorous use of his opportunities. It was a just self-estimate. In the sermon from which the above extract is taken there is clearly no new or startling revelation of truth, such as a poetic or spiritual seer might give to men. But there is a strong grip of a central truth, a swift marshalling of facts in relation to this truth, and a lucid energy in the exposition of the theme which is as near to genius as . . . let us say as that dæmonic activity which is all the genius that can be found in the arid and unattractive mind of Napoleon.

. . . . .

" Not for great exploits only . . . but for the commonplaces and drudgery of daily life."

Dr. Meyer stepped down from the pulpit in 1905 to mingle in the dusty affairs of his time. He was still primarily a preacher, of course, but, through his association with the Free Church Council, he became a politician as well. The War has swept the domestic history of England from 1900 to 1914 almost into oblivion; and the younger people lift their eyebrows in mild amusement when they hear their elders tell of the crusading ardours of those bygone days. But in 1905 politics were very much an affair of conscience and knight-errantry for many. To Free Churchmen especially Liberalism appeared in the light of a crusade against all kinds of enthroned iniquities. Mr. Balfour had jarred their consciences in the matter of the Education Act, and Mr. Alfred Lyttelton had grown hoofs and a tail by sanctioning Chinese labour in South Africa under conditions which were thought to resemble slavery. And Free Trade was like one of the lamps of heaven to

Free Churchmen whose fathers had handed down heart-breaking stories of the dear loaf of the Hungry 'Forties. The Liberal victory at the 1905 election was very largely a Nonconformist victory. And among the Nonconformist leaders who had toured the country as orators under the Liberal flag, one of the most effective was the saintly and ascetic minister of Christ Church, the beloved teacher of the devotees who gathered in the holy peace of Keswick.

It was a call of duty for F. B. Meyer, and it cost him a great deal. His entry into politics distressed and alienated many. It was not so much that he had chosen this or that political party; but there certainly was a section of opinion, at Keswick and elsewhere, which disapproved of a spiritual teacher soiling his hands with these earthly and coarse duties. In these days it seems hard to understand that prejudice. But it undoubtedly existed, and it had the effect of causing an immediate drop in the sales of Dr. Meyer's devotional books. He never regained all his old popularity as a devotional specialist, if one may use such a term.

Having taken the plunge, however, Dr. Meyer never sought release from the noise and dust of the arena. He never became a thorough-going politician—that was not his line at all—but he came to stand as the personification of the Puritan outlook, the Nonconformist Conscience, in all matters affecting the moral health of the public. In an emergency he had accepted the honorary secretaryship of the National Free Church Council. That body was formed in order that the Free Churches should be able to speak with a united voice on important moral issues in the national life; under F. B. Meyer's leadership it spoke with a decidedly Puritan accent.

It was fortunate or unfortunate, according to one's assessment of life's values, that very soon after taking

up his Free Church Council appointment Dr. Meyer should have won a resounding and sensational victory. He "stopped the fight." The fight in question (for the heavy-weight championship of the world) was to have been staged in London between Bombardier Wells, the English champion, and the victorious negro, Jack Johnson. On two grounds—the brutality of heavy-weight boxing, and the risk of racial antagonisms involved in "black and white" contests—Dr. Meyer determined to mobilize public opinion against the coming match. He roused the churches, "lobbied" the London County Council (which had given the licence for the contest), roped in a sporting peer, and finally induced the Home Secretary to declare that the proposed fight was illegal.

The fight was abandoned, and "Meddling, Maudlin Meyer," as one newspaper called him, was promptly elevated by the whole sporting world to the position of Arch-Puritan and Kill-joy. He had certainly achieved a tremendous victory; but as the years went on a little doubt arose as to whether it had really done Dr. Meyer any good. Whenever any question of public morals arose in which the public was interested—questions affecting the good manners of the stage, the decency of the streets, and so forth—every London editor packed off a reporter to get Dr. Meyer's opinion. Dr. Meyer's opinion was invariably on the more Puritan side of the question. He was right, of course, in nearly every instance; but it was unfortunate that both he and the Free Church Council should have become almost exclusively identified in the mind of the general public with denunciations, head-shakings, and the spirit of the censor. Perhaps, too, Meyer grew, unconsciously, a little self-complacent when he found that a position of national influence had come to him unsought, and in such an

unexpected way. This stage of his career seems to me less successful and fruitful, in proportion to his gifts, than the earlier stage. Perhaps this is a too personal attitude. I confess that I have no great pleasure in hearing the note of denunciation sounded from the Christian pulpit or platform. More useful and inspiring was Dr. Meyer's able and devoted service in the Brotherhood Movement, and in that young people's movement of which he was the almost idolised leader—Christian Endeavour.

When the War came Dr. Meyer was already a venerable and venerated figure. His name carried weight in many circles, and there was consequently much jubilation among the more Fundamentalist Evangelicals when it was reported that Dr. Meyer had publicly indicated a new and serious interest in Second Advent teaching. The hope of, and belief in, the imminent Second Coming of Christ had received a strong impetus from the War. The conflict itself was so easily identified with Armageddon, and there were so many other "signs of the times" which, to students of Daniel and Revelation, seemed to correspond with those which the Scriptures foretell as destined to accompany the end of the age. This expectation of the Second Advent exercises a remarkable fascination over many Evangelicals. To others it seems the most unfounded and the least serviceable of all interpretations of Scripture. Dr. Meyer had always been inclined towards Adventism, as it is called, though he had not been at all an enthusiastic preacher of the doctrine. Early in the War, however, he declared with deep fervour that he believed "we were living in the joint of two ages"; and he was eagerly invited by leading "students of prophecy" to become the president of a new group for spreading this gospel far and wide. This was called the

Advent Testimony Movement. The leadership of this movement was the last set task which Dr. Meyer undertook. One of the keenest advocates of Adventism was Miss Christabel Pankhurst, formerly a leader of insurgent feminism. She met Dr. Meyer in the course of his propaganda for the movement, and in her opinion "he was a Napoleon."

In his last years Dr. Meyer moved among men as a loved and revered survivor from an earlier generation. He still preached and travelled, his growing frailty only emphasizing the lively clearness of his mental faculties and his perfect spiritual peace and radiance. His personal bearing always interested me. How should a Christian minister carry himself in general society? Dr. Meyer contrived to be dignified and "recollected," according to the older tradition of clerical manners, and yet to remain pleasantly natural.

There was nothing of the "unco guid" about him. Once, in a party at which he was the guest of honour, one of the company thought it fitting to talk rather too solemnly and unseasonably about intimate religious matters. At a pause in the conversation Dr. Meyer remarked brightly and innocently, "I wonder who has won the Derby?"

He died on March 8th, 1929, on the verge of his eighty-second year. Four days earlier he had written a letter to the minister of Christ Church, beginning, "I have suddenly learned that my life is closing more rapidly than I expected." In apostolic vein he sent his last affectionate injunctions to minister and church, and closed with the solemn benediction: "The love of God, the Grace of Christ our Lord, and the anointing, quickening and empowering grace of the Holy Spirit be with you all."

I have already said that there was no flame of genius, in the sense of exceptionally far vision or of exceptional grace of expression, in Dr. Meyer's make-up as a preacher. One does not read a passage from a sermon or treatise and say "Only F. B. Meyer could have written that." I have hinted also that there was a certain dissipation or dispersion of energy in his later career which sometimes seemed a little regrettable. It detracted from the unity and force of his personality. But though his preaching may have grown less firm and finished as a result of these activities, it remains true that his life was in itself a sermon of exceptional interest and value. He was a most striking exemplification of his own central doctrine: that an ordinary human life, surrendered up as a channel for the energies of the Spirit of God, is capable of almost superhuman achievements. One can truly say of Meyer what the son of his old chief, Mr. Augustine Birrell, has said of Wesley: "Few men ever did such a day's work for England."

DR. J. D. JONES

On a winter's evening in 1925 I sat in the choir of Canterbury Cathedral, watching the preacher move in processional pomp from his stall to the pulpit. A tall and dignified figure, set off by academic hood and gown, he walked with the look and air of a man conscious of being the central figure on a great occasion—not embarrassed or nervous, but with an air of grave recollection and of emotion held in strong restraint.

To a man of imagination and with a sense of history—which this preacher certainly was, and is—it could not but appear a great occasion; and the part he himself was playing in it was one to call out every faculty of which he felt himself possessed. Church history was being made that night. He was the first Nonconformist minister who had ever been invited to preach in Canterbury Cathedral, the central shrine of Anglicanism, the Mother Church of established religion in England. Laud and Sancroft stirred uneasily in their sleep. But Canterbury Cathedral had passed out of their keeping. It was in the hands of Archbishop Davidson and Dean Bell; and the old Archbishop and the young Dean had broken the tradition of centuries to make this gesture of Christian fraternity towards the preachers and people of Nonconformity.

Of all the preachers of Nonconformity no better choice could have been made than that of Dr. J. D. Jones. The invitation from Canterbury went to him as to a man who was certain not to " let down " the people he

represented: a great ecclesiastical leader and statesman; a courteous gentleman fitted to speak and act with grace and propriety on all occasions; above all, the most universally acceptable preacher in the whole of the Free Churches—then and now.

Dr. J. D. Jones is now sixty-five years old. For the past thirty years he has been a prince of the pulpit and a prince of the Church. It was fitting, indeed, that he should be the first Free Churchman to preach in Canterbury Cathedral. Perhaps the Ironies (as Thomas Hardy calls them) may have nudged each other a little as he proceeded to the pulpit of Laud. For "if all the world were of one religion"—or, at any rate, if all England were of the Church of England religion—nothing, to my mind, is more certain than that Dr. J. D. Jones would himself have been, in 1925, Archbishop of Canterbury or well on the way to that dignity. They say in America that such and such a politician is made of "Presidential timber." Dr. J. D. Jones is indisputably made of Archiepiscopal timber.

But he is a Nonconformist; and if, by some miraculous twist of events, every other pair of reverend legs in Nonconformity were to extend themselves coyly for encasement in episcopal gaiters, the limbs of John Daniel Jones would still go clad in the tubular broadcloth of unrepentant and unashamed Dissent.

No living Free Church minister in England has made more history, so far as his own denomination is concerned, than the man whom his own denomination knows and reverences by the affectionate appellation of "J.D." He intended to be, primarily, a preacher. He still is, in the deepest passion of his soul, a preacher. But he will live in Congregational history, not primarily as a preacher, but as the re-moulder, perhaps the pre-

server, of British Congregationalism. He is one of the supreme ecclesiastical statesmen of our time: equalled in achievement, I think, by only two others—the present Archbishop of York and the late Dr. J. H. Shakespeare, the strong and subtle autocrat of the Baptists.

"J.D." is a Welshman, and in the soft and golden quality of his voice he is equalled among the orators of our time by only one other man. He, too, is a Welshman, and, indeed, the most famous Welshman of them all. But Mr. Lloyd George, in spite of his perorations, is fundamentally a prose speaker: crisp, sparkling, colloquial. Whereas Dr. Jones speaks as if words were notes of music. Every utterance of his is a melody. In his hands even a financial statement takes on something of the classical beauty of Bach. His golden voice is a perpetual reminder that J. D. Jones is a loyal son of Wales. His father, also a J. D., was a Welsh schoolmaster who was also a well-known musician. In Wales, where music and poetry are taken seriously, a man may be a famous composer and yet never be heard of in the London concert rooms. Music and the land—twin passions of the true Welshman—are in "J.D.'s" blood. Other people go to church to hear "J.D." "J.D.," one sometimes imagines, goes to church to hear the anthem and to sing Aberystwyth. And when he retires he is going to fulfil his life's ambition and take a little farm . . . if and when.

One of five brothers, all of whom have distinguished themselves in various walks of life, J. D. Jones won his way by scholarships up the educational ladder, and was trained for the ministry at Lancashire Independent College. In 1889 he became minister of Newland Church, Lincoln, and in 1898 he went to the great new church at Richmond Hill, Bournemouth. There he has

remained, and it is as "Dr. J. D. Jones of Bournemouth" that his fame has spread through the land.

Bournemouth has been, so to speak, his diocese; but he has actually been a Congregational Primate of All England. His work at Bournemouth alone, however, would have been enough to win him a national reputation. Richmond Hill is a wealthy church. "Good Americans go to Paris when they die," and good Lancashire and Yorkshire people, when they retire with a comfortable income, go either to Southport or Bournemouth. They find "J.D." the most "comfortable" of preachers, but he has never allowed his people any comfort with regard to their pockets. He has made his church the centre of Congregational church extension for miles around. Some thirty new churches owe their origin to his energetic interest, and he has taken a pride in putting Richmond Hill first on the list of every subscription for missionary or benevolent purposes that is raised in Congregationalism.

But it is his work for the denomination as a whole that has proved him to be a man born for gaiters and an apron—if only Charles the Second had not been a weak fool as well as a scoundrel.

This is not a book of ecclesiastical history. To trace the history of Independency would be irrelevant and, in these pages, wearisome. It is enough to say that Independency—the theory that each local church, each group of believers, is absolutely self-sufficient (under the guidance of the Spirit of God) both to govern itself and to formulate its beliefs—has certain flaws in it from the point of view of practical expediency. It makes for strong character, for adventurous thinking, and for great preaching. But it tends also to local self-centredness and isolation, to a lack of fellowship with other churches

of the same order, to unedifying contrasts between strong and rich churches and weak and poor churches, and (of course) to an altogether inadequate machinery for co-ordinating the scattered groups for the purposes of united work and witness. When "J.D." began his ministry Congregationalism was just awakening to the heavy cost of "sturdy Independency." It was all very well for the City Temple or Richmond Hill to rejoice in being "sturdy." It was not so well for the little churches in the country, or in the poorer districts of great cities. Most certainly it was not so well for their ministers, struggling along on a miserable stipend and with no denominational provision for old age. Congregationalism was a good system for the strong man and the strong church. The price of the principle had to be paid by the weaker men, and the little churches. It should, of course, be added that the men in the little churches were often among the most "sturdy" of the rigidly Independent Congregationalists.

The central organization, the Congregational Union, exerted a certain influence over the scattered churches, notably by its power of admitting or excluding men from its list of accredited ministers. But it had no authority other than that derived from the voluntary assent of the churches to any of its proposals.

J. D. Jones, speedily gaining reputation by his gifts as preacher, debater and organizer, became in a few years the unofficial but acknowledged leader of Congregationalism. He was the life and soul of a new movement: that of welding the isolated churches into a true fellowship of co-operation and service. Three things in particular needed to be done—to establish a system of denominational aid for the smaller churches, to fix a minimum stipend for ministers, and to make pro-

vision for aged ministers and the widows of those deceased. It was also found expedient, in order to bring churches and ministers into a closer relation with the Union, and to facilitate the moving of ministers from one church to another—a perennial problem in a church where there is neither life tenure as in Anglicanism, nor fixed terms of ministry as in Methodism—to set up a body of Moderators who should be, in effect, bishops, though with only advisory powers.

To carry through this policy two qualities were required in its chief spokesman and leader. The first was the art of drawing large sums of money for denominational purposes from the pockets of people who had been used to contributing only to their local churches. The second was the power of persuading sturdy Independents to surrender so much of their Independency as was necessary in order to turn isolation into fellowship. For instance, it is obvious that churches receiving financial support from the Union must be prepared to accept the Union's standards with regard to ministerial training; the Union could not be expected to augment the salary of a man who had declined to qualify for its accredited list.

Dr. J. D. Jones possessed in supreme measure diplomacy, firmness of purpose, and the art of persuasion. He was mainly instrumental in raising two great Funds, one of £250,000 and another of £500,000. He persuaded the little churches that they were surrendering no Christian principle in becoming decently efficient, and he convinced the large churches that their duty was to the whole fellowship. In travels oft, in labours abundant, "J.D." transformed historic Independency into Congregationalism as we know it to-day. He has been Chairman of the Congregational Union—twice—Moder-

ator of the International Congregational Council, and Moderator of the Federal Council of the Free Churches. In 1927 his high distinction as a leader of English Nonconformity was recognised by his appointment as a Companion of Honour.

He was one of the group of eminent Free Churchmen who negotiated at Lambeth with the Anglican leaders on the question of Reunion. One or two of these leaders went a good deal farther than their denominations would have followed them in the matter of concessions to the Church of England. For the present the negotiations are over. The last Lambeth Conference disappointed Free Churchmen too badly. But, as a matter of fact, there never was any hope (or fear) of Reunion, at any rate on the basis of the episcopal reordination of Free Church ministers, so long as "J.D." was one of the negotiators. He is "a Reunion man," but there is one thing he will never do; and that is to accept any form of reordination which would imply that his ministry and that of his brethren has not been, in the fullest sense, "a true ministry of the Word and Sacraments."

For to J. D. Jones an effective preaching ministry is the only valid ministry, and always a valid ministry. He has been forced by circumstances to be a debater and administrator; but his passion is to preach.

He is an Evangelical to the core. To him the only thing worth preaching is the gospel of the Grace of God and the redeeming life and death of Christ; and he would find no difficulty in preaching that gospel in quite old-fashioned terms. They represent reality to him. He believes they represent a reality which persists in spite of the determination of the new age to express them in new terms. Yet he understands and sympathizes with that determination. He is completely loyal to the

Congregational tradition of freedom in religious speculation and expression.

That sermon of his in Canterbury Cathedral was typical both of his method and of his theological position. In one respect, also, it was typical of his good taste and his accurate judgment of a given situation. There was no reference at all to the unique circumstances in which he was preaching in the Archbishop's pulpit. Dr. Jones evidently felt that it would be unbecoming to stress an act of Christian courtesy as something startlingly unusual.

"Let us follow on to know the Lord" was his text, and the sermon was a plea for a larger conception of Christ and of the Christian way of life. I fancied that Dr. Jones intended it to be a reassuring sermon for Anglicans—a hint that in entering into friendly relations with Free Churchmen they were not colloguing with wild and irresponsible heretics, but with a people who live in the light of a firm and positive Evangelicalism. One Figure in the history of the race, he said, was never superseded. Jesus Christ could never become antiquated or out of date. We never "go back" to Him. We are for ever striving vainly to catch up with Him. Dr. Jones forcibly criticized the "Back to Jesus" school of theology. "Back from Paul to Jesus" was meant, and the implication was that if we gave up Paul and the Apostles we should find that Christianity was much simpler, and Jesus a much more human person than the Church and the creeds had made Him out to be. All that rested on a false conception. In order to tear away the supernatural, to reduce Jesus to mere manhood, even the noblest manhood, we should have to tear the Gospels as well as the Epistles to shreds. "The humanitarian view of Jesus leaves us without a mighty emancipating gospel. We shall recover the apostolic power

when we recover the apostolic conception of Christ. I plead for a recovery of the conception of Jesus as the risen and exalted Christ. The cry for us is not 'Back to Jesus!' The cry for us is 'On towards Christ!'"

Dr. Jones's sympathies, in a word, are with the right wing in theology. He probably stands a little more to the right than the average minister, the average young minister especially, in his own denomination. Yet he has never been an obscurantist, and has never used his immense influence to block the career of any man on the ground of his "advanced" theology. Indeed, Dr. Jones has frequently and consistently pleaded for the freedom of the pulpit; though one may observe that such pleas for freedom are usually followed, in his next sermon or address, by an unmistakable declaration of his own happy loyalty to the full Evangelical faith.

There is one thing that can be said with perfect confidence about "J.D.'s" preaching. He never preached a sermon or made a speech which failed to interest and delight his audience. This is really an astonishing claim to make on behalf of a public speaker. Every other speaker and preacher whom I have heard frequently in the last thirty years has failed at times. ("Flopped" is the irreverent modern expression.) I have heard Parker fail—and Parker knew he was failing, and fought desperately to retrieve his failure. I have known Horne too noisy, and Jowett too artificial, and Inge too casual, and "Dick" Sheppard too childlike. But I have never known "J.D." to fail in the presence of an audience. He has never fallen below a certain level of interest and charm. The reason—apart from sheer intellectual adequacy—I take to be a certain simplicity of seriousness in him. Instinctively he gathers up all his powers for every occasion, whether it is a sermon to a great

assembly or a five minutes' intervention in a committee debate.

No description can convey an adequate notion of the pleasant quality of his voice and manner. His speech flows along like a river through a green and level plain. There are no dramatic moments, no surprises. Each new stage in the argument comes with a happy inevitableness, just as a new scene opens up to the voyager at each winding of the river. Dr. Jones has a habit which is usually fatal to a preacher's grip of his audience—he reads from manuscript. Yet nobody ever notices it in his case. He seems to have suddenly discovered the manuscript and to be reading it out eagerly, as a man reads an item in the newspaper to his family. At any moment, one thinks, he may look up and make some extempore comment upon the written word—but he doesn't, and when the sermon is over nine out of ten of his hearers cannot remember whether he used a manuscript or not.

No preacher has a closer knowledge of the Bible or a more felicitous art in quoting from it. Even in private conversation "J.D." adds grace and wit to his talk by happy Scriptural citations. For him the poetry and pathos and humanity of the Bible are inexhaustible. It is a literary and spiritual treasury of unparalleled splendour. He has a scholar's knowledge of the New Testament—some years ago he declined an invitation to become Principal of his old college—but his strength lies in his knowledge of the New Testament as a school of the spirit. He is soaked in its language and its spiritual atmosphere.

It is sometimes charged against a preacher as an offence or a fault that he is "a comfortable preacher." Dr. Jones would not only admit that he was a comfortable preacher, but he would, I think, affirm that no preacher

was doing his duty who was not exercising a ministry of comfort. Christianity has its stern and challenging side. At times a preacher's obvious duty is to rouse and shame his people into action and service. In his way, as I have already said, Dr. Jones has amply fulfilled this part of his duty. A man who has all his life been making people sign cheques for the sake of their religion cannot be said to have let them "sit at ease in Zion." But there is another side to the preacher's duty. In this modern world, with its hurry and anxieties, and its continual pressure of the material, engulfing and deadening the very faculty of spiritual perception, there is ample room for the preacher who can speak to his people with the note of a quieting and fortifying reassurance. What leisure or capacity has the ordinary man or woman to hammer out, for the fast-thronging emergencies of life, a comforting and strengthening faith, securely founded on a complete and symmetrical theology? Very little. The average congregation is still, in the old image, "the flock"—looking up wistfully to the trusted shepherd, who has been set apart to seek on their behalf, and to break in their presence, the mystic bread of life. If the preacher sends them home quieted, comforted, "strangely warmed," who shall say that he has failed in his pastoral office?

On the personal side of Dr. Jones's life there is not much to be said. No stories are told of him which draw their interest from epigrammatic speech or eccentricity of manner. He loves music, he keeps fit on golf, he writes sermons in railway trains. He talks about preachers, churches, politics, and the Welsh country people. His Welsh anecdotes get their point from his humorous and affectionate understanding of the people, and his bi-lingual capacity for appreciating the Welsh-

man's shaky English. There is an old Welsh preacher in his repertoire who begins by announcing his text as from "the Epistol to the Gelatines." There is more in the story than that, but it can only be told worthily by "J.D." himself.

I confess to a special sort of interest in the personalities of "popular preachers." I always want to know how the humility and self-devotion, which is the chief grace of a Christian minister, is affected by the blaze of publicity and praise which surrounds "our distinguished visitor." For the greater part of his life "J.D." has been surrounded by the fumes of incense—not only the flattering admiration of those who crowd to hear him preach, but the more subtle and intoxicating homage of men whose careers can be helped or hindered by an "unofficial Archbishop." It can be said—and I trust there is no impertinence in touching on this subject at all—that in spite of a very marked dignity of manner Dr. Jones has remained fundamentally unspoiled by all this praise and homage. There is a core of beautiful simplicity and kindliness in him which thirty years of praise and power have not been able to touch.

His heart is with "the little ministers." For thirty years he has never known from personal experience how grim and unfriendly an empty pew can look from the pulpit. But he knows it by sympathetic imagination and from countless intimate talks with struggling and discouraged ministers. All his work has been directed to cheering and inspiriting the men in the ranks, to making them realize that a great Church is behind them, to dignifying their sacred calling in their own eyes and in the eyes of the world. There never was a great ecclesiastical statesman and administrator who was more truly "a father in God."

Dr. Jones has been a national figure, and he thinks nationally and imperially. He rejects the idea of a State Church, but he holds a very high view of the function of a Church in its relation to the State. It is at this point that he comes very close to his Church of England friends. He does not look upon the Christian Church as a disturbing revolutionary force, set over against the legions of Caesar. He regards it rather as an indispensable element in the life of the State, the salt without which the national life would lose its savour, the guardian of all that is truly great and glorious in the history of governments and peoples. Patriotism is an unpopular word in the modern pulpit, so preoccupied —and rightly so—with the task of delivering humanity from the false patriotism of the militarist. But Dr. J. D. Jones, C. H., is not afraid to name it. He has the outlook of the statesman, and he holds that it is a legitimate part of the Christian's dream to visualize an England, an Empire, powerful to advance all great human causes yet held fast in the bonds of the gospel—in his own words, "an England, an Empire, of which it can be said that God is the glory in the midst of her and a wall of fire round about her."

CHARLES SILVESTER HORNE

"THERE never was anybody quite like Horne."

Wherever the lovers and judges of good preaching are gathered together—in Free Church circles at all events—sooner or later one will hear that striking and rather provoking testimony. It will come from someone who had arrived at mature age (anything from twenty-five to eighty) when the War began. Charles Silvester Horne died in 1914. To those who knew him he is a star shining with a peculiar soft brilliance in the heaven of memory. To those who are too young to have known him his name, I suppose, means scarcely anything at all.

Somehow or other we can all imagine what Spurgeon was like. Spurgeon was a genius, but he belonged to a not uncommon type. There are many Baptist churches where you can still "sit under" sturdy, stocky men who preach robustly on "the Fundamentals," use plain and forceful English, and season their exhortations with a taste of homely humour. That was Spurgeon—with the touch of genius added which turned the "plain English" into a "pure English style," and which sharpened the blunt humour into an intellectual weapon.

We can even imagine Newman. The cultured ascetic, holding in leash the fine, keen faculties and perceptions of the scholar, the critic and the aristocrat, is not an unfamiliar pulpit figure. In Anglican pulpits the same type is still to be seen, bringing with it an exciting atmosphere of academic fame, mental and spiritual adventure, and long ecclesiastical tradition.

But "there never was anybody quite like Horne." It is provoking to be told that: to hear one's elders warming in their talk as they recall a figure obviously romantic and dazzling, and yet to find that they cannot convey to the listener anything of its unique fascination. It is small satisfaction to be put off with that word-of-all-work, "personality." Yet there really is no other word to describe the fascination which Charles Silvester Horne exercised over his contemporaries. Some of the elements of that fascination can, of course, be catalogued. Horne had a fine presence, a natural free courtliness of manner, a fascinating smile, a voice that was a sort of "amplified" softness. He had, too, an eager boyishness of enthusiasm which was singularly engaging and infectious. Eagerness and radiance are the two words which come nearest to expressing the personal charm of Silvester Horne.

But the real secret of his immense popularity as a preacher and speaker was an inward one. Horne's place among the preachers of his day was that of the Happy Warrior. I used that phrase in a special sense. I should not call Horne a fighter in the sense that Dr. Clifford was a fighter: a man whose indignant consciousness of social and moral wrongs was the very mainspring of his life's activities. Horne gave one the impression, not so much of a man fighting against a powerful enemy, as of a man joyously championing a glorious cause. He never seems to have been troubled with religious doubts.

Christianity was for him a gallant and chivalrous crusade, the true romance of history and of life. Many have spoken from the pulpit since Horne's time about "the romance of religion." The radiance that dazzled Horne's audiences was that of an actual Christian romantic, a knight-errant and troubadour of the Lord,

a man to whom the life of a Christian was a perilous but gay adventure.

That was why he was almost worshipped by young men all over the country. If this brilliant and successful young man, gifted with all the attractive graces of body and mind, obviously of keen and clear intelligence and with the culture of Glasgow and Oxford still fresh upon him—if such a man could be so sure, so blithe, so happily militant, why need an ordinary young fellow be dubious and despondent and slack? Something like that went on, I suppose, in the conscious or subconscious minds of the young men to whom Horne came, in a lucky hour, as the herald and champion of Christ. More than any preacher of his generation he made the Christian life appear, not in the light of a stern duty or a weary vigil, but as the most attractive, exciting, colourful life that a young man could possibly live.

Horne met and overcame—or, rather, ignored—at the very outset of his career, the most subtle enemy that assails a preacher in the modern world. He became popular, sought after, one might almost say famous, while still a lad at college. Born in 1865, at Cuckfield, in Sussex, the son of a Congregational minister, he went first to Glasgow University and then (having decided to enter the ministry) to the newly established Mansfield College at Oxford. He seems to have grown almost at a bound into the man who charmed and stimulated Congregationalism for twenty years. His chivalry, his blitheness and his grave good sense were with him from the first. When he entered Mansfield the great Dr. Dale put the usual questions to the incoming student. Dale asked him if he had "ever had any doubts since he joined the Church of his acceptance in God." Horne said "None." "Be very thankful for that, my friend," said Dale.

Horne's " None " was as sincere as it was characteristic. Equally characteristic, and with at least a degree of whimsical sincerity, was his most memorable performance as a member of the Oxford Union. He proposed and actually carried a motion " That this House regrets its past history as recorded in the minutes of public business."

While yet a student his gifts as a preacher were so conspicuous that he was in great demand among the churches. One who heard him in those days wrote:

> He preached then just as a bird sings, and the echoes of his words linger on in many hearts even now. . . . I cannot describe the singular charm of his speech—so artless and simple and penetrating. One man called him " an inspired boy." Literally, the love of Christ constrained him and those who listened. This is a poor pale reflection of an unforgotten radiance.

Already people were taking refuge in words like " radiance " to describe Silvester Horne.

A year before his college course was finished the young man was invited to the pastorate of one of the principal churches in London—Allen Street Congregational Church, Kensington. As Horne's biographer, Dr. W. B. Selbie says, " It was much as though a canonry at Westminster had been offered to a raw curate." Nothing quite like it had happened since the New Park Street Baptist Church in Southwark invited to its pastorate a raw youth from Essex named Charles Haddon Spurgeon. Horne was minister at Allen Street from 1889 to 1902.

Utterly unspoiled by this sudden leap to success, as success is estimated in the ecclesiastical scale, Silvester Horne began at Kensington a preaching career which deeply influenced Free Church thought and life. There

is a sense in which he might be called, in this particular sphere, the first of the moderns. There was a different cadence in his pulpit style; a more free, varied, warm, melodious language than that which had become normal in the Nonconformity of the 'nineties. A certain burly robustness—tending perhaps to academic dryness among the more fastidious—was characteristic of the generation dominated by Dale, Allon and Guinness Rogers. (Parker, of course, stood outside all categories.) Silvester Horne brought a warm breath of romance and poetry into Nonconformist preaching. In matters of conviction, both in religion and politics, he was as robust as the burliest Victorian Independent that ever wore a beard; but his weapon was the rapier, not the broadsword. To change the metaphor, Horne's contribution to the *manner* of the pulpit was like the distinctive contribution of Raphael to painting: a new revelation of the quality of *grace*, both in outline and colour. But it was the matter of his contribution which was supremely significant. What Horne stood for, from the beginning to the end of his ministry, was the conviction that the sacred and the secular are one; that religion is nothing if it does not govern man's whole life, from his private morals to his Parliamentary vote; that there is, and can be, "nought common" on God's earth. He used to say that he had come to preach a new Commandment: "Remember the week-day, to keep it holy."

Horne's hero was Cromwell. Cromwell is not mentioned much in present-day Free Church pulpits—military men are out of favour just now, naturally enough—but for Horne "the name was like a trumpet," challenging the inheritors of the old Puritan tradition to unceasing battle against all that denied the Headship of Christ in human affairs. This was not precisely a new

note in Congregationalism. For a good half-century it had been sounded firmly enough by a succession of strong leaders; in the case of R. W. Dale, sounded so reverberantly as to become a far from negligible factor in the calculations of politicians. But Horne contrived, in a unique way, to fuse social and evangelical passion, and to inspire men to fight for social ends in a spirit infinitely more gracious and attractive than that of mere democratic assertiveness. The Puritanism of Horne—and Puritanism was the deepest strain in all his thinking—was that kind of Puritanism which hates wrong (if one may say so without being misunderstood) for its ugliness rather than for its sinfulness. It was the Puritanism of the heart that is pure enough to see God and cannot bear to look upon the futile ugliness of all that rebels against God.

Listen to the gusto with which Horne anticipates a "special Cromwell service":

> We are going to sing Cromwell's psalm (117) in the old Scotch version, to Bangor, the tune to which Carlyle says it was sung. Then Andrew Black is going to sing, and we have chosen "Is not His word like a fire?" from the *Elijah*. You remember how the Lord whets His sword and breaks them in pieces like a hammer! Oh, very Ironsidy. He will also sing "Why do the nations?" with the lovely bit about the Kings and Rulers of the earth setting themselves against the Lord's anointed.

This Puritan evangel—not a kill-joy religion of denunciation, but a stirring challenge to all high activity, an invitation to the joy of liberation from sin and sloth—was preached by Silvester Horne with ever-increasing power and influence throughout his ministry. He became one of the most popular "platform men" in the country,

both in the religious and political worlds. In the end he even became a Parliament man. But to him, without any suspicion of cant, all these activities seemed to be perfectly natural extensions of the work of a Christian minister. One effect of his widening ministry was the closing of his Kensington pastorate. Kensington thirty years ago was much more Kensingtonish than it is to-day. Horne had got on perfectly with his people and they hated the idea of losing him, but there is no doubt that by the year 1900 he had begun to feel cramped and stuffy in that highly respectable atmosphere, "I had the sense," he once wrote in his diary after preaching, "of talking things, which to me are almost life-blood, to those who are just a little amused at my impetuosity. . . . I would give a good slice of the dignity of Allen Street for some almost devil-may-care enthusiasm and hot-headed fanaticism of Paul's sort." A change was imminent.

Meanwhile, in 1902, Horne became very much of a national figure. Mr. Balfour's Education Bill roused Free Churchmen to a crusading fervour of opposition, and for Silvester Horne it was like a summons from the trumpets of Naseby. I am not concerned to define the precise degree of iniquity involved in "putting the Church schools on the rates." It is enough to say that Free Churchmen, rightly or wrongly, felt it an intolerable affront to their sense of equity and their conception of religious freedom. Horne shared this feeling to the full, and at the Congregational Union Assembly in Glasgow that autumn he delivered his soul in an oration which echoes still in the memory of all who heard it. I heard it. All that lives in my memory, so far as the matter is concerned, is the final appeal to "fight this battle so that it will never have to be fought again"—but my

nerves still tingle as I recall the blaze of emotion at the fusing-point where the passion of the speaker met the mood of the great audience. That was oratory indeed! It had an immediate and signal effect, and, as many think, a disastrous one. It was undoubtedly the starting point of the Passive Resistance movement: a concerted refusal to pay that portion of the rate which, as it was calculated, would be devoted to the purposes of the new Act. Liberal Free Churchmen found the ghost of Passive Resistance an uncomfortable companion when they came to denounce the Ulster Rebellion and the extra-legal activities of the Suffragettes.

In the next year Horne became superintendent of Whitefield's Central Mission in the Tottenham Court Road: an old Dissenting "Tabernacle" rebuilt and fitted with all the appliances for "institutional" work among the poor people of the locality, and especially for the young men and women "living in" in the big stores of Oxford Street and Regent Street. Here Horne entered upon another phase of his career. Whitefield's became a sort of spiritual headquarters of Nonconformist Liberalism, a platform for all progressive and humanitarian causes,—in the eyes of the adversary, the supreme and typical example of "politics in the pulpit." As a matter of plain historical fact Horne never in his life introduced politics into the pulpit. His great Sunday Afternoon Men's Meeting certainly did include politics—politics studied in the light of the New Testament—in the wide range of its interests. But nobody who went to the services of worship at Whitefield's ever heard a word which could be construed as identifying Christianity with any particular party or policy.

Nevertheless, the atmosphere of Whitefield's was unmistakably Liberal. The General Election of 1905

was the great political event of those years, and Horne threw himself into the fight with all his heart and soul. He had no doubt whatever that the defence of Liberalism was part of his own Christian duty, and it was, of course, quite natural that the public generally should judge him as one who considered Liberalism and Christianity —Free Church Christianity at all events—as interchangeable terms. To many his example was an inspiration. It elevated politics and made political activity seem a high and sacred mission. Others it profoundly offended. I think it useless to deny that Horne's political activities had an injurious effect on his pulpit work. Much speaking almost destroyed the musical quality of his voice. He developed almost a scream in emotional moments; and perhaps there was a certain growth of shrillness even in his thought. The transparent sincerity and grace of his personal character remained untainted.

At length, in 1910, he stood for Parliament, and was elected. It was a bold experiment. One can hardly judge whether it was successful or not, from the point of view of the general question, "Should ministers sit in Parliament?" Horne's personal success in the House was not immense and immediate, but it undoubtedly was a success. He achieved that very difficult thing, ability to recall the House of Commons to the moral aspects of political issues without giving offence by "looking too good or talking too wise." And it is significant that one of those who most appreciated his Parliamentary style was his old opponent Mr. Balfour, who certainly knew a gentleman when he saw one.

Horne was vehement in his assurances to doubtful friends that he felt quite capable of combining pastoral with Parliamentary work. Time, I think, proved him

wrong. His double vocation strained his health to breaking-point, and in the end it led to differences with his church officials which hastened his retirement from Whitefield's. They pressed him to banish politics from the church entirely; and when he reluctantly agreed—for, after all, he was a good democrat—one of them announced in Horne's presence that he would give £50 as a thankoffering. It sounds a little crude.

The grace of Horne's public life was but a reflection of the grace and charm of his private character. He was most happily married (his wife, Katherine, being a daughter of Lord Cozens-Hardy, Master of the Rolls) and he was the adored father of eight children. A delightful letter of his to his eldest daughter Dorothy is quoted in Selbie's biography. He writes:

Let us be great friends and allies. It's a simple, natural camaraderie for which one comes to yearn. It is the solution of most difficulties and almost all troubles. Most of us suffer quite needless inward poverty, and even tragedy, because of our reticences and reserves; and all the while we might open our hearts and get the very comfort we need. Let me be a better father than I have been by becoming a closer friend. Let us be as thick as thieves!

At a civic function in Berlin at which Horne was a guest, a Burgomaster asked him if he had any children. "To satisfy him that I had seven," said Horne, "I produced their photos. This excited him beyond words. He jumped up and showed it to another Burgomaster, who by chance had seven children too, and he seized me by the hand and shouted with laughter. . . . 'Ach!' cried this German Burgomaster, 'Germanie must grow if you haf families so big—Yes?'"

A simple jest of this sort would appeal to Horne more than a smart epigram. Surrounded always by devoted friends, he was nevertheless no sparkling and witty conversationalist. There are no anecdotes told of Horne's repartees or clever judgments on persons and things. Neither the smoking-room nor the drawing-room had any attractions for him. His wife records that "of the empty-headed, purely society woman he had a horror. One woman vowed that she could get any man to flirt with her, and said she should try her hand on him. She wrote to ask for an interview, which was arranged, and confessed afterwards that she had been beaten for the first time in her life."

Silvester Horne burned himself out prematurely: not, as some have done, in "fierce indignation" and agonized struggle, but in sheer lavishness of giving. In January, 1914, he resigned his charge at Whitefield's, and a month or two later sailed for the United States and Canada to fulfil some preaching and lecturing engagements. Walking with his wife on the deck of a lake steamer heading for Toronto Harbour, his heart suddenly failed and he sank dead. No death of a preacher in the last thirty years has caused such a strangely personal sense of loss in thousands who only knew him in his public capacity. He was only forty-nine years old when he died.

Horne's contribution to the modern pulpit was that of a prophet and a warrior rather than that of a theologian. Yet there was clear and candid, if not profound, thought behind the clangour of Horne's trumpet and the flash of his sword. He was one of the first of those modern preachers for whom Christ is all that matters in religion: not a doctrine about Christ, but Christ as hero and leader, the revealer of love, a Personality so lovely that it draws men into all lovely living and

acting. Horne, by the grace of his own discipleship, disarming so much potentially unfriendly criticism, was one of the most effective of those preachers who made it possible for men and women to go on being Christian disciples when the modern uncertainty about Christian dogma invaded the Church as well as the world. Christ's love, incarnated and operative in humanity, shaping a new race, a new creation: that was the central point of Horne's glad and confident evangel. It helped many to make a most essential and difficult readjustment—to grasp the idea of religion as being a principle of everyday modern living instead of a set of propositions to be assented to, but having no obvious relation to . . . let us say, to the eager strife of politics, or to the relations of capital and labour.

I quote a passage from one of Silvester Horne's sermons to young men and women—the sort of sermon he most loved to preach, and in which he felt most free to let loose the evangelist and the Puritan within him. He knew well that only the essentials of his own faith, and nothing less than the essentials, would carry conviction to an audience of young people.

When all the discoveries have been made that are going to be made [he concluded] don't make any mistake about this. Love will still be the greatest thing in the world. We shall still need His love who can love away our sins, and make our hearts to be glad within us. I want you to have all the good new things; God bless you with them. I want you to rejoice in all beauty and in all art; in all sweet sounds and noble service; but remember though all these things were yours you would be poor if you were not Christ's. Oh, take the gifts of to-morrow, but forget not Christ's unspeakable gift. Hold fast your Puritan heritage, but let the free thought of the age, its

light and truth and sweetness, add to the stern faith your fathers had. Be your faith in God your glory, and your distinction your place in the discipleship of Jesus Christ. Hold fast to that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown.

Where Horne was at one with the "stern faith" of the fathers was in his strong sense of the sinfulness of sin. He no more cared to analyse the nature of sin than to analyse the nature of the divinity of Christ; but he was quite as certain of its profound reality. He saw its mean, ugly and cruel manifestations, and these threw him back upon his innate Puritanism. There was a very austere strain in his morality, despite the gracious and smiling aspect of his life. Many have speculated on Horne's probable attitude to the War, a test of his eager faith which he was mercifully spared. Even more interesting is the speculation as to his attitude to the post-war ethical confusion. It is just at this point that the survivors of Horne's generation most miss that shining and chivalrous presence. "If only Silvester Horne were here to show our boys and girls the true meaning of 'fullness' and 'freedom' of life!" That wistful thought must have passed through many minds in the post-war years. It is a wish that hardly does justice to the ministers actually grappling with the situation, or to the permanence of Horne's own influence. The patience, sympathy, and broadmindedness with which the Churches, as a whole, have tried to meet the needs and questionings of post-war youth, in its trouble and rebellion, are, I am convinced, in large measure a legacy from the humanising impact upon the modern pulpit of Silvester Horne's life and ministry.

Yet it is no doubt true that many young people might have been saved from drifting out of the Churches if

they could have seen Silvester Horne's face and heard the ringing tones of his voice. There is no argument so effective as a personality. To those who remember Horne, that "pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift," it seems somehow unreasonable that nothing of his magic is available for the enchantment of this generation. Still, many who came under his spell are now themselves exercising a ministry, in the pulpit, in politics, or in some other "secular" way which Horne taught them to regard as sacred; and from many of these there must still emanate something of the grace and glory shed upon them by that radiant figure.

G. A. STUDDERT KENNEDY

"WOODBINE WILLIE" entered his church in full processional pomp, clad in a gorgeous vestment and preceded by scarlet acolytes. His function for the next hour was in the most literal sense "the service of the altar." His back was turned from the congregation most of the time. He prayed and read the lessons facing or half-facing the lighted altar, and throughout the service he held the eye of the unaccustomed visitor by a variety of genuflexions and symbolic movements and gestures.

In the midst of all this Anglo-Catholic ritual Mr. Studdert Kennedy advanced to the altar rail and made a simple, homely appeal for some diocesan fund. Then there was a reference to a poignant tragedy of the past week—the loss of a submarine with her crew—leading up to some pregnant remarks on Fear in its relation to the war spirit. It was fully five minutes before I realized that Mr. Kennedy was preaching his morning sermon. In that atmosphere of symbolism I could not help wondering if this informal manner of sermonizing had not also its symbolic meaning. Perhaps it illustrated the Catholic view of the place of the sermon in public worship. The priest (so one might interpret that view) is at the altar leading his people into the very presence of Christ. Some cry of pain or bewilderment from the world outside penetrates into this sacred peace. The priest turns from the altar for a moment with a word of help or healing, given him as he kneels there, and then turns again to his high and absorbed service.

It seemed strange at first to associate Mr. Studdert Kennedy with rich robes and elaborate ceremonies. Since the War his had been one of the most conspicuous of those younger voices which had called for religious reality and the stripping away of non-essentials. The sermon did, indeed, at once reveal this "Woodbine Willie" aspect. There was the perfectly colloquial, unclerical mode of speech, getting straight to the mind of the ordinary man to whom the old pulpit phraseology is either Sanscrit or a soporific. And there was the absolutely direct thrust at conscience, with not a word wasted on formal dialectic or dogmatic considerations.

Fear is the root cause of war, as of every other betrayal of humanity, said Mr. Kennedy. You will never abolish war by appealing to fear and its consequences. Fear must be lifted up until the only thing we fear is to displease God. "If you keep out of the next war because you are afraid for your skin, you will be damned to hell. If you fight because you believe it is right, you will save your soul. If you refuse to fight because you believe that to be the best way of serving God's people, you will be one of the saviours of the world." "I wonder if I should dare to keep out," mused Mr. Kennedy. "I'm hanged if I know."

Somehow or other one didn't mind Mr. Kennedy's slang. He seemed to realise that at times only a bit of slang will exactly express the ordinary man's puzzled attitude to certain questions. This question of personal duty as to war is emphatically one of them. "I hate war," says the ordinary man, "but if we were in it again . . . I'm hanged if I know." Mr. Kennedy, I thought, was not entirely artless as a preacher. He was Irish, and most Irishmen have a touch of the dramatic art. There was nothing selfconscious about the unconventional

gestures, the queer droop of the head, and the humorous mobility of the ugly but attractive mouth. But the end of the sermon must have been thought out beforehand. Mr. Kennedy quoted some striking verses (his own) about the vision of Judgment, concluding:

"I saw my Judge—a Child!"

He added, "Then I should be afraid . . . terrified." And then he turned again to the service of the altar.

Geoffrey Anketell Studdert Kennedy was the most singular and original preacher produced in the Church of England during the War and in the dark and troubled years which followed it. He was lucky, so far as notoriety goes, in being ticketed with a particularly striking nickname. "Woodbine Willie" sounds like the "fighting parson" in a novel of adventure. But it is just possible that the nickname tended to hide from a large section of the religious public the really essential and important aspects of the man and his message. Those who knew him only by report had an impression of a lively, eccentric fellow, perhaps a bit of a mountebank, who attracted attention by his fluency in soldiers' slang, and by his introduction into the pulpit of such incongruous phrases as "My holy aunt!" Studdert Kennedy's language, both in and out of the pulpit, was certainly incongruous with the commonly accepted notion of clerical manners. As the War receded into the distance, "and with it the memory of the veterans' services," Studdert Kennedy's fondness for explosive words even became a little tiresome. And many felt that "My holy aunt!" does not really add weight to theological argument.

But there was no artifice about that pungent and explosive phraseology. The breezy and banging words

were a natural expression of the man; and the man was far more than a boisterous eccentric. He was a prophet.

In the post-war years, when Studdert Kennedy was rushing about the country preaching a passionate crusade against war and on behalf of social justice and Christianised economics, another youngish man—an ecclesiastical statesman of precocious discretion and subtlety, and with an icy clearness and hardness of intellect—was gradually leading the Church of England to a new and, as it was hoped, impregnable position in the life of the nation. To make the State Church at once institutionally established, spiritually free, and politically popular, was the far-sighted ambition of William Temple and those who followed him (or were gently pushed on by him from behind). He saw that it was "now or never" if the Church was to hold the new democracy and re-establish its power and prestige on the broad basis of democratic respect and liking. In great measure these far-seeing aims were realized. But brilliant statesmanship alone would not have saved the Church in the embittered post-war decade. Not even the spectacle of a Socialist Bishop would have saved it. What saved the Church of England, so far as the respect and liking of the masses were concerned, were the personalities and work of two young rebels against ecclesiastical convention—"Dick" Sheppard and "Woodbine Willie." They did for the Church of England what St. Francis did for the Church of Rome. They brought it into living touch with the people. Others, of course, were doing the same thing, and to a certain extent in the same way. But I am dealing with the part played by pre-eminently influential preaching in moulding and guiding national life; and these two young men were pre-eminently the pulpit voices of the new democratic Churchmanship.

Studdert Kennedy, the son of a vicar of St. Mary's, Leeds, was born on June 27th, 1883. There was Irish blood in his veins and he rather consciously cultivated an Irish accent. His very attractive Irish ugliness he owed entirely to nature. Friends of his eager and sociable youth speak also of a typically Irish mixture of poetry, fun, and endless talkativeness in his make-up. His "Rough Rhymes of a Padre" and other compositions of his maturity show a genuine gift for verse-making on the lower levels. This, likewise, began to develop early. His first "poem," written when a boy at school, was on the death of Queen Victoria. It contained the lines:

> Then she reigned on earth below,
> Now she reigns in heaven above:

—lines with which the good Queen herself, it may be conjectured, would have seen nothing to be particularly amused about.

He imbibed a more orthodox theology than is expressed in that poem at Trinity College, Dublin, and at Ripon Clergy College. But whatever he imbibed he turned quickly enough to his own unorthodox uses. He seems to have been decidedly unbalanced and reckless in utterance, or at least careless and inconsequential, throughout his early ministry, though all was redeemed by a burning enthusiasm and great-hearted human sympathies.

All his life he was a tremendous talker. His brother, writing in the little Memoir compiled by a few of Kennedy's friends in 1929, shows where this tendency was nurtured: "Christmas at St. Mary's Vicarage was a time of uproarious laughter. Ghost stories and detective stories, all mixed up together with deep and prolonged discussion about theology, psychology, metaphysics,

economics, ethics, evolution, etc., prolonged until well after midnight. In all which, as may easily be imagined, Geoff was a protagonist. I well remember father turning to me one day after a very brain-cracking discussion and saying with a chuckle: 'When I discuss things with dear Geoff, I almost see the perspiration coming out of the top of his head, his brain seems to be working so hard.' Is it any wonder that in later and more tragic days, a certain delightful Colonel with a stutter turned to the Major and spoke somewhat thus of Geoff's invincible hilarity in the mess: 'I sis-sis-simply d-don't know how he keeps it up. And the mar-marvel is, the young b-blighter does it all on gin-gin-ginger beer."

Kennedy held curacies at Rugby and under his father at Leeds, and then became vicar of St. Paul's, Worcester. This was early in 1914; in the same year he married Miss Emily Catlow. He went to St. Paul's, a very poor parish, taking with him a reputation for a St. Francis-like recklessness of charity, and a devotion to the Church tempered by an occasional impetuous heresy. "I can't stand *two* heresies a day," expostulated his first Rector. In Worcester his Franciscan reputation was fully borne out, both before and after the War. Once, finding an aged invalid lying on a comfortless couch, he brought a pillow from the vicarage, then a pair of sheets, and finally a whole bedstead, which he had taken to pieces and carried through the streets himself. He gave money so freely that when he died prematurely at forty-six his family was found to be very ill provided for. Some people thought it necessary to be severe in their censures of this improvidence. Assisi is one thing, they explained, modern England another.

"Then came the War." With the War came Studdert Kennedy's great hour. He discovered, or others dis-

covered for him, that he had a peculiar gift for speaking to men, for understanding them and winning their confidence, and for learning what men really think and feel by mixing with them in unaffected comradeship. Moreover, the War shook him to the depths of his being, and made him for the rest of his life a restless, haunted seeker after a truth and a power mighty enough to master those human passions which he had seen let loose, and which terrified him. Nobody seems to know how he got his famous nickname. The legend is that it arose out of his cheerful assiduity as a distributor of " fags " among the troops; but many other padres performed that friendly service, and it may be guessed that " Woodbine Willie " was honoured with his nickname because he assiduously smoked cigarettes as well as distributed them —and because he was the sort of man who *does* get the honourable distinction of a nickname. He wrote of it himself with legitimate pride, and with a pretty fancy:

> They gave me this name like their nature
> Compacted of laughter and tears,
> A sweet that was born of the bitter,
> A joke that was torn from the years!

An old comrade of 1917, Colonel R. B. Campbell, has recorded an impression of Kennedy as a speaker to the troops. " He got up on the stage smoking a cigarette, and commenced with the following rather embarrassing remark: 'I know what you are thinking, here comes a b—— parson,' but as he spoke he seemed to get hold of his audience more and more, and he ended up with such words as these: ' I know you didn't like that word which I said when I first came on to the platform. I said it purposely, to let you hear how it sounded. It is not a wicked word, it is sloppy, it is dirty. Now I appeal

to you soldiers not to be sloppy, either in your words or dress. You can use filthy words; they are just as bad as wearing filthy clothes. It is not soldierly. I ask you not to use them, and I appeal to your decency and common sense.' When we were going out one of my N.C.O.'s made the following remark to me: 'He is a wonderful man that, sir. I never heard a better sermon on swearing!'" Colonel Campbell also records that he never met a man more fearless, physically or morally. "He would box anybody, he would ride any horse, and he would face any General who attempted to criticize him and his methods."

One other neat example of his way of talking to the troops may be mentioned. He was speaking at a Base Camp as one of the Messengers of the National Mission of Repentance and Hope, and he mentioned that the Mission was being held up to ridicule in the columns of *John Bull*. The editor of that paper had asked indignantly: "What right has the Church to talk to our splendid men about repentance? . . . They are saints, every one of them." Kennedy read this precious sentiment to the men, and then said: "Now, when Mr. Bottomley says you are splendid fellows, I am with him all the time. But when he says you are all saints!—well, take a look at one another!" They did, with hearty and comprehending laughter, and gave this highly original padre an eagerly attentive hearing for the remainder of his address.

His alarmingly unconventional language was not always appreciated. On one occasion he preached to an exceptionally "posh" congregation, including some very important Generals and other potentates. He was in his wildest and his most colloquial mood, and the sermon made an unhappy impression. Later in the

day Studdert Kennedy was waiting for a train when he was accosted by a highly decorative "brass hat." "Are you the fellow that preached this morning?" asked the Staff Officer. "I have that honour," said Kennedy. "Well, all I can say is that you ought to be cashiered, or locked up in an asylum."

In August, 1917, Studdert Kennedy was awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous gallantry in tending the wounded under heavy fire. When he returned to England in 1919 the King appointed him one of the Royal Chaplains. He constantly wore the insignia of these Royal and military dignities: not for "swank," but, I think, because he wanted somehow to carry with him the symbols of war and its soul-searching experiences wherever he went, a perpetual challenge to others and himself.

Studdert Kennedy came out of the War scorched to the soul with wrath and pity, and he stood foremost among those young padres who devoted themselves to clearing away the sophisms whereby established Christianity has become identified with war and gross social inequalities. Those who never heard him, but only knew him by his nickname and by some reported pungent phrase of his, thought of him no doubt as "breezy." There was to the end a core of whimsical and irrepressible fun in him; but he was the very antithesis of what we usually mean by a "breezy" preacher. I would say quite deliberately that "Woodbine Willie" was the saddest preacher I ever heard. There was an undercurrent of pain, sorrow and gloom running through his preaching and his personality. Few people ever felt comfortable in listening to him. To be made comfortable—except in the sense of receiving a touch of divine consolation in sorrow—is not, after all, the noblest of reasons for going to hear any preacher.

Studdert Kennedy's state of mind in his last ten years of ministry is not easy to define. The War had sickened and stabbed him, but not in the same way that it sickened and stabbed many other sensitive and reflective souls. The attitude of the typical pacifist was not his He never seemed to use the ordinary common-sense pacifist arguments—the futility and the childish stupidity of " war as an instrument of policy," the inhuman and frightful developments of modern scientific warfare, the texts in the New Testament which seem to teach the doctrine of non-resistance. Neither did he use the embittered language of the war novelist or emulate them in dwelling upon the moral degradation wrought by war upon the men in the trenches. To Studdert Kennedy war seemed to be the most striking and wholesale expression of something fundamentally wrong in human nature, something fundamentally disturbing and puzzling in the process of the universe. It was a symbol of the ugliness in things. Nothing can gloss over that omnipresent ugliness, so near to the surface of things which are apparently beautiful: war, so close to the nobility of courage and patriotism; greed and selfishness, so close to the active and useful business of the world; cruelty, so close to manly strength and ambition; lust, so close to love and beauty and romance.

In a word, Studdert Kennedy was oppressed more than any preacher of his decade with " the sense of sin," and with a sense of the pain which sin brings with it both to the guilty and the innocent. And the conquest of sin and pain seem terrifically hard and far off. His personal faith never seems to have been actually shaken. Every thought of Christ was to him a consolation and a strengthening. But the gap between the earthly and the

heavenly things yawned, for Studdert Kennedy, like an almost impassable gulf. His mission was to make Christ and religion utterly real to men who felt how completely un-Christianlike are the common ways and values of the world. No easy, comforting gospel would do. Studdert Kennedy found a reality in the idea of a suffering God; of suffering being somehow a part of the life of God, so that all fruitful suffering—indeed, even suffering which seems at the time to be fruitless and meaningless—can be accepted as a part of worship and faith. Jesus Christ, crucified, risen and victorious, is our pledge that the suffering God will be, and in a mystic sense now is, the triumphant God. This, truly, was the preaching of the Cross. I think it is fair to say that preaching in which the Cross is so central, so vital, is not common in the Church of to-day. Even if the Cross is central and vital in theory, I doubt whether many preachers *feel* its centrality, and agonize over the sternness of the truth, as Studdert Kennedy did.

Human suffering and human nobility being thus intimately related in his thought to the life and work of Jesus Christ—the central and supreme revelation of the suffering God—it was natural that Studdert Kennedy should see all life in a sacramental light. The sombre though fortifying thought that God is in all suffering is happily balanced by the healing and radiant thought that God is in all beauty and all joy. Studdert Kennedy was a complete sacramentarian. He loved stately ritual, he held a "high" view of the Eucharist, he heard Confessions. A great doubt must be overcome by a great faith; and for Studdert Kennedy the terrifying and evil things in life could only be viewed calmly by the aid of a faith which drew all life into intimate sacramental touch with the Eternal. Let one single department of

human life lose its sacramental significance, and it goes down into anarchy.

Kennedy felt this with peculiar force in relation to sex. His "problem novel" on the Catholic ideal of marriage, *I Pronounce Them*, profoundly irritated many readers by its attempt to reconcile human compassion with the Church's inexorable law; but it has a genuine value as an expression of deep concern that sex shall not fall into anarchy. He was probably right in holding—passionately holding—that unsacramentalized sex is humanity's surest path to moral ruin.

These, roughly, were the theological foundations of Studdert Kennedy's preaching and writing during his ten crowded years of feverish activity after the War. He returned to his Worcester parish and later was given the living of St. Edmund's, Lombard Street, a City charge which enabled him to continue his work as a "messenger" for the Industrial Christian Fellowship. The work of the I.C.F. in attempting to christianize industrial relations and conditions strongly appealed to Kennedy, both as a passionate lover of humanity and as the teacher of a social religion. He put brain as well as inexhaustible energy into his work, making himself master of wide ranges of economic thought and keeping in close touch with all that was being done in the sphere of industrial relations. He was the most tireless, but also the most unreliable of apostles. As his I.C.F. colleague, Rev. P. T. R. Kirk, has recorded, "He would miss a connection at the railway station while he examined the contents of a bookstall. Often he was 'lost' at a time when he was expected to address a meeting. Wherever he stayed he left something behind; his travels left a trail of collars, brushes or pyjamas."

Was Studdert Kennedy a great preacher?

That he was a prophet, led by a vision and touched with a live coal from the altar, there is no doubt whatever. He preached personal and national righteousness with a voice that pierced conscience and challenged thought. And he did actually achieve the main thing he set out to do; he made religion seem a reality, he brought religious phraseology down into the trenches and the market-place and translated it into the language of ordinary untheological men and women. No one could complain that his message was not clear, or that he took cover for a single moment in a shell-hole of conventional or sentimental language. Nevertheless, I think his preaching, both as regards his pulpit work and his books, might have been much more effective than it actually was. The undisciplined side of him—engaging as it might be in social and personal contacts—hindered his power to some extent. He often preached at wearying length, as " oblivious " as Dominie Sampson. His " fierce indignation " too often vented itself in explosive words—and after one or two bangs an audience is not impressed by explosiveness. A more serious fault in his preaching was his imperfect co-ordination of the great sombre truths he felt commissioned to reveal. He tried to draw too many aspects of truth into his doctrine of the suffering God; and, in particular, he strove desperately to reconcile his individual vision with the static phrases in which the Church has attempted to express the ultimate mysteries of the Christian faith. He was a chivalrously loyal Anglican Churchman, and he was touchingly anxious that no Churchman should regard him as a rebel, a heretic or a traitor; hence his frequent struggles to reinterpret the clauses of the Apostles' Creed, or other Catholic document, in the terms of his vision. These attempts gave one the sense of a sort of wild

wrestling for expression rather than of the clear, concentrated intensity which is the most arresting form of pulpit appeal. Vehemence is not enough. Had he disciplined his tongue and his mind more firmly—had he perhaps written and spoken less—his contribution to modern pulpit thought might have cut much deeper into the thought of the Church. As it was, the thinkers and preachers of his own Church, while loving the man and admiring his devotion, regarded him with less seriousness as a re-stater of Christian truth than he deserved.

Yet Studdert Kennedy, at his best, was extraordinarily forceful and piercing. I quote a little passage from his book *The Hardest Way*, which may be taken as characteristic both of his preaching and his writing. It illustrates not only his swift eloquence, but that sombreness in his thought to which I have referred, and it illustrates also his stern devotion to truth as he saw it:

We have taught our people to use prayer too much as a means of comfort. Not in the original and heroic sense of uplifting, inspiring, strengthening, but in the more modern and baser sense of soothing sorrow, dulling pain, and drying tears. The comfort of the cushion, not the comfort of the Cross. Because we have failed in prayer to bear the Cross, we have also failed to win the crown.

From the soldiers' point of view the condemnation of such prayers begins with the conviction, bought by bitter experience, that they do not work. Religion as an insurance policy against accident in the day of battle is discredited in the army. The men have lost what faith in it they ever had. Just as the rain descends upon the just and the unjust, so do the shells; and good and bad, praying and prayerless, are shattered into bits. It is terrible, but it is true; as terrible and as true as life.

The flying death that shrieks in a shell is as impartial as an avalanche or a volcano. It is as inevitable as the Cross. Though in their agony men cry to God if it be possible to let it pass, it will not pass if the laws by which it flies must bring it to their feet. As God did not quench the fires that burned the martyrs, or close the lions' mouths before they tore them limb from limb, so God does not turn aside the shell that flies shrieking out the call to martyrdom for me or for my son. Even as I pray now I may be blown to bits, as Christ, still praying, suffered on the Cross, and as His followers all down the ages have died the death with prayers upon their lips. Christ never promised to those who prayed immunity from suffering and death.

Well, then, what use is praying? What answers do we win? We win the only answer worth having, the power to pass through danger and through death with a spirit still unbroken and a manhood still unstained.

In all these things, we can be more than conquerors through Him Who loves us, because through prayer He can pour into us the gift of the splendid spirit. And it does not end there, for having poured it into us, He can, through our prayers for others, pour it through us into them. The splendid spirit can run through the men who really pray, like a stream of living fire, out into the world of men and women who need just that, and only that, for with that comes all that's best worth having in this world.

A shell is just an iron sin, like the nail that pierced His feet. It is just sin wrought into metal. Sin can be worked into any form. It is just a gift of God misused. Sin takes form and substance in a million ways: it pours forth in speech, it is painted in colours, it is built into bricks and mortar, it is carved into marble. Wherever a gift of God is misused sin takes form. It took the form of a wooden cross and crucified the Son of God; it takes the form of an iron shell and kills God's children by the score. War is just sin in a million forms, in a million of

God's gifts misused. God cannot deal with war in any other way than that by which He deals with sin. He cannot save us from war except by saving us from sin.

How does God deal with sin? By what way does He conquer it? By the way of the Cross, the way of love. He suffers for it; He takes it upon himself, and He calls on us to share His burden, to partake of His suffering. He makes an army of the Cross, an army of men and women who pledge themselves to fight with sin and gladly suffer in the fight, that by their strife and suffering the power of evil may be broken and the world redeemed.

In the bulk of Studdert Kennedy's preaching there was one fundamental lack. It lacked inward sunshine. Right nobly had he fought his way through moral and intellectual difficulties to a faith which held within it a great hope, an ultimate certainty. Yet the wounds and scars of the battle were too plainly manifest in the man who stood up, with sad mouth and dark and burning eyes, to tell the people of his hard-won discoveries. He challenged them, he moved them, he sometimes converted them; but there were always some who were simply depressed by all this wrestling earnestness. It was not that they demanded an easier gospel. They only wondered if the Christian life involved such an unremitting consciousness of the burden of sin and pain. There was nothing in Studdert Kennedy of the note of glad thanksgiving, of liberation, which is the characteristic experience of conversion—at least in the evangelical tradition.

Is it impertinent or offensive to guess that Studdert Kennedy was not perfectly sure of his own liberation, his own security? I think it possible that he paid the price of his comradeship with ordinary flesh-and-blood men—his beautiful and redemptive comradeship—by a

too vivid sense of his own human frailty, his own daily need of the upholding power of Christ. In the realm of sympathy and imagination he went down with his men into the trenches, and stood his equal chance of a shell from the unseen but close-at-hand enemy.

G. A. Studdert Kennedy died at the age of forty-six on March 7th, 1929. He had never been thoroughly robust, and overwork and asthma had brought him to the point at which a touch of influenza proved fatal. He was buried at Worcester, among the people who knew him most intimately. Never in this generation has the death of an Anglican preacher, unadorned by hierarchical rank, drawn forth such widespread and deeply felt expressions of interest and regret. He died young, and yet it may be that he had finished the work allotted to him. It was given to him, amid the blood and terror of the trenches, to utter a " Thus saith the Lord " to his troubled and bewildered generation. In his own strange language, and in terms formulated by his eager and unconventional mind, he delivered his message—the stern and loving message that sin still crucifies but that the Crucified still saves—and, of all the thousands who heard his voice, some may return to their irreligion, but none can ever again be satisfied with an easy religion.

DR. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN

MANY have disputed as to the precise degree of pre-eminence held by Dr. G. Campbell Morgan among the preachers of his day. On one point there is no disputing. With two possible exceptions—one in England and one in America—in the whole English-speaking world there is no more consummate master of the technique, the art, of preaching.

Among the pulpit voices of England, up to the year 1917, few were heard more widely or with a greater fervency of admiration than Dr. Campbell Morgan. Fifteen or twenty years ago, wherever sermon-tasters (dreadful but descriptive word!) fell to discussing the merits of preachers, Dr. Morgan's name was sure to arise. It was usually the signal for some very definite self-classification. Free Church sermon-lovers divided themselves roughly into two groups: the group which declared that Dr. R. J. Campbell was the greatest of living preachers, and the group which bestowed the crown of pulpit oratory on Dr. Campbell Morgan. An admission of one's preference was also, to some extent, a significant hint as to one's theological leanings. At that time Dr. Campbell was the idol of the theological Liberals, while Dr. Morgan was the rising hope of the stern and unbending Conservatives. Yet one of the most interesting things about Dr. Morgan—and his personality and work have several curiously interesting features—is that he cannot be claimed as a complete and typical champion of orthodoxy. A close examination

of his printed sermons will reveal a certain element of the incalculable—not precisely an ambiguity, but a certain significant avoidance of controversial phrases and emphases—which must now and then have made the more watchful fundamentalists wonder if even Campbell Morgan . . . "him, even!" . . . has attained absolute rock-bottom "soundness."

But Dr. Morgan is a man whom it is not easy to measure by any of the ordinary standards. He is of Welsh descent; yet there is no trace in him of the easy lyrical lilt of typical Welsh preaching. He is untrained, judged by the standards of ministerial training which prevail in all but the obscurest denominations; yet no eminent living preacher has so much of the manner and the method of the teacher and the scholar. He is more than usually "long-winded," in the sense of an inexhaustible fertility and freshness sermon-making; yet his ministry has been one of brief pastorates and short-lived experiments. Few faces are more familiar to British and American congregations than his—and it is a curiously memorable face; yet no preacher is so much of a stranger, so far as personal intimacies are concerned, to his ministerial brethren and to the sheep of his various flocks.

George Campbell Morgan comes out of Wesleyan Methodism, though there was a subsoil of Plymouth Brethrenism in his early religious associations. His father, George Morgan, became attached to the Plymouth Brethren after having served in the Baptist ministry. The famous son was born at Tetbury, in Gloucestershire, on December 9th, 1863; shortly afterwards the family removed to Cardiff, where they attended the services at Roath Road Wesleyan Church.

Like a good many children who have afterwards become preachers (and like a good many who have been very far from becoming preachers) little George was very fond of erecting a make-believe pulpit and preaching to his sister's dolls. No special significance need usually be attached to this phenomenon in small boys. "Playing at pulpits," is, or used to be, a fairly regular phase in the play-history of Nonconformist small-boyhood. There is a mixture of snugness and grandeur in the idea of standing in a pulpit which is weirdly fascinating to chapel-going youth. In George Campbell Morgan's case, however, there really seems to have been a serious significance in these decorous recreations; for when he was only thirteen years of age he preached a real sermon to real people. That was not so strange in Wales as it would have been in England. It did not seem so queer in 1876 as it would seem in 1931.

This first sermon—preached in the schoolroom of the Wesleyan Chapel at Monmouth—has an interest apart from its precocity. Its structure was on lines which Dr. Campbell Morgan has followed to this day. "Salvation" was the theme; and the sermon was divided into four parts, each part being based upon a passage of Scripture, thus:

(1) A Great Salvation. Hebrews ii, 3.
(2) A Common Salvation. Jude iii.
(3) An Eternal Salvation. Hebrews v, 9.
(4) A Present Salvation. 2 Corinthians vi, 2.

What echoes of the architectural pulpit oratory of the Victorian age does this outline reawaken! "But fourthly, dear brethren, our salvation is a PRESENT salvation

. . . ." The years roll away, and one is back again—an awed child—in some crowded, galleried temple of triumphant Nonconformity, reminding oneself, as an antidote to the first twinges of boredom, that that is The Famous Dr. B.—and that one is lucky to have got in at all.

Dr. Campbell Morgan is the last inheritor of that rich tradition.

After a private-school education Campbell Morgan became a teacher: first at a Wesleyan Day school in Birmingham and later at the Jewish Collegiate School. He was undoubtedly a born teacher. Whether, with his lack of formal education, he would have reached eminence in that profession is an open question. There are not many pedagogic plums available for men who have not the public-school hallmark upon them. Campbell Morgan's decision to become a minister was not so much a " great refusal " of worldly ambition as the discovery of his inevitable and foreordained vocation. In his early twenties he became a Wesleyan lay-evangelist, and won a big local reputation in revival campaigns. Before this stage was arrived at, however, he had passed through that experience of doubt which is so plainly marked on the map of the modern Pilgrim's Progress, though some few find a way to avoid it. His faith passed under eclipse, his Bible was shut, and he brooded over the controversial literature of that rather gloomy time—the time of Huxley and Free Thought and " The Martyrdom of Man."

" In my despair," he says, " I took all the books that I had, placed them in a cupboard, turned the key, and there they remained for seven years. I bought a new Bible and began to read it with an open mind and a determined will. That Bible *found* me. Since that time

I have lived for one end—to preach the teachings of the Book that *found* me."

It is not unfair to suggest that this was symbolic of Dr. Morgan's attitude, consistently maintained through forty years, with regard to what is called "disturbing" literature. With a "determined will" he has closed his mind to all the new teaching which might disturb or interrupt his intensive study of the only teaching that seems to him to matter—the teaching of the Old and New Testaments as to the will of God and the mind of Christ. He has never been one of the controversial Fundamentalists. Controversy to him is an irrelevance. His subject is the Bible, interpreted under the guidance of the Spirit.

The most queerly incongruous thing that has happened in Campbell Morgan's life befell him in 1888, when he offered himself as a candidate for the full ministry of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. He could not afford the time or the money to enter a theological college, and it was necessary, in order to pass directly into the ministry, to pass a fairly searching examination. And Campbell Morgan was rejected because his "trial sermon" was not good enough!

"Trial sermons" are an abomination in any case—almost as bad as sermons preached "with a view" (a view, that is, of being invited to a vacant pastorate). In Campbell Morgan's case, the sermon had to be preached in a church which would hold a thousand people, but which actually contained seventy-five, including the three examining ministers. The candidate's courage had already ebbed considerably (as Campbell Morgan's American biographer, Rev. John Harries, records) while in the vestry, where one of the three judges, sharpening a long lead pencil, said, "Now I am ready

for you!" And so Campbell Morgan, who had preached with acceptance since boyhood, was "plucked." The Wesleyan Church must often have regretted the loss of a preacher so much after its own heart. It is pleasant to record that Dr. Morgan freely forgave the minister with the long lead pencil, and in after years befriended him when his career came to a disastrous end. The minister's name is familiar to all Wesleyans over forty.

Campbell Morgan consoled himself in the wisest possible way. He got married to Miss Annie Morgan, who has given him for forty-two years the peace and happiness of a perfect family life; and he knocked at the door of the Congregational ministry, and was admitted. In Congregationalism any church can call any man to its pastorate, trained or untrained; though, in these days, the Congregational Union will not admit men to its list of recognised ministers unless they have complied with its rules for ensuring proper training and qualifications. Campbell Morgan became minister of the Congregational Church at Stone, in Staffordshire, in 1889, two years later accepted a call to Rugeley, and in 1893 went to a more important and influential charge at Westminster Road, Birmingham. There was a very great man in Birmingham at that time: Dr. R. W. Dale, the most powerful influence in Nonconformity, both on its theological and political sides. He sent for the young preacher and questioned him about his reading. Mr. Harries writes:

Knowing the strong views held by the great Congregationalist on the question of ministerial training, Morgan told him with considerable hesitancy why and how he had become a preacher, and how deeply he regretted that he was an "untrained man."

The great man held up his hand "You must never say that you are untrained," he said with some sternness. "God, who has many ways of training men, has trained *you*, and I pray that you may have great joy in his service."

By this time Campbell Morgan had proved his genius as a preacher, and it was not long before London claimed him. He became minister of the big New Court Church at Tollington Park. From that moment he entered upon the crowded and dazzling existence of a "star preacher"; an existence from which many ministers would shrink in distaste, but which to others seems "the lordliest life on earth." His own church was packed, not only with members of his own flock, but with visitors from all parts of London. And through the week he was rushing about the country, preaching, lecturing, and conducting missions, and learning, as popular preachers have to learn, how to regard a compartment in a railway train in the light of a study. In his delicious sketch of Victorian Nonconformity, *Grey Pastures*, the late Mr. Haslam Mills depicted a deacon who "knew what it had cost to have Dr. Guinness Rogers as the anniversary preacher, and what it would have cost to have had Dr. Parker." Campbell Morgan was now very definitely one of those to whom deacons turn with calculating eyes when anniversary services are being planned.

But his extraordinarily rapid rise to preaching fame is best indicated by the fact that in 1900 he was invited to America to assist the son of D. L. Moody in carrying on the remarkable work at East Northfield which that great evangelist had instituted. "Northfield" stands in the life of America for something like the English "Keswick," only on a much larger scale, and with more

varied aims. It is the central point of a system of summer conferences ("summer schools" as we call them here), at which preachers and lecturers of the highest repute are engaged, and to which American ministers, church workers, and Bible students flock in their thousands for "refresher courses" in all that concerns evangelical faith and thought.

In announcing his acceptance of this call to America, Dr. Morgan said "I have long felt that God was preparing me for a ministry to the churches rather than to one particular church." I am not quite sure that I know what this means. Some preachers certainly do seem to need the stimulous of new scenes and new faces at short intervals. It is a matter of temperament, and Dr. Morgan's temperament is distinctly peripatetic. His decision to leave England grieved many. There was a very remarkable farewell meeting at the City Temple, at which the Nestor of Congregationalism, Dr. Joseph Parker, took the chair, and a striking address was given by a future Nestor—Rev. (now Dr.) J. D. Jones, of Bournemouth.

From 1901 to 1904 Dr. Morgan carried on his work at Northfield with immense success, exercising also a sort of general ministry all over the United States. He was scarcely ever in his own home for more than a day or two at a time. To his six children he was almost a stranger. Yet there is a happy significance, so far as this incomplete home life is concerned, in the fact that all his four sons are now in the Christian ministry in America or Canada.

I have been told by an American friend that at the induction of one of these sons to his first pastoral charge one of the speakers "dropped a brick" of the first magnitude. By some dim and fatal process of reasoning

he thought the moment appropriate for the narration of an anecdote which once delighted Sir Walter Scott. It was the story of the Scottish minister, who, in the honest pride of his heart, called the host of a coaching inn to observe what a remarkable coach-load of guests he had been favoured with. "Here sit I, a placed minister of the Kirk of Scotland, with my four sons, all placed ministers of the Kirk of Scotland!" "Aye?" said the landlord. "But not lang syne I had a Highland piper at this table, with *his* four sons, all Highland pipers. *And de'il a spring could they play amang them!*"

This, however, is a digression.

Dr. Campbell Morgan's return to England occurred much sooner than anyone expected. He was lured back by a very big, difficult, but tempting task: that of undertaking the pastorate of Westminster Chapel, a vast building in Buckingham Gate, erected in a too cheerful confidence by mid-Victorian Nonconformity at a time when there was a glut of "star preachers" and a habit of church-going which is now only a memory. The church had fallen on evil days and was practically empty. Dr. Morgan not only filled it, but made it a sort of headquarters of Evangelicalism at a time when theological Liberalism—what we now call Modernism—had received an immense impetus from the preaching of Rev. R. J. Campbell, then in his "New Theology" stage, at the City Temple. This, as many think, was the most valuable and effective period of Dr. Campbell Morgan's ministerial life.

There is, at least, no shadow of doubt that his ministry during the early years of the War constituted the apex of his career. A new Campbell Morgan emerged: a broader and deeper thinker, a more fully liberated

preacher, a leader with a genuinely national prophetic message. Reading the great series of sermons which he preached from August, 1914, onwards, one is indeed struck with their prophetic character in the narrower sense—the sense of foreseeing the spiritual consequences of the War. But they were prophetic also in the wider sense. "Thus saith the Lord" is a note which the modern pulpit has almost lost. It rang in the voice of Campbell Morgan in those sermons with an authority which neither he nor any other preacher has since attained. Up to then, as he declared, a pacifist "who would not even allow toy soldiers in his children's nursery," he accepted the War as inevitable; but Dr. Morgan certainly does not come under the condemnation of having erected war-time patriotism into a religion. He placed the War in the light of his study of the Bible: the nemesis of national sins, the working out of eternal law in its awful majesty, a summons to searching self-examination. His message of consolation was based upon the highest ground: that even the suffering was, in a profound sense, a proof "that God reigns in righteousness and judgment."

I quote a passage from the second of these War sermons to indicate their prophetic nature in the narrower sense. It seems a commonplace of English preaching to-day, but it was not a commonplace in 1914:

I say first of all, that this will be an hour of decision concerning the *sacredness of humanity*, and that individually and racially. Oh! the horror of it, that we have to learn lessons in this way; lessons that we—at least, all of us called Christians—ought to have learned in other ways, long, long ago. There is, first, the truth concerning the sacredness of individual lives. Now I have no desire to be nebulous, and I will say the thing I am thinking.

We are going to learn in this awful hour that men are not weapons, that men are not cattle, that men do not constitute fuel which fiery souls may heap upon a burning, for their own self-aggrandisement! That lesson is being learned now, not by us alone—thank God, we have believed it more ardently than some others—but by all the great peoples of Europe. We are learning that men must not be sacrificed by their fellows in the interest of pride and power. The thing seems too obvious to need to be said, but we have not learned it hitherto. Now it is going to be decided. I here affirm that in my heart there is the profoundest conviction that never again shall we see our sons and brothers and fathers marching to slaughter in the interests of pride and power.

I believe also that the sacredness of humanity is going to be impressed upon the consciousness of the world in another way. Hear me! I believe we are going to learn as the result of this conflict, that there are no inferior races; that God has made of one blood all the nations of the world! I believe we are going to learn that God loves the Slav as surely as He loves the Teuton. I am not sure that even in my own heart and soul there have not lurked feelings concerning Russia that have been unworthy of my Christianity. . . .

Prophesying that another result of the War would be "a final decision concerning the sanctions of authority," and that men would discover the hollowness of all peace effort that was not based on " the recognition of the throne of God," Dr. Campbell Morgan commended his people to penitence, prayer and inward confidence, " knowing that through the hour of multitudes in the Valley, and through the awful reaping of the harvest, God sitteth judging; and being assured that the Judge of the earth must do right."

In this series of sermons Dr. Campbell Morgan revealed

an aspect of himself which he has been, at times, at pains to keep concealed. He has habitually refrained from relating his preaching to "topics of the day"—directly at all events—feeling, no doubt, that his strength lies in the study of the more personal and universal bearings of religion. Those War sermons make one regret that he has been so stubbornly consistent in this (speaking generally) salutary form of self-discipline. A wider range of pulpit topics might have won him a wider and a more varied acceptance, and might have deepened the content of his preaching. As it is, he has come to be regarded rather as the bright particular star of a certain school of Evangelicalism, rather than as a man with a message "for all the churches," and for an age which is preoccupied with the bearing of religion on the problems of social and national life.

Soon after the delivery of these "War sermons" Dr. Campbell Morgan had a breakdown in health. He had been lavish in the exercise of his gifts. For three years he had combined with his pastoral duties the principalship of Cheshunt College, and he had put some of his hardest and most characteristic work into his "Bible School," at Westminster Chapel—a form of ministry in which his old teaching instinct and ability had full play. Church and Sunday-school workers flocked from all parts to hear and see the Bible expounded by Dr. Morgan with the aid of a blackboard and chalk; and even to those who did not greatly care for his conclusions, it was a perfectly fascinating thing to observe his ingenuity and dexterity as an expositor on these original lines. But he found himself unable to carry on his London ministry, and after some temporary appointments (including a year as trainer of Y.M.C.A. workers

with the Forces) he returned in 1919 to America. There he has held a number of preaching and teaching posts, always drawing large and appreciative audiences. At the moment of writing he has settled as Professor of Biblical Interpretation at the Gordon College of Theology of Boston, Mass.

When he revisited England in 1926 Dr. Morgan came into a changed atmosphere. The War and its aftermath had subtly and variously influenced English preaching, and the mood of English congregations. There was a great drift away from organized religion, and within the churches themselves there was an unprecedented craving for " reality." What men and women, especially younger men and women, were asking of their ministers was preaching that took nothing for granted—not even the Bible. No preacher cut much ice, to use the phrase of the day, who did not show evidence that he had tried to think out his religion from the very foundations, taking into serious consideration the philosophies and the psychologies which seemed to dispense with religion, or which claimed to supersede it; taking into consideration also, the blunter criticism of religion and of the churches which came from " the man in the street " whose inherited creeds and pieties had been knocked to pieces amidst the disillusionments and disappointments of the War decade. In one word, there was no longer a certain welcome in the English churches for a preacher whose reputation had been built up in the comparatively comfortable and unquestioning atmosphere of pre-war middle-class organized Christianity.

I went to hear Dr. Campbell Morgan on his first Sunday at Westminster Chapel during his holiday ministry of 1926. Many of his old admirers were in the crowded congregation, but there were also many

of the new generation, "who knew not Joseph." I was curious to discover how Dr. Morgan's preaching would strike a London audience containing this younger element. To be perfectly candid, I should estimate that Dr. Campbell Morgan held his whole audience under a spell for about half the time of his sermon. Then, I think, the younger people may possibly have mingled a touch of criticism with their appreciation. The spell was the spell cast by a perfect mastery of the technique of preaching. Dr. Morgan can teach the younger preachers many things. He cannot, it is true, convey the gift of his voice, with its dominant note of strength and steadiness, and its infinite capacity for dramatic expression. He can, however, teach them to speak every sentence as if the whole sermon were to stand or fall by the truth which it embodies, and the clearness with which it is expressed. He can teach them to draw out the endless wealth and significance of texts, the dramatic movement and thrill of the Evangelical argument, the wonder and freshness of what had come to be religious commonplaces. He can teach them the look and tone and gesture that compel attention because they compel the conviction that the preacher himself is utterly possessed by the thrilling interest and importance of his message. Alas! all these details fail to convey the secret of the mastery of pulpit speech. One is driven back in the end on that overworked word "personality."

I may be mistaken in thinking that the younger hearers would grow critical concerning the very quality which the older generation found so attractive in Dr. Morgan. My own feeling was that his unique dexterity in handling the text of Scripture was perfectly effective up to a point. About the middle of the sermon I began

to feel that the pattern was growing too intricate; I wanted to hear Dr. Morgan's own development of the argument instead of further references and cross-references to John and Isaiah and Paul. Let me briefly illustrate the preacher's method. The text was from Revelation: "And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon . . . for the Glory of God did lighten it, and the lamp thereof is the Lamb." After an introduction, perfectly "modern" in spirit, concerning the building of the City of God as the one concern of the Church, Dr. Morgan proceeded to expound his text. The "light" meant the mental outlook, the conception behind all activity. In the Divine City the actuating motive was to be "the glory of God." What did this mean? Turn to John: "We beheld His Glory . . . full of grace and truth." The glory of God, then, is "grace and truth." How do these words apply to the City? Another reference, this time to the description of Satan as "from the beginning a murderer . . . a liar." So in the new City hatred, "the root of murder," and lying are superseded by their exact antitheses, grace and truth. "And the lamp thereof is the Lamb." For the full meaning of "the Lamb" we were directed to "the dramatic situation" when the Seer "turned to see the lion, and behold, a lamb as it had been slain." And so to the crowning text: "Behold the Lamb of God, which takest away the sins of the world." "Power created by purity, sovereignity out of sacrifice; that is the glory of God—grace and truth."

This was not the whole sermon by any means. I have only traced the argument from text to text, leaving out all the colour and personality. My point is that the whole argument depended on the dovetailing of text into text, with, of course, the implication of a certain

method of interpreting the texts. The query that remained with me was how far this kind of intensive, intimate, scriptural preaching is likely to grip an age which, to a great extent, lacks Dr. Morgan's intimacy with the Bible, and lacks also his confidence in interpretation.

Even in this sermon I noted and admired the way in which Dr. Morgan, while preaching his full evangelical gospel, avoided the note of controversy. One has always suspected in him (if "suspected" be the right word) a certain breadth of outlook underlying the strict orthodoxy of his positions. It was plainly manifest that Sunday morning. Almost his last point was this: "'Ye are My witnesses.' Yet here we are, still trying to prove to the world by argument that He is the Christ—still arguing among ourselves what sort of Christ He is. But it is the living witnesses, the men and women of truth and grace, passing out into the highways and byways of life, that will reveal the light."

I cannot help returning to the question-mark which I inserted, perhaps impertinently, in referring to Dr. Campbell Morgan's conviction that he was "called" to a general ministry rather than to a settled pastorate. The thought persistently arises that his pre-eminence as a "prince of the modern pulpit" would have been even more assured had he submitted to the limitations of the ordinary "placed minister." A preacher who lives in a whirl of change and travel and ever-changing audiences loses touch to some extent with the daily problems of the ordinary man. Pastoral work, one sometimes thinks, is an almost indispensable aid to the preaching which "cuts ice." And the man in the pew, on his part, feels a peculiar sort of remoteness from the preacher who is a "distinguished visitor" rather than a loved

and honoured pastor. These things one says, not in any spirit of criticism, but rather in the mood of speculation.

Dr. Campbell Morgan is such a superbly able preacher that one tends to regret every circumstance which may conceivably have prevented him from becoming abler still.

DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

A GENTLE and beautiful irony pervades the life of John Clifford.

Hans Andersen thought lightly of his immortal fairy tales, and desired his fame to rest upon his solemn efforts as a poet and playwright. Dr. Clifford thought of himself—if he ever thought of himself at all—as primarily a fighting man, a crusader against embattled wrongs. But he lives in his friends' memory primarily as the most kindly, tender and guileless of mankind. Nobody now says, "Do you remember Clifford's great speech against the Education Bill in June of 1902?" No—when reminiscences of Dr. Clifford are in the air, each man in company produces a memory of some tiny Christian courtesy, some touch of delicate and gracious humanity.

As this, for example. During a big political crisis, closely affecting Nonconformist interests, a number of Free Church leaders met in London to concert a plan of campaign. After a long and strenuous afternoon's work they adjoined to a neighbouring A.B.C. shop for a cup of tea. Clifford led the way in. But no sooner had he taken his seat than a thought struck him. "What time do you close?" he asked the waitress. "At seven, sir." Clifford turned to his friends and said: "But it is seven minutes to seven now. If we have our tea here it will mean keeping these girls beyond their usual time." And he led the way out again.

A fighter, and a fighter against no imaginary foes, Dr. Clifford certainly was. It would be to misread history to belittle the results of his life-long battle for liberty and justice as embodied in a hundred gallant causes. There were times when he was feared and even hated by his adversaries. Yet never were deadly shot and shell fired by a more guileless and merciful hand. All his battles were bloodless; and if he had seen his enemy wounded he would have been the first to rush to his aid with tender consolation. Clifford was a fighter for sixty years—and he was the one man on earth, one sometimes imagined, who had never cherished a thought of real enmity against a single fellow creature.

There are men in religious, political and journalistic life to-day who base their fundamental faith in human nature on the memory of John Clifford. He was in the full glare of publicity for more than two generations of hot controversy, and he never disappointed or disillusioned anybody who had once believed in him. One of the classic compliments of history was paid to this old fighter. On his eighty-second birthday he was entertained at a luncheon by a company of old friends and admirers. Among them was Mr. Lloyd George, then Prime Minister and covered with all the glory of a victorious war. In the course of his tribute to the veteran with whom he had so often fought shoulder to shoulder, the Prime Minister declared: "There is no man in England upon whose conscience I would sooner ring a coin than John Clifford's."

A few days later, not ungrateful but incorruptible (though it would be stupidly unjust to hint that the compliment was meant as a bribe), John Clifford had issued a manifesto urging Free Churchmen to vote for the Independent Liberals and against Mr. Lloyd George.

No man had followed and honoured the Prime Minister more loyally and lovingly. But a coin had rung flat on Clifford's conscience, and his course was clear.

John Clifford's place in the history of the pulpit is, in part, that of the last great Puritan preacher of national righteousness and liberty. His was the voice of fighting Nonconformity—a Nonconformity which still winced under a sense of its social and political inferiority; not because it hankered after social prestige but because, in the old Puritan phrase, these inequalities "hurt its understanding." It was a Nonconformity, too, which maintained its historic Cromwellian alliance with the masses of the people, a Nonconformity to which Christianity appeared in the light of a trumpet of liberation. Clifford was brought up amongst poor working people in the atmosphere of Chartism. Thomas Cooper, "the Christian Chartist," was his earliest hero. To the end of his days he preached the Christian gospel as the Charter of all who are poor and oppressed and under-privileged.

How easy it is, in writing of Dr. Clifford, to fall into the rhetorical phrases of the reforming politician! It was his own natural language.

A little non-neutral enthusiasm, even a little warm rhetoric, may be pardoned in writing of John Clifford. He was challenged once at a public meeting by some working men who asked sarcastically, "What did a parson like him know about hard work?" There must have come into Clifford's mind the words of Cromwell at Dunbar: "The Lord hath delivered them into our hands." Born at Sawley in Derbyshire, in 1836, before he was ten years old John Clifford was working sixteen hours a day in a lace factory. He began as a "jacker off"—splicing the ends of cotton from bobbin to bobbin—and

ended as a book-keeper and head of a department. He liked to tell (in private company) how he worked from four o'clock on a Friday morning, all through the day and night until six o'clock on the Saturday evening, and then ran home, breathless but as proud as a king, to put his first wages of two-and-sixpence into his mother's hands. Those early days of slavery he never forgot. The iron never entered his soul, but all his heart was for ever after with the overworked and the underpaid.

The beautiful Christian character of his mother gave the twist to his mind which led to his entering the ministry. His work as a local preacher won him admission to the Midland Baptist College at Leicester, and in 1858 he became pastor of Praed Street Church, afterwards rebuilt as Westbourne Park Church: the only pastorate of his life.

He made it a condition of his acceptance that he should have time to pursue his studies at London University. The thirst for learning had already become the second master-passion of his life. Clifford came from a class of people who were starved of books and knowledge as well as of material comfort; and he reverenced books as the main highway to that mastery of life, that liberation, which was to him the ideal of living. Indeed, he reverenced books almost too much. When he was an old man, a scholar, deeply learned in men and affairs as well as in literature and philosophy, he would still give a simple eagerness of admiration to any new book which put in literary form what he had already learned from life. He would quote third-rate writers with a most flattering respect. Not that he had no taste or measure of judgment—no man knew better the works of sublime literature, and the finest mental refreshment

he knew was to declaim from memory whole cantos of "Paradise Lost."

Clifford, it was not always realized, was a scholar of high attainments. He graduated B.A. in 1861; in 1862 he took his B.Sc. with Honours in Moral Philosophy, Logic, Geology, and Palæontology; in 1864 he proceeded to M.A.—he was the first in his year; and in 1866 he took his Laws degree with Honours. Both in Arts and Divinity he was a tireless and systematic student to the end of his life. It was slightly regrettable that a second-rate American college should have bestowed upon him in the 'eighties an honorary D.D. degree. The (academically) slightly dubious character of his American doctorate was turned maliciously against him in later years by some of his political opponents. The Conservative Press persisted in calling him "'Dr.' Clifford"—with the injurious inverted commas—giving a suggestion of charlatanry and lack of scholarship; whereas Clifford actually had the equipment of half a dozen Doctors of Divinity of London or Oxford. However, the inverted commas never worried John Clifford.

Westbourne Park Church under Clifford was for over sixty years a beacon of full-orbed and free religion and of social and political idealism. Clifford was the ideal pastor. Pastoral work—the most intimate and homely duties of the minister—was the basis of all his activities. But on that basis he built up a never-ending fabric of effort for the souls, minds and bodies of men. The function of the Church, in his view, was to liberate men and women into full spiritual freedom and power; first to preach them a gospel which assured them of their Divine origin and destiny, and showed them how to grasp the inward power and grace which would enable them to live worthily of their heritage; second, to rally

them against every injustice, tyranny, and inequality which, by hampering body or mind, robbed any man, woman or child of the opportunity to rise to the true height of a spiritual being. In this light life was a vast activity of inward joy and freedom, and outward (and not unjoyous) crusading strife. Such was Clifford's own life, and to such a way of living he inspired thousands.

" Dr. Clifford's Boys " are a peculiarly striking witness to his inspiring power. They called themselves by that name—thirty young men who went out from his classes and services to become Christian ministers, and many who gained distinction as practical idealists in the fields of politics, journalism, or other secular callings. Many of them are still flourishing. One died prematurely at forty-two; had he lived Newton Marshall would have been the next great Baptist leader after Maclaren, Clifford, and Shakespeare.

Clifford never had a salary higher than £600. It was enough for him to do his work in comfort, and he thought a minister ought to take no more than that. Midway through his ministry [Sir James Marchant records] " a great and attractive offer " was made to him. The deacons at Westbourne Park, dismayed at the prospect of losing their pastor, called a special meeting to consider the situation. One of these elders, meeting a colleague, urged him not to forget the coming meeting, adding: " It is very serious. They have offered the Doctor twice his present salary." " Ah," said the older elder, " Then I shan't go. It's quite safe. If they have offered the Doctor any earthly advantage, you may be sure he will refuse to go."

When I first heard that story, I capped it—following the usual custom—with another, illustrating the perfect chivalrous courtesy of Dr. Clifford. A near relative of my own was with Dr. Clifford in the ante-room of a

public hall in which the great man had just delivered a fiery and applauded oration to a vast audience. There entered a little servant-girl who had been, or was then—I am not sure which—under Clifford's ministry. She had discovered in her father's cottage an old volume of sermons by some forgotten divine; and thinking, in her simplicity, that old theology is good theology, she had brought the precious book as a gift to her old pastor. He thanked her warmly and sent her away rejoicing. "But you won't really read that stuff, will you?" said my relative chaffingly. "Indeed I will," said Clifford. "Not for its own sake, but for the sake of the giver." Mr. Vincent Crummles's actor friend blacked himself all over in order to play Othello in the right spirit. That is the only example of the spirit of whole-hearted sincerity that I can think of to equal Dr. Clifford sitting down to read a book of musty sermons, just because he knew a poor servant girl was warming her heart at the thought of it.

The story of Clifford's activities in the realm of idealistic politics would fill a book. All I can do is to hint at the range of his sympathies. He was first of all a political democrat, hailing every extension of the franchise and every curtailment of class or caste privilege as a step towards the Kingdom of God. We smile a little now at the confident association of democracy with theocracy: but it was an inspiring faith and it seemed a rational faith in nineteenth century Europe. And Clifford was a social reformer in the practical nineteenth century style: an advocate of decent housing, better wages, better schooling, and a sturdy critic of all political or economic dogma which stood in the way of these benefits. He was a pacifist (practical not "absolutist") long before the war; a feminist long before the suffragist

movement; and a race equalitarian long before the League of Nations. Religious freedom and equality were, of course, axioms of his faith.

His weapons in all these crusades were his tongue and his pen; but he was at all times ready to pay the price with his purse and his person if necessary. He was a pro-Boer in the South African War, and he took the very real risks of the position in that time of savage jingoism. After leading the fight against the Balfour Education Act of 1902, he led the Passive Resistance movement also, and appeared again and again in court to give his testimony against what he held to be the sin of paying rates for the teaching of sectarian religion.

That famous Education fight was the most public and the most stirring incident in Clifford's public career. He matched himself against the whole "dark forces," as they seemed to him, of reaction and ecclesiasticism; and every Tory statesman and Anglican was haunted for months by the apparition of that little active white-bearded man, who thundered over against them like John Knox before the Lords of Congregation. (The simile is inevitable, and it was utilized in the making of one of the famous cartoons of that time.) Mr. Balfour languidly hinted a dislike of "Dr. Clifford's style." Dr. Clifford's style was certainly not the smooth style of Carlton House Terrace, but I think that on looking back there will not be found a single example of unfair or uncandid polemic on Clifford's part. The fight over religious education in the elementary schools is not over yet, and this is not the place to pass judgment on the issue. It is enough to say that Dr. Clifford, whether on the right or on the wrong side, fought one of the most splendid campaigns in the history of our domestic politics.

Though a hater of war, Dr. Clifford thought the Great War could not be avoided, that the Allies were fighting for justice and freedom, and that participation was therefore a Christian citizen's duty. But he fought conscription, and he worked nobly for the imprisoned "conchies." It was freedom that he cared for, and he could not bear that freedom's banner should have a mean stain in the remotest corner of it.

Clifford the politician was one with Clifford the preacher. In the pulpit, as on the platform, it was a gospel of liberation that he preached; and he preached, too, that a gospel of liberation can only be preached by a liberated ministry. In other words, he was one of the great champions of freedom in religious speculation, and of the preacher's right to declare the truth as he sees it, whether or not he offends the cherishers of old traditions. Clifford was the arch-hero or the arch-villain, according to one's theological predilections, of the once famous "Down-grade Controversy," which, about the year 1888, nearly split the Baptist denomination in two. Charles Haddon Spurgeon, illustrious, splendidly isolated, and grown "edgy" and stubborn through illness and long authority, had thrown a bomb-shell into the camp by a series of charges of widespread departure from "the Fundamentals" among Nonconformist ministers, and hinting at heretical influences even in the inner circles of the Baptist Union. To Clifford, in two years of official prominence—as Vice-President and as President of the Union—it chiefly fell to defend the central organization, to refute Spurgeon's charges, to conciliate the great man as far as possible, to keep the orthodox and less orthodox elements from splitting asunder, and at the same time to secure that freedom in the pulpit which represented his own deepest con-

victions. With skill, courage, tact and tenderness, he accomplished all these aims, though, a little later, Spurgeon himself withdrew from the Union, taking with him a certain number of the faithful. But the Spurgeonites are but a remnant to-day. Clifford shaped the future of the Baptist Church in this country as Evangelical and Free.

He was an orator of extraordinary fluency, force and sincerity, though too unremittingly emphatic to be called one of the great masters of eloquence. Nay—he was too sweet-tempered. His jutting chin, his gleaming eyes, and the singular snapping action of his mouth—even his torrents of crusading denunciation—were belied by his indescribable air and tone of benevolence. All his enemies were ghostly enemies. When he attacked the Archbishop of Canterbury it was not really Randall Cantuar that he had in mind. He was thinking of a composite, a symbolic, Archbishop, gathering up into his fictitious personality all the arrogant and illiberal things that Archbishops have ever done since the days of the Tudors and the Stuarts. It was always a delight to hear Dr. Clifford. It was always a challenge to conscience and right thinking. Dr. Clifford's oratory was not always likely to convince a strayed reveller from the enemy's camp, but no preacher in England was better fitted to convince young people with unspoiled hearts and open minds. Silvester Horne was showing them the glory of a young man's romantic and chivalrous discipleship; Clifford showed them the still grander spectacle of an old warrior, bent with years and the too early yoke of toil, but straining his eyes to see the first glitter of the sun on the towers of the New Jerusalem towards which he had led God's people through two generations. A glorious hope, based on a bold and unsuperstitious faith, glowed in every word he spoke.

Irony took on a too bitter tone when she sported a little with Clifford's optimistic philosophy. Optimism was actually a philosophy with him. He believed that progress through a Christianized democracy was inevitable, almost mechanical; and in his noble trust of his fellows he forgot the backward pull of "dark forces" of a much deeper shade than Black Prelacy. One of the institutions at Westbourne Park was the review of the year which Clifford always delivered, at great length and as the fruit of deep and wide thought and study, on New Year's Eve. These addresses form a marvellously complete and illuminating study of the march of progress through half a century. But it must needs be said that not all their optimism was justified. I have before me the New Year address delivered on a very ominous date: January 1st, 1914. Acknowledging that 1913 had been "a year of extraordinary disquiet," Dr. Clifford nevertheless soon gets into his stride and counts up the enormous gains for progress—spiritual, moral and social—in the twelve months just past. Through all he traces "the Divine leadership."

"This Divine leadership," he says in a true and splendid passage, "is nowhere more conspicuous than in the life of States; in the fuller use of the collective agencies and resources of whole peoples through their chosen representatives for the amendment and control of the physical conditions of life, the training and guardianship of children, the rescue of the wronged, the protection of the imperilled, the restoration of the criminal, and the comfort of old age. Legislation tends more and more to respect personality, and the individual and domestic life; and social effort works with increasing zest and passion along the lines of love. If I may say it, States are being 'converted,' and are, in the deepest and truest sense of the word, becom-

ing religious. The State, from the inspiration and impact of the Churches, is discharging the duties of the Churches, and discharging them in a far more effective way than ever the Churches did. The ecclesiastical and theological is left to its real trustees, the Churches. The State is becoming altruistic. It grows less and less ecclesiastical, and more and more really religious. Religious conviction grows in the world, and must express itself in the more comprehensive way, and through its most universal organs. Agnosticism is still with us; but it does not satisfy as it seemed to do. Sheer materialism leaves us restless and anxious. Scientific thought and practice gravitates towards the admission that spirit is the highest force, and it is being demonstrated day by day that our mission is to reconstruct Society on the basis of brotherhood."

. . . . .

Then comes a passage which is overshadowed by the irony of events.

" Clearly, modern civilization, with all its vices and faults is moving on; 1913 was a year of progress. A new era is coming nearer and nearer every year. Old factors are doomed to pass. Militarism belongs to the dark ages; and it is not fit for our time. It must go. It is going. . . ."

. . . . .

Alas! Within a year we were to learn that " It must go. It is going " is a *non sequitur*. The War came, and Dr. Clifford, who hated war but, with his straight and guileless glance, could not see how England could have done otherwise than draw the sword for Belgium and justice, was forced to readjust his theory of progress to take in such an " interruption " as a world holocaust.

It is not to be thought, because he accepted the War, that he did not loathe it and agonize over it. He did. And there can be little doubt, I think, that the War caused a certain change in his emphasis. He devoted the last few years of his life to a campaign for the revival of "personal evangelism"—a sort of admission, perhaps, that it is necessary to have many more Christians in a nation before you can trust it to embody "the Divine leadership."

In 1921 Dr. Clifford was made a Companion of Honour—the first Free Church minister to receive that high distinction. He had arrived at a happy and peaceful, though still amazingly active, old age: its happiness broken only by the death of his wife (*née* Rebecca Carter), in her seventy-sixth year. Like his beloved Milton, he was tended in his loneliness—and, unlike Milton, tenderly and lovingly cared for—by his two daughters.

Crossing Trafalgar Square on his way to a meeting, Dr. Clifford, then in his eighty-third year, was knocked down by a taxi. He jumped up and ran round to the back of the cab to take the number. The London taxi-man is not much given to "admiration, hope and love," but the driver of this particular cab can be excused for departing a little from the stoic taciturnity of his clan. He stared at Dr. Clifford for a moment and then paid him the ungrudging tribute: "Well, you *are* an aygile old gentleman!" The old gentleman then went on to keep his engagement at the meeting. He remained as "aygile" in spirit as in body. His love for children and young people helped to account for that—or, rather, his innocent and childlike nature helped to account for his love of youth. One of his best-known personal traits was his childlike appetite for chocolates and sweets. The children of his innumerable friends loved to keep

him supplied with "lollipops," and some of his most charming letters are concerned with these pretty offerings. A tiny suspicion arises, indeed, that Dr. Clifford may have sometimes regarded these gifts of sweets in the light of the servant girl's book of sermons, and consumed them from a scrupulous sense of gratitude rather than from the promptings of appetite.

Of Clifford's many presidencies the last, I believe, was that of the World Brotherhood Federation. He believed greatly in the Brotherhood Movement—a movement, indeed, which arose out of the sort of religion, the sort of preaching, with which he had for so long been identified. A good many ministers were a little suspicious of the movement as being too irresponsible and detached from church anchorages. Clifford had little patience with these hesitations once he was sure that the movement was on the side of God and the people. Coming away on a winter's afternoon from a committee at which some of the critics had raised difficulties in connection with the movement, the old man gave way to one of his very rare outbursts of bitterness. "Sykes," he said to his companion, "some ministers care no more for men than this slush" (so Sir James Marchant tells the story in his "Life")—and he thrust his foot angrily through the melting drift. He was over eighty then: and at this period, in a presidential address to the Brotherhood, he uttered his humanitarian passion in still more memorable words:

Mountains of wrong are heaped on the common people in all lands. The unhumanity of man to man fills me with horror: I cannot endure it. I feel like Jeremiah and wish that my head were a fountain of waters, that I might weep day and night for my brothers and sisters, little children, frail women and old men

slain by the ruthless greed and unblushing cruelty of their fellows; and then, like the same prophet, I find hot indignation burning like a fire in my bones, and I dash away my tears and would fain start out like Hercules to cleanse the Augean stable of society from floor to roof from all the cursed evils that infest it.

Mr. Balfour did not like Dr. Clifford's style. Neither does the modern pulpit much care for it. It is more emphatic, more rhetorical, more militant than suits a period in which we find it easier than in old days to see two sides to every question. But Dr. Clifford's passion for freedom and humanity has passed into the very fibre of modern English preaching. Underneath the politeness and the hesitations there is nevertheless an unquestioned and ever-deepening assumption that no religion is worth considering which does not liberate and humanize in every possible sphere of life. And the battle for the freedom of the pulpit, the freedom of the human mind to travel far afield in its search for truth, is practically won in English Christianity. No one can compute the contribution made by John Clifford to these great advances.

Full of life and interest, he set out on November 20th, 1923, for a meeting of the Baptist Union Council. He listened attentively to several speeches on the theme of personal evangelism, and was intending to take part in the discussion himself. But he suddenly leaned back and "fell on sleep." The long day's toil in the mill was done, and he had gone home with his wages.

PREBENDARY WILSON CARLILE

THE pulpit which Prebendary Wilson Carlile represents is not the carved and cushioned pulpit of the sanctuary. It is not the high place from which the orators of Christianity plead their cause before the bar of cultivated public opinion—bringing their eloquence and learning, so to speak, with a courtly homage to the Manger of Bethlehem. Wilson Carlile represents what may be called the soapbox pulpit—the tub at the street corner—the slag-heap from which Wesley preached to the colliers—the hillside whence St. Francis proclaimed the rediscovered simplicities of the gospel. He takes his place in this book as a preacher who, remaining within the four walls of the Church, has been the inspiring force of a great movement outward to the people: the uninstructed, the poor, the unfortunate, and the outcast. Always in Christianity there has been preaching of this kind. It is a special kind of preaching—"mission preaching," let us call it—and no survey, however brief, of the pulpit leadership of a generation would be complete without some reference to it.

Wilson Carlile, founder and chief of the Church Army, was born at Brixton in 1847. At eighteen he was the effective head of his grandfather's business house in the City, and he set himself, with single-minded intensity of purpose, to the achievement of a characteristically Victorian ambition—to be master of £20,000, a larger sum in Victorian times than it would appear to-day. For several years he put by at least £2,000 a year. He

was a member at this time of Stockwell Congregational Church, though his Christianity was of a very conventional order. Music and athletics were his favourite methods of working off the immense mental and physical energy which was his most obvious outward characteristic.

In his early twenties, following a business disaster and a nervous breakdown, he experienced an "old-fashioned conversion," and from that time his energies were diverted almost entirely to religious work. His first venture, undertaken in association with the Brethren, was to conduct a Bible class for boys of the hooligan type in Blackfriars. "I was supposed to teach them the Bible," he says, "but they cannot have known less about it than I did." A little later, owing to a "breach of discipline" from the Brethren's point of view—he had attended Communion at an Anglican Church—Mr. Carlile passed from Nonconformity into the Establishment.

Then, in 1875, came the famous mission of Moody and Sankey. Wilson Carlile became Sankey's deputy at the harmonium—that poor relation of the organ which has played such a quaintly picturesque part in homely evangelism. Henry Drummond, the young Edinburgh professor whose radiant influence in the 'seventies and 'eighties is part of religious history, was assisting the American missioners. One night Drummond "basely deserted" his colleague at the harmonium, leaving him without warning to conduct a meeting of young men. Carlile had never before spoken in public, except to his ragged boys at Blackfriars. But somehow or other the words came to him, and before the evening was over he had known what it was, in the old phrase, to "have souls converted under him."

This was the turning-point of his life. The idea came to him of a great body of trained laymen, acting as evangelistic auxiliaries to the clergy; and this, of course, is the principle upon which the Church Army was founded, and upon which its magnificent work has been carried on.

Mr. Edgar Rowan, in his biography of Prebendary Carlile, tells a story which brings back vividly the atmosphere of the old days of evangelism. "Love for souls," as our grandfathers called it, is hardly understood to-day. The phrase itself is no longer used, and, indeed, could hardly be used to-day without a sort of strain. The evangelistic urge takes a different form. Preachers may have a profound and urgent conviction of the necessity of Christian faith for individuals and for societies, but there certainly is not the old desperate concern to persuade individuals to "decision." Partly this is because the thought of hell no longer obsesses the religious mind. Perhaps, too, it is felt that a too urgent appeal for "decision" is likely to result in premature and emotional decisions which do not always prove binding. In the 'seventies of the last century there were no hesitations as to the evangelical preacher's duty in this respect. And one night during the Moody and Sankey mission at the Agricultural Hall, Wilson Carlile was sharply reminded of the urgency of "winning souls."

"Eight thousand people were in the building, and every seat seemed occupied when Moody walked in.

"'Full up?' he asked. 'Yes, full up,' said Mr. Carlile. Then Moody went up the little wooden staircase on to the platform, and without looking at the great crowd before him pointed to two empty seats beside his own. 'The place is not full,' he said. 'I

want two more men here.' 'Oh, those seats are kept for Mr. P—— and Mr. M——,' said Mr. Carlile, mentioning two leading members of the committee. 'They've just gone round the hall inspecting, and then they want to return here.'

"Moody turned on Carlile with one of those looks of scorn that he could assume so well when necessary. 'Go outside and fetch me the two worst men you can find,' he said. 'But, Mr. Moody——' ventured the young choir leader. 'Ah, you don't care for souls,' retorted the evangelist. That rebuke struck Mr. Carlile till he flinched, and he went outside, got hold of two men, and, much to their surprise and consternation, placed them in the two empty seats on the platform before the 8,000 people of the audience.

"In after years at St. Mary-at-Hill Church, when every seat was occupied by the most remarkable congregation in London, and the aisles were filled with camp-stools, this incident would come to his mind, and he found room on the steps of the pulpit for two or three more from the disappointed crowd shut outside."

In 1878, at the age of thirty-one, Mr. Carlile decided to give up business and take Holy Orders. He was trained at the London College of Divinity—and a sore trial his period of training was. He longed to be out preaching, and the lore of text-books seemed very dry and dusty to one who was essentially a man of action. But he worked heroically and passed out with a good place in his examinations. He became a curate at Kensington, and it was while actually occupying this humble position that he founded the Church Army. The movement arose out of open-air services, street processions, and "popular services" in the Kensington Vestry Hall, carried on by

his Napoleonic curate by permission of an exceptionally wise and liberal-minded vicar. Mr. Carlile had at first christened his little movement the Church Militant Mission.

But the Salvation Army was then beginning its exciting career, and it was almost inevitable that an Anglican movement on somewhat similar lines should adopt a title after that excellent model. Actually the Church Army was an amalgamation of four separate evangelistic efforts, each "featuring" the employment of earnest laymen: a "Church Gospel Army," started by Rev. Evan Hopkins at Richmond; a "Church Salvation Army," which Rev. F. S. Webster had organized at Oxford; a "Church Mission Army" led by Canon Atherton at Bristol; and Mr. Carlile's work in Kensington. In 1882 a sub-committee of the Church Parochial Mission Society was formed to direct the new movement, and the Kensington curate was appointed Honorary Leader and Chief Secretary.

The Church Army has from the beginning received support from all parties in the Church of England. It is not Evangelical in a party sense. It is simply evangelistic—just as the Franciscan Friars were evangelistic. The central idea in Mr. Carlile's mind was the formation in every parish of a mission band "carrying on aggressive work among lapsed adults." And equally central was the idea of recruiting laymen, and especially working men with a gift of simple and effective speech, to form the "aggressive" force. Though Church Army officers are called "Captain," the military element is almost nominal in comparison with the Salvation Army. The smooth working of such an organization within the Anglican Church depends on the maintenance of good relations with bishops and the parish clergy; and it is

one of the happiest achievements in Dr. Carlile's career that he has kept on the best terms with the constituted authorities. His own personality and authority have been kept cheerfully in the background. A showy autocracy would almost inevitably have clashed with the established hierarchy.

This is not the place for a history of the Church Army. It is with its founder and most typical representative that I am concerned; and I need only refer in a sentence to the remarkable social developments of the Army—its hostels and shelters for homeless men and women, its Labour Homes, its farm colony for lads and its admirable emigration work, its gracious and beautiful rescue and preventive work among women and girls, its prison visitation department and the allied work of caring for prisoners' families, and a dozen other departments of homely, personal and practical service. It is chiefly this varied social work which has made the Church Army familiar to Londoners. Outside London the Church Army is perhaps better known in its preaching aspect. But, indeed, under Dr. Carlile's guidance, this organization has maintained the happiest possible balance between "the social gospel" and the claims of "personal religion." It represents, above all, the devoted and disinterested concern of Christian people for those who are out of reach of the regular indoor ministrations of the Church. It claims, as I have said, the glory of being "the soapbox pulpit" of the Church of England.

Something of the spirit of Prebendary Carlile's own evangelistic work, and that of the Church Army preachers as a whole, may be deduced from the questions put to the early candidates for officership. They included the following:

" Can you take a back seat, and play 'second fiddle' with a happy heart?

" Can you use the same homely language in speaking for Christ as for your trade?

" How much indoor and outdoor persecution can you stand without being angry?

" Can you turn a disturber out of a meeting in a smiling and kindly manner?

" Have you ever kept an open-air meeting going for an hour without one person to help you? "

The reference to " persecution " takes us back to a time which seems curiously remote. Nobody ever thinks of " persecuting " an open-air evangelist in these tolerant times; and it is almost impossible for us to understand the motives of the people who so brutally mishandled the Salvation Army and Church Army pioneers. It seems—and probably was—mere motiveless barbarism. " Here comes a stranger. Let's heave half a brick at him! " The problem of the mission preacher to-day is not how to endure persecution but how to overcome polite indifference.

Dr. Carlile has had his share of criticism on account of the methods he adopted for the solution of this newer problem. From 1892 till 1926 he was Vicar of St. Mary-at-Hill in the City of London; and it is safe to say that no City church ever witnessed such unconventional " goings on " as were instituted by the cheery and irrepressible head of the Church Army. He used the magic lantern and the cinema to enliven the Church service, he sent out a brass band to collect worshippers, and he himself accompanied the singing on his trombone.

Another enlivening device was to announce topical subjects for his sermons: " The Big Fight," " Night Clubs,"

"The Test Match," and so forth. Only two comments are required on these proceedings. First, neither the music nor the topical sermons were in themselves tawdry or vulgar. Whether he gave it the title of "The Big Fight," or "The Cup Final," Dr. Carlile's sermon was always a plain, warm, simple presentation of the claims of Christ, and an earnest invitation to "decision" on the side of Christ. A vicar playing a trombone in church is certainly an uncommon sight; but then, Dr. Carlile played the trombone with the skill and feeling of a true musician—which he is. And one's second comment is that "the soapbox pulpit" must always be judged by an entirely different standard from that whereby we estimate the ordinary pulpit.

This question of preaching to the uneducated and unrefined is really a very interesting one. Vulgarity is always vulgarity, and in the end it fails in its effect even upon the most "vulgar" of audiences. But there is a homeliness, a familiarity, an unconventionalism of speech which is not only permissible but essential if the pulpit is ever to impress the "lapsed." And this is not quite the same thing as the desperate over-emphasis, the strained urgency of tone, which sometimes depresses us refined people when we pause for a moment to listen to an open-air evangelist. There is, indeed, an urgent need to-day for a better type of open-air evangelism and a new type of mission preaching. More harm than good is done to religion by those forlorn little groups of well-meaning but misguided people gathered around portable harmoniums and bearing banners inscribed with gloomy references to the Wages of Sin. It is just here that Prebendary Carlile has rendered his greatest service to the Church, so far as his influence upon its evangelistic preaching is concerned. He has set the example of a

cheerful, a radiant evangelism—the offer of Good News, not the minatory proclamation of penalties. Nobody ever went away from a service at St. Mary-at-Hill with any other notion of religion but as a happy and joyous thing, a secret one would gladly share even at the price of surrendering some hindering but alluring vice. And that is what actually happened Sunday after Sunday. Men and women *did* surrender their "darling sins," simply because they had got a vision of the radiance of the liberated Christian life.

I borrow from Mr. Rowan's biography a story told by Dr. Carlile himself in defence of his methods of preaching:

"A young fellow who had been carefully brought up in a country village in the Midlands, came to London, and forgetting the Sunday School and the influence of the village choir, in which he had taken part, 'fell among thieves,' who robbed him of his love for the right, and tried to lead him to the pleasures of the 'public' and the 'bookie.' He never darkened the door of any place of worship.

"Seeing in the paper that the subject was to be 'Dolls' he strolled down the dark, dull lane from Eastcheap into St. Mary-at-Hill Church. In his early days he was one of the few boys with a liking for dolls. He saw the dolls presented. He heard from the pulpit of a doll named 'Joey Billy,' that, having lost its arms and legs, was still dear to its little owner, who loved to swing it about with a string fastened round its neck. He felt that he was like that doll, and that God still held him by the cord of Divine love, not round the neck to hang, but round the heart to bind. He heard of a child who said to her dolly, 'Me loves you, dolly,

though you are cracked all down the back and got your head knocked off,' and he felt it was a feeble picture of Divine love to him. The service over, he left, but returned an hour later, and, still finding the church door open, came to me, told his story of sin and sorrow, and then at the Communion rail, beside a heap of dolls, knelt with me to raise the common prayer, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.'"

The point in all this popular evangelistic preaching, as it seems to me, is that people are seldom or never "converted" (in however old-fashioned or modern a way one construes that word) by a preacher's argument. Men flee from the Hound of Heaven by different paths, each over his own line of country, and a time comes when they are worn out and ready to be caught, whether they know it or not. At that crucial moment a word is said which they feel to be true—somehow or other universally true, true in feeling, true to psychology. It is the grain of sand which sends down the scales on the right side. The heart is "strangely warmed," and, in the phrase of Donald Hankey, the man "bets his life there is a God," or in the phrase of Dean Inge, "decides to live by the noblest hypothesis." The part which the preacher plays in the drama is that of being utterly sincere, utterly disinterested, utterly faithful in reporting what he knows of religious experience in himself and in others. For there is a sort of pious insincerity of which preachers are sometimes capable, an appeal that is not based on experience. I remember the much-advertised Torrey-Alexander Mission in London some twenty-five years ago. Few things have seemed more tragic to me than the sight of the Albert Hall crowded night after

night with wistful and troubled seekers, to whom Dr. Torrey had nothing to offer but hell as a threat and heaven as a bribe.

No sketch of Dr. Carlile would be adequate, even as the lightest of outlines, without a reference to his personal dealings with the poor and outcast people, and especially with the "rogues and vagabonds," to whom he has ministered for all these years. "Go for the worst" has always been his motto, and he has made fast friends with many of "the worst" by his frank, humorous and sympathetic approach to them as man to man. He treasures especially his friendships with men of the criminal class with whom, in prison cells and elsewhere, he has dealt lovingly but faithfully as a Christian minister. One of his most sacred memories is of a man under sentence of death whom he visited, at the prisoner's request, in the condemned cell. This man was "one of the Church Army's failures." When he said farewell to Dr. Carlile he said: "You won't be 'ard on the other poor chaps because I let yer down, will yer, guv'nor?"

Dr. Carlile still carries about with him a gold coin given to him for Church Army work by "one of the cleverest forgers in Europe" who was converted after spending thirty-one years in prison. Giving the Church Army a cheque for the amount of the gift, Dr. Carlile kept the old convict's half-sovereign as a charm against depression. Whenever he feels despondent he takes it out of his purse and remembers that the age of miracles is not past. It may be mentioned that Dr. Carlile always travels third-class because he knows it might trouble his humble friends if they heard that "Old Carlile travelled like a toff."

Wilson Carlile's services to the Church of England were recognised in 1905 by his appointment as a Prebendary of St. Paul's. This was a modest elevation enough, but it did at least mark official recognition of the fine achievement to which I have referred—that of founding and directing an evangelistic movement which, contrary to all ecclesiastical precedent, resulted in a broadening and enrichment of the Church's life instead of in a secession or a "lock-out." Ten years later the University of Oxford bestowed its honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity on this least academic but not least illustrious of clerics. And in 1926 the King admitted Dr. Carlile to the select company of the Companions of Honour.

Prebendary Carlile has never been a prominent public figure. Neither the Church Army nor its leader has cultivated that sense of the dramatic and picturesque which was the gift of the Booths to the Salvation Army. The Church Army uniform is of inconspicuous black; and the Church Army's activities are equally inconspicuous from the standpoint of public display. Dr. Carlile himself has no particular taste for the exercise of strong personal authority such as made William Booth such a formidable and interesting figure. He has set in motion a great human machine which is doing the things he always longed to do; and he is content. His Church is the Church of the poor as well as of the rich, of the disreputable as well as of the respectable; and in large measure this is due to Wilson Carlile's courage, energy, enthusiasm, and "love for souls." In a cheerful old age, surrounded by the respect and affection of all who know him, he lives amongst us as the honoured leader of a half-century's warfare under the banner of the Church Militant, a witness to the attractive and

redeeming power of the gospel of Christ, a shining example of the truth that "princeliness" in the pulpit lies not in the grace and glory of the preacher's language but in the flame of love which burns at the preacher's heart.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK

Dr. William Temple, Archbishop of York, is easily the most interesting figure in the Church of England. His brother of Canterbury is much more easily understood and described, and to that extent lacks fascination for the curious observer of ecclesiastical personalities. Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang fairly represents a not uncommon type of the conquering Scot. Supremely able, courtly, presentable and shrewd, he has always seemed one of those for whom high promotion is pre-ordained. His accession to the Primacy was expected, and it excited no deep emotion either of enthusiasm or of dissent. He was "safe," he had made practically no mistakes in many years of high episcopal office, and he was an orator of quite exceptional gifts. In the episcopal translations and appointments which followed on his elevation to the Primacy the public interest centred mainly upon Dr. Lang's successor in the archiepiscopal See of York. For many years past Dr. Temple's future has been a subject of curious speculation among the ecclesiastically minded.

The son of an Archbishop of Canterbury is not in the best possible position for succeeding in the course of time to "the glories of Lambeth or Bishopthorpe." Archbishoprics have never been considered hereditary dignities in England, and there is a sort of unspoken prejudice against the unduly rapid promotion of a cleric born in the purple. It is a proof of Dr. Temple's ability that he has overcome even that handicap. He is the son of an

Archbishop of Canterbury who was powerful and formidable rather than the object of affectionate regard. There was no particularly warm sentiment in the Church of England in favour of another Archbishop Temple. Yet, at fifty, William Temple is Archbishop of York: and whenever Churchmen speculate as to future Archbishops of Canterbury the name of Dr. Temple is pretty sure to invade the conversation.

William Temple was born in the Palace at Exeter in 1881, at which time his father was Bishop of that diocese. He was educated at Rugby and Balliol. He was—one is tempted to say " of course "—President of the Oxford Union. Ordained in 1908, he served Archbishop Davidson as chaplain from 1910 to 1921, combining this post for the first four years with the Head Mastership of Repton. He was Rector of St. James's, Piccadilly, from 1914 to 1918, a Canon of Westminster from 1919 to 1921, and Bishop of Manchester from that year until his translation to York in 1929.

A journalist with a flair for judging character and personality went to hear Dr. Temple when he first came to London in 1914. He reported to a group of friends, of whom the present writer was one: " That young man means to be Archbishop of Canterbury." I am not sure whether such a remark can altogether be justified, even when it is made on much more conclusive evidence of the fact than " a flair." It seems to impute a definite personal ambition which many would consider incompatible with the disinterestedness and humility which we like to associate with the Christian ministry. There is another way of looking at it, however. Anthony Trollope, in *Barchester Towers*, has set forth very fairly the defence of an episcopal ambition in young clerics.

"The *nolo episcopari*," he says, "though still in use, is so directly at variance with the tendency of all human wishes, that it cannot be thought to express the true aspiration of rising priests in the Church of England. A lawyer does not sin in seeking to be a judge, or in compassing his wishes by all honest means. A young diplomat entertains a fair ambition when he looks forward to be the lord of a first-rate embassy; and a poor novelist, when he attempts to rival Dickens or rise above Fitzjeames commits no fault, though he may be foolish. Sydney Smith truly said that in these recreant days we cannot expect to find the majesty of St. Paul beneath the cassock of a curate. If we look to our clergymen to be more than men, we shall probably teach ourselves to think that they are less, and can hardly hope to raise the character of the pastor by denying to him the right to entertain the aspirations of a man."

Whether William Temple entertained archiepiscopal ambitions or not, it could not have escaped his notice that he was eminently fitted for an archbishopric. It escaped the notice of nobody else. Nobody could hear him preach or speak without recognising in his utterances a sort of "metropolitan" note. Everything he said had about it the air of the ecclesiastical statesman and leader. All church history and ecclesiastical thought seemed to be at his finger-tips. The Christian and non-Christian philosophies were all familiar to him. He had large and distinctive views of Christian truth and of the Church's function in the modern State. Above all he had—or so it seemed to close observers—a very definite and distinctive ambition for the Church of England, that great communion in which he could hardly fail to become a leading figure.

To impute motives is usually dangerous and imper-

tinent, even where the motive imputed is in itself perfectly worthy. It would be certainly impertinent to suggest that Dr. Temple had a subtle ecclesiastical motive in his close association, during many years, with the Workers' Educational Association and his public avowal of allegiance to Labour Party principles. Yet it may perhaps be guessed, and without offence, that, in the course of his invaluable educational service to the working classes, Dr. Temple conceived a grand and statesmanlike plan for placing the Church of England on an entirely new basis of popular support. Why should not Bishops "go Labour"?—and why should not Labour become the surest foundation of the Established Church? Some such thought as this may well have formed itself in the mind of a far-seeing young Bishop. If Labour politics were more and more to dominate the State, it was at least obvious that there was no future for a State Church which was definitely out of sympathy with the new political ideals. Not a Church anxiously subservient to the coming rulers, but a Church deeply interested in their proposals and offering her services frankly to the coming rulers in their attempts at political and economic reconstruction,—the vision of such a Church may legitimately and worthily have gleamed before Dr. Temple's eyes.

All this, of course, is, in a manner, speculative—mere guesswork. Yet the history of the Church of England in the past ten years seems to bear the mark of Dr. Temple's guiding hand in a greater degree than that of any leader except the late Archbishop Davidson. Without imputing to Dr. Temple subtlety of motive, one may certainly credit him with subtlety of method. More than any other man he has led his Church into a position of positive friendliness with the new political ideas and

their exponents. He was a dominant force in "Copec," that movement which so strikingly illustrated the new Christian concern with "politics, economics and citizenship." As Bishop of Manchester, acting with an extraordinarily judicious mixture of courage and discretion, he gave the Church a new status and effectiveness in the moral and intellectual leadership of civic life. And finally, by his work in the Life and Liberty Movement, resulting in the Enabling Act and the partial democratisation of the Church of England, he helped enormously to put that Church in a position of freedom in which she can adapt herself to the needs of the new age as they arise.

Dr. Temple, say some of his friends in admiration, and some of his critics in irritation, "has never made a mistake." From the standpoint of ecclesiastical statesmanship that is very nearly true—not quite. If the Revised Prayer Book was a mistake, Dr. Temple went wrong in that business with the majority of his brother Bishops. Some who remember the Copec conference recall a single act of indiscretion there; Dr. Temple, as chairman, allowed an important declaration (in favour of the abolition of Capital Punishment) to go forth to the world as a considered decision, when it had not really had adequate discussion. And Free Churchmen have some reason to think that Archbishop Temple's influence in the Lambeth Conference of 1930, in relation to the reunion negotiations with Nonconformity, was less friendly than they had expected of so enlightened a prelate. But this, of course, was only "a mistake" from a certain ecclesiastical standpoint. The fact remains that the present Archbishop of York presents to the world the interesting spectacle of a Prince of the Church who has actually and profoundly influenced the policy and atmosphere of the Church.

Very much of an Archbishop in the dignity of his public appearances and in the bent of his mind, Dr. Temple is too modern and cultivated, too much a son of Balliol, to adopt an archiepiscopal pose in private life. In intimate circles he is known as "Billy Temple" —and to this day there is a lingering trace of boyishness in his face and bearing, a touch of the "Student Christian Movement young man," rather consciously, perhaps, combining religious and intellectual keenness with a carefully unclerical camaraderie. He is not known as "Billy Temple" to his friends only. Just as the Whigs of 1800 used to growl at the proceedings of "Billy Pitt," so, in the lobbies of the Church House at the time of Assembly or Convocation, one may occasionally overhear suspicious clerics—abundantly aware of the subtle brain behind that Pickwickian benignity of visage —audibly wondering "what Billy Temple is up to now."

In every respect a Prince of the Church, Dr. Temple has an undeniable claim to be ranked also among the princes of the pulpit. He is probably the ablest preacher that has ever filled either of the provincial thrones. Archbishops and bishops have no very brilliant record in the matter of preaching ability. There seems to be some fatal influence attaching to the episcopal apron; for it does happen with singular frequency that a man with an excellent preaching reputation loses his gift almost entirely after becoming "My Lord Bishop." Even Queen Victoria noticed that singular phenomenon. She wrote a solemn warning to her favourite cleric, Dr. Randall Davidson, on his elevation to the episcopal bench, not to allow his promotion to interfere with his preaching. In her opinion only one Bishop—Boyd-Carpenter, of Ripon—had completely escaped that fatal

tendency to sink the preacher in the administrator. Dr. Temple is a second exception to the rule.

Indeed, episcopal rank seems to have caused Dr. Temple's preaching to bloom in its fullest perfection. He is, of all our Anglican ecclesiastics, the most episcopal and the least parochial in the manner and matter of his preaching. It was said of Sir Robert Peel that he was a master of every kind of Parliamentary oratory except one—when he attempted pathos he was intolerable. The same might be said of Archbishop Temple in regard to pulpit oratory. He has never attempted pathos—never attempted to touch the keys of warm and intimate emotion—probably because his instinct tells him that it would not ring true. The emotional and the intimate are not his element. He preaches on the great points of faith as they affect communities, nations, schools of thought, rather than as they affect individuals. Christianity appears to him chiefly in the light of a mighty force in history. He knows well enough, of course, that religion is ultimately a personal and secret thing: that Churches only flourish as religion is indeed a personal and real thing to the innumerable units of the Church. But his special task is to study the ideas of Christianity in a large and general way—to test and measure them against the historic philosophies and the modern speculations, to reveal them as influencing history and confirmed by the witness of history, and to apply them to the great modern problems of politics and industry and economics.

Not that there is anything coldly inhuman in Dr. Temple's preaching. He is essentially a humanist of the school of Plato—whom he has studied deeply, and whom he quotes at least once for every ten citations of Paul. His interest in the problems of the State arises,

not from any Roman or Prussian deification of the State, but because it is only in the well-ordered State that the individual human life can develop in gracious and enlightened freedom. Dr. Temple loves humanity, is intensely interested in human problems and human psychology, and has a shrewd and humorous eye for human follies and self-deceptions. But he never gives an audience the feeling that he is warmly interested in persons, or that he has been moved to preach by some specially poignant and disturbing contact with personal sorrow or doubt. In a word, he is not a pastoral preacher.

Dr. Temple is certainly one of the most exquisitely cultivated of modern preachers. His scholarship is utilised with the utmost deftness. The background of his sermons is excitingly rich in its reference to the history of thought in all ages and lands, and especially to classic thought. Every now and then, when Archbishop Temple is preaching, the Gothic pillars and traceries seem to melt away, and the mind's eye beholds white Greek porticoes set over against sapphire seas; and modern Christianity, established and adorned, appears as the crown and consummation of all the classic wisdom and aspiration. With this picturesqueness of mental background there goes another mark of fine cultivation—a consummate dexterity in the use of words, and especially in giving popular form to those delicately balanced re-statements of Christian faith which, in this age and for a mind like Dr. Temple's, must inevitably take the place of the old statements. The following short passage, from a recent sermon of the Archbishop's on "The Distinctiveness of Christianity Among World Religions," seems to me a really beautiful specimen of this sort of exposition:

The thing most of all required for steady progress is finality of direction. . . . It is so in the sciences themselves. The foundations are not perpetually re-laid. Great changes are made as new facts are brought under observation, but the mathematician does not say "Go to, let us revise the multiplication table in the interests of mathematical progress." He would regard that as constituting a serious setback. What is offered to mankind quite plainly in the life of Christ is not itself the consummation of the Divine purpose with which the world was made, but what is claimed for it is that it is the revelation given to men who are able sufficiently to receive and understand it and transmit it, of the purpose which governs the world, and to which we must conform ourselves if we are to direct our lives aright. From then onwards the task of the disciples of Christ is increasingly to conform human life to the principles that are laid down there in the revelation of God in Jesus Christ, and, as far as anyone can estimate, that is likely to last as long as this earth is habitable.

On the basis of the acceptance of the Gospel itself, there is no hostility between such a finality as is given us and the belief that the best is yet to be. So St. Paul saw it. We do not yet know the measure of the stature of the completeness of Christ. We see Him at work first in the perfection, no doubt, of His own individual human life at a certain place, at a particular time, and therefore subject to conditions of that time and place; and from that there springs the movement among men which is called the Church, which is His Body, the fellowship of His disciples, who are rightly called His Body just in the degree in which they are responsive to His spirit. For my body is just so much of the physical universe as moves when I want it to move, whereas anything else will only move if by means of my body I push it. The Church is His Body because it moves under the influence of His Spirit. But there is at present available for it only a small part of what He needs in

order to express His whole purpose, and only when all nations and all citizens of all nations have brought their varied gifts and powers and dedicated them to Him to use, only when we all come "in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ," will His full purpose be expressed. Even He Himself is still lacking in kingship, in actual power and authority, until the world is at His feet. His kingship is complete in type, but still incomplete in power and actuality.

Lest I should give the impression that the lack of warm personal intimacy in Dr. Temple's preaching is part of a general coldness of religious feeling, I quote also the concluding paragraph of this sermon. There is an intellectually passionate religion as well as an emotionally passionate one. Nobody can hear Dr. Temple preach without feeling that he has placed his great gifts with a genuinely impassioned devotion at the service of the faith which has so completely satisfied his own keen, clear intellect. If religion to Dr. Temple is light rather than heat—well, light also can make men's hearts warm with praise and thanksgiving. The sermon concludes:

They [the great world religions] are also the activity in the hearts of men of the Word of God speaking as He is able to make Himself understood in our foolish and sin-clouded minds, but in Jesus Christ the Word was spoken in a way that we can understand, it came through a life like our own, subject to conditions, not externally the same as ours, but in all that pertains to human nature just the same as ours, so that we can watch Him and know what He is about and therein see the human expression of the eternal God who to-day and at this moment is like That. This sets upon us no bondage, because the loyalty that is asked of us is not obedience

to a code of rules, but submission of our wills to a spirit. It will be more exacting, that spirit, than any code of rules can ever be. The Gospel for this week opens with that word of St. Peter wanting some rules in order that one day, having fulfilled the rules, he might be able to slack off. How often to forgive one's brother? Seven times? No; four hundred and ninety times, more times than it is possible, for ever and a day. Why? Because you are not under rules, but under the spirit of love which will always want to forgive. If at any time you do not want to forgive, it shows that you have not yet surrendered yourself to that spirit. But in such admission there is no loss of freedom, nor is there any confinement within the bounds of some rigid system formulated to meet any one set of conditions. That spirit will direct us in all circumstances in which we may ever find ourselves, but if we are to have its direction then we must take care that we dwell in the fullness of that light. Every one of us has some glimmering of it already in our reason and conscience and our capacity for friendship. It is already there, but in us it is dim, in Him it shines brightly. It is as we perpetually try to live in His presence, turn our minds back to Him at certain times—the times we call our prayers—in complete and absolute consecration, but at all times in the sense that we shall seek never to form any purpose or pursue any plan which does not seem to us to be in harmony with His mind, that we shall dwell in the light, and as we dwell in it we shall ourselves reflect it ever more perfectly. It is the true light which lighteneth every man, but in Christ it came into the world.

That truly archiepiscopal gift of discretion, already noted as one of Dr. Temple's outstanding qualities, appears in his preaching in the form of a perfect balancing of emphases. Nobody can pin down Dr. Temple, on the evidence of his sermons, to allegiance to any one school

of Anglican thought—not, at least, to the exclusion of the rest. He might best be described, perhaps, as a moderate Anglo-Catholic who claims the right to interpret the orthodox phrases in a Liberal sense, not excluding a decided Evangelical emphasis. Dr. Temple's discretion also takes the form of unfailing and instinctive good taste.

The whole effect of his preaching is that of a highly educated modern mind, dedicated, after systematic study and reflection, to the maintenance in the modern world of the one Faith which satisfies the keen and questing intellect and the sensitive imagination, while still meeting, as of old, the needs of the struggling will and the sorrowful heart. Archbishop Temple preaches Christianity in the accents of Balliol. It is well that Christianity should be preached in warmer and more homely dialects; but it would be foolish to underrate the value of an advocacy so learned and lucid, so weightily confident, and so utterly free from cheap sentiment and emotion, as that which William Temple places at the service of the Church.

DR. DINSDALE T. YOUNG

"HOPELESS dawn" on the Western Front, some time in the long and bitter winter of 1916–1917. Rations have been issued, and, fortified by a piece of cold ham, a morsel of bread, a mouthful of marmalade, and a gulp of tea, four or five of us are leaning cheerlessly against the parados and talking of paradise—that dear lost paradise called Home. "And straight I callèd unto mind" that it was Sunday. The dispirited dialogue takes a new turn: Where would we be—what would we be doing—if we were back that day in England?

Brown is a nice, decent, average sort of lad of twenty-two from the London suburbs: an insurance clerk in civilian life. And Brown is in no doubt whatever as to where he would be this February morning. "Central Hall, Westminster, me!—listening to Dr. Dinsdale Young." Nobody in the group had ever heard of Dr. Dinsdale Young except myself . . . and I remember that the name set me going on quite an interesting line of thought—cut short, unfortunately, by an untimely resumption, on "Jerry's" initiative, of the Great European War.

After a sufficiently long interval for reflection I take up my speculation once more. The Great War is fourteen years behind us. My young friend Brown is not in Westminster Central Hall but . . . possibly . . . in Westminster Abbey: an Unknown Warrior. But Dr. Dinsdale Young is still preaching in Westminster Central Hall, and still drawing Sunday by Sunday one

of the largest congregations in England. And when preachers and lovers of preaching begin to talk about pulpit popularity, one will usually find that their conversation switches for a moment or two on my old speculation : " What is the secret of Dr. Dinsdale Young's attraction? "

It is not enough to say simply " He is a great preacher." That is begging the question. Besides, there would instantly arise a strong opposition party to declare that Dr. Young is *not* a great preacher—that he represents certain ways of thought and modes of speech which are the very antithesis of what one demands from " a great preacher " in these days. If one liked to use a little dramatic exaggeration, one might nickname him the Last of the Fundamentalists. He rejects the Higher Criticism—or, at any rate, most of the conclusions of the Higher Criticism—he expounds the traditional Evangelical doctrine of the Fall and the Atonement, of Heaven and Hell—and he does not consider himself in the least bound to adapt his next Sunday's sermon in the light of what Sir James Jeans or Professor Julian Huxley have been writing or lecturing about during the week.

There is an old minister in Stephen Leacock's best book of whom a discontented deacon complains: " This fellow not only believes what his grandfather believed, but he actually preaches it! You can't run a church that way, can you? " Dr. Young believes you can. He has himself " run a church that way " for the past fifty-one years, and with a visible success that is unique in Methodism—one might almost say unique in Nonconformity.

In an age of new questions and new answers in the world of religion, Dr. Dinsdale Young offers the old answers, and declares that no other answers will suffice

the hungry hearts of men. In an age of changing emphases and re-statements and hesitations and guesses, he preaches with the old emphases, he repeats the old statements, he never hesitates or guesses. Of all the preachers in England who speak from the vantage ground of a great metropolitan church, and who are entitled to serious consideration by reason of their manifestly attractive power, Dr. Young is the only one who can be called, without any qualification whatever, an old-fashioned, four-square, Evangelical preacher of sin and salvation. He is so orthodox that he has become heretical. The prevailing tone of English pulpit teaching is alien and even hostile to his position. He stands like Horatius on the cracking bridge, or like Athanasius *contra mundum*, or like the last Greek at Thermopylæ. No comparison can be too classical to indicate Dr. Dinsdale Young's uncompromising defiance of the spirit of the age.

And he "gets the crowds," as preachers say in their private and professional talk. He always has got the crowds. What is the explanation?

. . . . .

Let us first trace, quite rapidly, the steps by which Dr. Dinsdale Young has attained his present position. He is a Northumbrian by birth (and proud to be a fellow Northumbrian of Joseph Parker), having been born at Corbridge-on-Tyne in 1861. Like so many Methodists, he made a very early decision to be a minister, and when he came out of Headingley College in 1879 he was the youngest candidate ever accepted for the Wesleyan ministry. One characteristic quality of raw youth, much deplored by age, Dinsdale Young can never have been troubled with. Nobody can conceive of him as ever having been possessed by the spirit of irresponsibility,

levity, lack of dignity. Not that he is ponderous or heavy-handed in manner. But there is a sort of conscious dignity about him which seems an integral part of his personality. He would not be Dinsdale Young without it: and it is not only an integral part of his personality but the perfectly natural expression of his high view of the function and rank of a Christian preacher.

On a good many occasions Dr. Young has been selected to represent Nonconformity on platforms where high Anglican dignitaries, together with persons of importance in the State or in civic life, have been pleading for some national and interdenominational cause. I well remember the first time I heard him on one of these occasions. It was at the Mansion House. Dr. Young was last upon the list of speakers, and this, roughly, was the sonorous opening of his address:

" You have listened this evening to the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, and to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. And now I have to ask your patience for a few simple words from a Methodist preacher."

Dr. Young was not really being humble. He quite obviously considered that a Methodist preacher was as important and enviable a being as any gilt-edged dignitary on that brilliant platform; and for my part I rather liked the little touch of mock humility which drew attention so neatly and politely to the world's superficial scale of values.

After twenty-seven years of " travelling," as Methodists call it—during which period he ministered in Birmingham, York, Manchester and Edinburgh, among other places —Dr. Young came to an anchorage in London. He became in 1906 minister of the most historic and interesting church in Methodism, Wesley's Chapel in City

Road. And within a very short time he had become a fixed star for Methodists. Whenever a loyal Wesleyan came to London for a week of business or pleasure, one infallible item on his programme was "to go and hear Dinsdale Young." Wesley's Chapel itself was well worth a pilgrimage. Square, spacious, quaintly formal, it enshrines the very spirit of eighteenth century Methodism in its more settled and established stage. For a worshipper with the historic sense and a grain of imagination, it is haunted by many ghosts. Five generations of the godly, in their sober Sunday garb, mingle in fancy with the present-day congregation; and in the tall pulpit, supposing the preacher to be loyal to "Wesley's Standards," and speaking in an accent not too violently modern, the speculative eye may discern the ghostly presence of the great John Wesley himself, "wondrous clean and neat," as Horace Walpole saw him, and nodding benignantly as the orthodox doctrine is faithfully expounded. John Wesley's wraith was never otherwise than benignant during Dr. Young's occupancy of the tall pulpit. The historic old chapel was never more felicitously fitted with a preacher than in the days of Dinsdale Young.

Something was lost, in point of picturesque fitness, when Dr. Young was transferred to the Central Hall at Westminster. This was in 1914. The Central Hall was no doubt a much more convenient station for a preacher with exceptional attractive power. It was better, no doubt, to place Dr. Young where more people could hear him, and where a prosperous ministry would be much more in the public eye, for the encouragement of Methodism and of the Churches generally. But there are no picturesque ghosts in the Central Hall; and one sometimes feels a sense of incongruity between this ultra-

modern Mission Hall, with its tip-up seats and its concert-room decorations, and the highly traditional figure of the preacher himself. Dr. Young's stately head and ambassadorial bearing are seen to best advantage behind an old-fashioned pulpit cushion, not behind the rail of a modern rostrum.

This may seem a small and even frivolous point to make. But I shall suggest in a moment that the historic sense is quite an important factor in accounting for the popularity of Dr. Young.

For sixteen years now the Central Hall has been crowded Sunday by Sunday by eager and appreciative audiences, including a very large proportion of "nice, decent, average" young people like my friend of the trenches. That is Dr. Young's regular congregation. But he draws crowds throughout the country, both as preacher and lecturer. No Methodist worthy of the name would miss "the anniversary" if Dinsdale Young were announced to preach, and there are still thousands of Methodists so old-fashioned as to desert the cosiest hearth to hear an evening lecture by Dr. Young on "Mr. Valiant-for-Truth," or "Mr. Facing-both-Ways." During some years of Dr. Young's ministry at Westminster he had a highly distinguished neighbour in Dr. J. H. Jowett, then at the very height of his world fame as a preacher. Jowett was a far more celebrated man than Dinsdale Young; and if a vote were taken as to the intellectual eminence of the two preachers, there is no doubt that Jowett would have headed the poll by a large majority. But it was a familiar saying in those years that "Jowett gets Dinsdale Young's overflow!" It was a jest, but there was much truth in its hint as to the remarkable drawing capacity of the "Methodist preacher."

In 1914 Dr. Dinsdale Young was President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference. He has written many books, devotional, expository and biographical. He stands in Methodism to-day as a venerated senior with no sign of depleted vigour or alertness upon him, as the applauded champion of all who hold fast by "the old gospel," and as the unembittered and undisliked assailant of all who have (in his view) deserted the ancient standard.

What is the secret of Dr. Dinsdale Young's popularity as a preacher?

He has himself written a book on *Popular Preaching*, which expresses with much energy and confidence his own view as to the elements in preaching which are truly and universally attractive. Popular preaching, he declares, must be frankly popular: that is, it must aim at the many, not at the coterie, the cultured few. It must be expository Bible preaching. It must be evangelistic—its one supreme aim the winning of souls from eternal death to eternal life. Dr. Young makes many other points. For example:

"It is apparently paradoxical, but it is accredited fact, that absolute faithfulness is an essential condition of truly Popular Preaching. No preacher is permanently popular if he does not make people uncomfortable. He must wound with the sword of the Spirit. He must show them 'all the mercy' by showing them 'all the Sin.' The people must know that, like a sleuth-hound, the preacher is pursuing them for their salvation."

And again:

"Popular Preaching is essentially evangelical. . . . No preaching is really and abidingly popular which is not aflame with Redeeming Love—Redeeming Love as

disclosed in the counsel of the Father, and in the Atoning Cross of God the Son, and in the indwelling of God the Holy Ghost. . . . It is 'the satisfactory Cross' which makes preaching popular. Man's salvation is in the evangelical and ethical implications of the Cross of Christ. Wherever it is preached it commends itself to man's conscience. It may offend his taste. He may resent its terrible import. But ultimately the Spirit of God will cause him to see that it is the good news of God to him. So, soon or late, the preaching of the Cross becomes truly Popular Preaching."

. . . . .

But is it true that these are the secrets of popular preaching? If it were true, there would be packed churches in all parts of the country where now a handful of the faithful, the elderly faithful, are gathered to support some entirely earnest, entirely orthodox, but entirely unsuccessful and unnoticed preacher. The truth is that Dr. Dinsdale Young, in estimating the elements of popularity, has drawn largely from his own exceptional personal experience—and has left out one very important item . . . Dr. Dinsdale Young.

Dr. Young, having got his first congregation, got a second and larger one because he had, to begin with, a voice and an elocution. Whatever one thinks of the things that Dr. Young says, one is never in the slightest doubt as to what he actually has said. He possesses a rich, deep, sonorous voice which he has treated and trained with the care it deserves; and though to some —less taken by "the taking gift of unction" than was Lord Morley—it may seem a little too rich and rolling to please the ear indefinitely, undoubtedly it is a pleasant change to hear English spoken by a man who is not afraid to make music of it. Dr. Young, I imagine,

often deliberately chooses his words for their sonorous qualities. It is an experience to hear him recall some glorious memory of "Charles Haddon Spurgeon, that *royal* preacher."

Again, Dr. Young wins and holds his congregations by the frank and unashamed simplicity of his language. His audiences not only hear what he says but know what he means by it. Partly this is a virtue in Dr. Young, partly a not quite so fortunate trait. A simple and even commonplace theme, expounded in words of one syllable, but delivered with ambassadorial dignity and forensic seriousness, sometimes gives an uncritical popular audience a comfortable feeling that it has been doing some severe thinking and has come out victorious. This is not good for audiences. It is not necessary that every sermon should be a challenge to deep thought. Sometimes the simplest appeal to feeling or to conscience better fits the occasion. But it is not good for a congregation when it is led to flatter itself, after an emotional warming-up, that it has actually thought its way through a problem. It is all very well for Dr. Young to speak significantly and resoundingly of "Spurgeon, that *royal* preacher"; but there is a danger that someone in the audience, equally unfamiliar with Spurgeon and Bishop Barnes, will be misled by Dr. Young's sonority into believing that he has helped Spurgeon rout the Modernists—just as George IV imagined he had assisted Wellington at Waterloo. But, of course, this does not lessen Dr. Young's popularity with uncritical audiences.

A third element in Dr. Young's attractiveness is his absolute certainty and confidence in delivering "the old gospel." Perhaps this is the chief, the essential element. The note of absolute dogmatic and experimental certainty is the rarest of all notes in the modern pulpit. Dr.

Dinsdale Young has no doubts, no hesitations. The whole Bible, despite the "so called Higher Critics," is the inspired word of God. Miracles are a glorious aid to faith, not a strain upon it. The whole evangelical fabric stands like a rock: the Fall, the Substitutionary Atonement, the "plan of salvation," justification by faith, the wrath to come. Dr. Young's hearers are left in no doubt as to the purpose of the sermon or the next step in their own pilgrimage. "Accept Christ and you will be saved. Reject Christ and you will be lost."

Dogmatic and experimental certainty are not enough, of themselves, to convert doubters. The Flat Earth advocates (for example) enjoy certainty: a certainty which is not only dogmatic but so profound as almost to be called experimental. But in the realm of preaching it must be admitted that the ringing voice and the triumphant glance of the man who is *sure* are infinitely more attractive, so far as getting an audience is concerned, than the guesses and hesitations of the preacher who is sure of nothing. The moral of Westminster Central Hall for preachers is "Speak from your chest, speak your best thought in your simplest language, and preach about the things you are radiantly sure about."

There is another attractive element in Dr. Young's preaching. I cannot think it is recognised by the majority of his regular hearers as a source of the pleasure they find in the Westminster services; and yet, for the older folks especially, it probably exercises a very strong pull. I can imagine it attracting some who are not all likely to be prejudiced in favour of Dr. Young's theology. I mean that Dr. Young is one of the romantic reactionaries. One can say this without offence. It is simply a question of the historic imagination, the "sense of the past," the delight in dwelling upon and evoking

"the tender grace of a day that is dead." Dinsdale Young has a poetic strain in him, whether he knows it or not. He loves to use the old phrases, consecrated by centuries of Christian usage, made historic by the stories of heroes and martyrs of the faith and by the great old preachers of the past. With what gusto does Dr. Young quote from Bunyan, or Law, or Goodwin, or John Wesley! How he rolls their very names round his tongue, as a Latinist savours a line of Virgil, or as a genealogist "unrolls the pedigree of a Clifford or a Mortimer." There is such a thing as a homesickness for the faith of our youth, for the language in which it was expressed, and for the romance and poetry which gathered around it. Dinsdale Young in Wesley's pulpit could scarcely have been anything else than a preacher of Wesley's theology. He would be the last man in the world, I should imagine, to want to see a Methodist preacher giving a homely Methodist address (and perhaps announcing a bazaar and a tea-meeting) from the pulpit of Westminster Abbey. He has too strong a sense of the historic fitness of things.

One does not want to exaggerate the important of this historic sense in a preacher, especially as its existence is after all, only a friendly critical hypothesis. But I have to confess that I can hear Dr. Young mention Hell without the slightest impatience and without (alas!) any specially oppressive sense of my own jeopardy. Hell is part of the older scheme of things, and Dr. Young faithfully declares it. But he does not "dangle sinners over the pit" as the old preachers did. One can take from Dr. Young, indeed, things one would not be willing to take from less engaging preachers. Let me quote a short passage from a sermon on the Sovereignty of God —a passage which, in the reading, seems full of "dusty

answers " to our keen modern questioning, and yet which was both effective and stimulating in the preaching:

The old divines were always talking about the sovereignty of God. It was a great fact to them that man was an instrument in God's hands, and none the less because a man does not know God and does not realize it. Such a sovereignty on God's part that man can do nothing but be moved by the ethereal Hand? It is true, you say, there is a great deal of mystery about it. So there is, but as I often tell you young fellows, there is a mystery about everything. If you want to be rid of mystery you have to go out of this world, and even in another world I can't promise you that you won't find it. Mystery is one of God's great educational modes. Many here can say they have had most mysterious experiences, but they have found it a character building and brain building school. Severe discipline has strengthened faith. I know well enough there is mystery here. My dear sir, almost from the beginning of history people who have thought philosophically and theologically about these things have been debating as to the relation between the sovereignty of God and the free-will of man.

My dear sir, you cannot explain it. If you try to explain it you will only be bruising your fists against a granite wall. Because you cannot explain it, it is none the less a fact that in a sense every one of us is an axe in God's hands. I know that modern theology rather shuns this question of the sovereignty of God, but for me there is a world of comfort in it. If the axe got out of God's hands, great God! what would become of man? The only safety is in keeping in God's hands. You say it is a humbling view. We need these humbling moods sometimes. I think, perhaps one reason why many people are not more earnest in matters of religion is that we do not preach with the dogmatism that used to mark the preaching of a former day regarding the

sovereignty of God. Everybody has been talking about the dignity of man, though some people have had a little shock in recent days, by a rough reminder of their possible origin! Some of us do not believe in the theory put forward, but none the less we have little faith in the natural dignity of man. Some of us here can say we have surrendered for ever all notions of dignity, and have nothing else to say seven times a day than "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

. . . . .

Now the above passage, carefully examined, will be seen to contain nothing that is not contained within Christianity, and nothing that is not eternally true about the mystery of the spiritual world. What differentiates it from the normal preaching of the day is its avowed preference for the older terms in which to express the mystery. "Preference"—that is the exact word. Dr. Dinsdale Young "prefers" to accept the old hypotheses, he "prefers" to rank himself with those who regard the theory of evolution as unproven. But he does not condemn those who "prefer" the newer re-statements, the newer hypotheses. He is a champion of orthodoxy, of the old gospel, of the Old Book. He seldom speaks on a religious platform without a side-hit at the too confident assertions of modern Biblical scholarship on the more revolutionary side. He "prefers" the scholars who, covering the same ground, have not found any need to shift from the ancient positions. But in all his controversial utterances Dr. Dinsdale Young has never been bitter, never a persecutor, never an excluder of others from the grace of God.

Sunday by Sunday he talks in plain, warm language about the wonder of salvation and the safe anchorage of all who "throw themselves on God," not seeking

immediate solutions of the ultimate mysteries, but wistfully eager to gather strength and comfort for one more week of living and toiling amid the clangour of London. " To the Greeks foolishness " . . . but to thousands of ordinary simple men and women a well of cool water in the desert. They remember a quiet hour at Westminster when they would forget many profounder expositions of the mystery of things. There was a young man who remembered it one Sunday when, on the Western Front, he found that men's sin and folly can create a Hell, even though that word is no longer mentioned in the theologies.

DR. GEORGE H. MORRISON

The most popular preacher in Scotland for twenty-six years, from 1902 to 1928, was Dr. George H. Morrison, of Wellington United Free Church, Glasgow. He faced crowded congregations every Sunday in his own spacious church, and wherever he went as a "special occasion" preacher he was sure of a packed audience of eagerly interested strangers. His books circulated more widely among Scotsmen than the works of any other devotional writer of his day. Yet of all the twenty preachers studied in the present volume there is none of whom it is so difficult to say: "This is what he stood for; this was the secret of his immense popularity."

Dr. Morrison began his ministerial career as an assistant to the great Alexander Whyte in Edinburgh. He used to say that he owed almost everything to that last representative of the old Puritan school of Scottish preaching. Throughout his life he would quote Whyte's maxims on the preacher's duty and the preacher's art. But there was very little of Alexander Whyte in Morrison's preaching. That searching analysis of the human heart, that preoccupation with the dark mystery of sin, that habitual reference to the great bygone mystics and doctors—nothing of all this was to be found in the pulpit of Wellington. Neither had Morrison a special message to the age in the sense of showing people how to adjust their Christian faith to the new lights of science, scholarship and philosophy. He stood out as the champion of no distinct school of thought. His preaching, as one

studies it in his printed sermons, lacks the artistic finish of Jowett, the subtle spiritual insight of R. J. Campbell, the passion and intensity of Studdert Kennedy.

Here is an ominous string of negatives! Yet G. H. Morrison, without practising any of the dubious arts of popularity, proved the most attractive preacher during all those years in a country where preaching is still listened to with a zest and keenness such as English congregations have no conception of. What was the secret of it all? Morrison himself said: "I don't know anything about a secret. I simply get my message, then I prepare my heart and mind to deliver it, sit down and write it, and on Sunday I give it to my people."

I am not sure that that simple statement does not indeed give away his "secret." To get a message—really to get it; to prepare heart and mind to deliver it—really and seriously to prepare; to sit down and write it—that is, to use all that one has of energy and grace of language to wing the arrow to its mark; to give it to the people—actually to make them feel that it is God's gift mediated through the preacher:—to do all this is to be indeed a preacher. And yet these are the commonplace maxims of preaching. I will make the guess that George H. Morrison's success was due to the fact that he put one hundred per cent. of his powers into every part of the preacher's function, whereas the average minister puts into them . . . less than one hundred per cent. This is not really a reflection on the average minister. In dealing with a Scottish preacher one is at liberty to quote Carlyle. "Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains." And that means, what many who pooh-pooh Carlyle's definition forget, that the "infinite capacity" is an extremely rare thing. It denotes a sort of demonic energy of character which is not the possession of ordinary

men. George H. Morrison's life and work present the spectacle of—let me say—a minister of no dazzlingly original endowments who nevertheless made of a Christian pastorate a piece of work as finished and perfect as a Bach fugue, a proposition in Euclid, a victory won. In one word, he provided the perfect model of a preaching and pastoral ministry in a modern city. Nothing is lacking to his achievement. He preached sermons which inspired and comforted, his pastoral visitation was in every respect faithful and serviceable, he led his prosperous church into valuable mission work among its poorer neighbours, he taught the children, he debated with his questioning young people. Add to this a "presence" and a manifest grace of personal character and bearing, a highly cultivated mind, and a simple and single-hearted devotion to the gospel which he preached, and one is as near to the secret of Dr. Morrison's popularity as it is possible to get. One is no nearer to the secret of why there are not more Dr. Morrisons.

George Herbert Morrison was born in Glasgow in 1866. After his University career, not being quite certain as to his inward call to the ministry, he became for a time one of Sir James Murray's assistants in the compilation of the New English Dictionary at Oxford. In later years Sir James, in conversation with Dr. Alexander Whyte, complained of the occasional unreliability of his assistants in the transcribing of quotations. He had only had one, he said, whom he could absolutely trust, and, he added, "He is a minister of your own Church." "Might I ask who he is?" said Dr. Whyte. "Oh, yes," replied Sir James, "The Rev. George H. Morrison." "He was an old assistant of mine," said Dr. Whyte with fatherly pride. G. H. Morrison's scrupulousness in transcription was perfectly characteristic

of his " tidy " mind. There is a tidy and an untidy sort of genius. Morrison's was the tidy sort; and it is not necessary to belittle his gifts because he preferred precision and certainty to adventurous originality.

While at Oxford he made up his mind to enter the ministry, and in 1893 he passed out of the Glasgow Free Church College at the head of the list . . . exactly as one would have expected. Then followed his fifteen months under the awful but beneficent supervision of the old prophet at Free St. George's, Edinburgh. Whyte was a mighty trainer of youth. It was one of the grandest traits in his character that he loved to see the young men coming forward, and he was always as generous in praise as he was healthily astringent in criticism. He was deeply wise, too, in his relations with his young assistants—three of whom became in their turn princes of the pulpit. " He would never give me any advice whatever," said Morrison. " On one occasion, just before entering St. George's pulpit I found to my horror that I had omitted to note the text for my sermon. In desperation I turned to Dr. Whyte for help. ' Sir,' he replied, as he walked up and down his vestry, ' I have enough of trouble to find my own text, without finding yours. Now there is the church officer, go,' and I went! "

Dr. Whyte afterwards left it on record that " ——was the most brilliant of my assistants, but George Morrison was the most industrious and methodical. I never passed the window of his room but he was at his desk."

Pastorates at Thurso, in the North of Scotland, and at Dundee, completed Morrison's equipment as a preacher. He went to Wellington Church, Glasgow—a great Grecian building such as Scots Presbyterians feel more at home in than do the Gothic English—in 1902, with a reputation that speedily expanded to national

fame. His experiences in the North had convinced him that people "did not want cold doctrinal preaching, but they did want Biblical preaching." With this conviction he began his memorable ministry in the heart of Glasgow. It should be observed that this view of preaching marks a big change in the character of Scottish preaching as it has been reported to us in history and tradition. One recalls the description in *Rob Roy* of a service in Glasgow Cathedral in the eighteenth century, with the sermon which "related chiefly to the abstract points of the Christian faith, subjects grave, deep, and fathomless by mere human reason, but for which, with equal ingenuity and propriety, the preacher found a key in liberal quotations from the inspired writings." Sir Walter Scott adds, in giving this description:

> The Scotch, it is well known, are more remarkable for the exercise of their intellectual powers than for the keenness of their feelings; they are, therefore, more moved by logic than by rhetoric, and more attracted by acute and argumentative reason on doctrinal points, than influenced by the enthusiastic appeals to the heart and to the passions, by which popular preachers in other countries win the favour of their hearers.

This was no doubt true when Scott wrote *Rob Roy*, and I cannot say when it began to be no longer true. But it is certain that the modern Scottish pulpit has entirely departed from the austere intellectualism traditionally associated with it. Preaching in Scotland to-day is very largely an "appeal to the heart," though not to the "passions." It is homely, personal, even at times (when it is not at its best) sentimental. Though some of the hardest theological thinking is still done in Scotland, it cannot any longer be said that Scottish

preaching is theological while English preaching is not. Of the new style of Scottish preaching Dr. George H. Morrison was the outstanding exemplar. Perhaps he was not altogether a good model for imitators with lesser gifts than his. I have heard Scottish preachers who imitated his homeliness and simplicity but who insensibly faded off into mere commonplaceness and sentimentalism. What they lacked was the background of liberal study and pastoral insight which enabled Morrison to preach the central simplicities with unfailing variety of colour and unerring accuracy in his "appeal to the heart."

There was nothing sensational in his appeal. I get the impression rather of a steady flow of cheering, helpful, suggestive thought, clothed in language which was not deliberately "literary" but which was full of the musical echoes of wide literary study. And it was preaching which did not attempt to handle the "topics of the day," either in the sense of commenting on moral and social issues or of grappling with the intellectual difficulties with which the seeker after a spiritual resting-place is confronted in this age. Morrison knew what he could do, and he knew what he was doing. He knew that his church was thronged with people who were not ambitious to solve the problem of the ages, but who were very much in need of a comforting and fortifying word, some simple testimony to justify their own goodwill towards religion and to confirm them in their instinctive belief that "it's better to be good than bad." Dr. Morrison believed (as Mrs. Morrison has recorded) "that it was a minister's bounden duty to preach only the positive truths that had proved themselves in the experience of his own soul. It was for that reason that, while he was fully abreast of the times as to Biblical criticism and the advances of science on all hands, he

resolutely set himself to declare to his people only the sure things of God that were the tried foundations of his own faith."

Perfectly sound, of course. Yet one ought to say, in honesty, that in times when many people find very few "sure things" to cling to, it may not be wise in a preacher to give the impression that he is not deeply concerned with the problems and questionings of the day. It may only be a matter of tact. Only, in considering modern preaching, one always has in mind a figure both tragic and hopeful: the intelligent young man or woman who is well-disposed towards the things which the Church stands for, but is honestly unable to accept the traditional statements of Christian truth. One thinks of this young person drawn by curiosity or hope to hearing a certain preacher—and of being disappointed and chilled because the preacher gives no sign of understanding and sympathizing with the trouble of the young man who wants to believe but cannot. In Dr. Morrison's case, though, as I said, he stood out as the champion of no school in theology, there can be little doubt that he was commonly regarded as ranking with the "safe" or conservative theologians. And many who might have been helped by his human touch were probably kept away by that assumption. The point is that youthful doubt is as sharp a pain as the pull of youthful temptation, and the heart of youth goes out to the preacher who is warmly and manifestly sympathetic to this trouble.

Yet on the main point, that a preacher should preach his certainties rather than his doubts, Morrison was indisputably right. Neither, as a matter of fact, did he ignore or fail to sympathize with the questionings of youth. After the War he instituted at Wellington a sort of discussion class called the Round Table, for the special

benefit of the young people of the church whom the War had set thinking uneasily about fundamental problems. "Unable to find a solution themselves," writes Mrs. Morrison in her admirable memoir of her husband, "they thought if they could get Dr. Morrison-of-the-study, rather than Dr. Morrison-of-the-pulpit, things would straighten out better." Dr. Morrison agreed, and the Round Table became an extraordinarily useful institution. The minister allowed the widest liberty in discussion, on condition that the members should be genuinely serious and sincere. He did not object to humour, but he had no patience with levity or flippancy. Another of his rules strikes me as being, not so much cautious and discreet, as fundamentally wise. These debates, often approaching the ultimate question of faith and doubt, were to be regarded as *in camera*. Freedom of speech was thus insured both for minister and people. Not that Dr. Morrison was in any danger of being "peached upon" for saying dangerous things. The doubts were the young people's doubts, not his, and his part was to state frankly the grounds of his own steady faith.

"At many a meeting," says one of his young people, quoted by Mrs. Morrison, "he heard strange theories advanced, and indeed he once said with a smile, 'I hear things stated with the greatest confidence that in all my ministry I have never been quite sure of.' At the same time, what impressed most of us when we had propounded what we thought was a very advanced view of some subject, was that we found that he had been there before us, and he would tell us with the greatest impartiality the arguments for and against it, and then the conclusion he had come to about it—whether it was of God or not."

This was what I call truly pastoral work, and it was done with the same devotion and attention as Dr. Morrison gave to that other important part of a pastor's duty—visitation, and a fatherly interest in all that concerned the personal welfare of his huge flock. Amid all his study and business he would find time to visit or to write to any man, woman, boy or girl who had some special need of the pastor's care. His wife tells a charming story of how, when he was Moderator of the United Free Church, a great assembly in London watched with grave interest the delivery of a telegram of such importance (apparently) that it had to be taken into the very pulpit. At lunch after the service the Moderator asked the company if they would care to see the message. They were, of course, eager to do so, and it was handed round. It ran: "*Will meet you Monday, anywhere, any time, Betty.*" Dr. Morrison had promised to "look up" a young member of his congregation who had just got a post in London, and he had written asking her to fix up a meeting.

It may be recorded—especially as I am considering Dr. Morrison in the light of an "average minister" raised to the *nth* power—that he gave his afternoons to visitation but kept the mornings absolutely sacred to study. He bore always in mind the maxim of old Dr. Whyte: "Mind your books, and Satan cannot touch you!"

In 1912 Dr. Morrison (who was a model pastor in respect of his unwillingness to leave his own pulpit) paid one of his rare visits to London, to preach the annual sermon of the Baptist Missionary Society. I took that opportunity of hearing him. The handsome face and stately bearing of the man, and the easy vigour of his delivery, helped one to understand part of his attraction.

His voice was not strong but it was of musical quality. The sermon needed one quality in the hearer for its full appreciation; namely, a mind at rest from fundamental doubts and prepared to take as axiomatic two things—the leadership of Christ in all one's thoughts on religion and life, and the reality of all human experience of Christ. Upon those axioms Dr. Morrison built up an essentially cheering and an essentially "experimental" sermon on "The God of Hope." There was an orderliness, a progression, in the sermon which reminded one of the older preachers; but it stood or fell, not by the course of reasoning, but by the truth and intimacy of its appeal to experience. It was not "great" preaching in the sense of being arresting and adventurous. One was left rather with a sense of having been in the presence of a mind saturated with spiritual meditation and a heart completely at rest.

I quote two paragraphs of the sermon which I take to be typical of Dr. Morrison's style.

How evident it is (the quality of Hope) in this beautiful world of nature which is round us to-day! There is a great deal in nature that I cannot understand; things in nature that are merciless and cruel; there is a kind of horrible element in nature for which I shrink, that I cannot fathom. But, just as everything in nature is beautiful that the hand of man has never touched, so that a wonderful element of Hope in nature. Every seed you cast into the ground is big with hopefulness of the coming harvest; every bird sings out, hopeful of its nest, its young. Every burn that rises in the hills sings over the granite of the glen, hopeful of its union with the sea. When winter comes, with its chilliness, hope springs; spring comes dancing across the meadow, and always in spring you have got the hope of summer; summer comes garlanded with beauty, but in the heart

of summer you have got the hope of autumn, when sower and reaper shall rejoice together. Paul talks of all creation groaning and travailing in pain together, but a woman in travail has not lost her hope, she is just on the fulfilment of her hope; and nature, groaning and travailing in pain together—sometimes her groans are in our ears—she has got a hope she is not going to lose. Why, dear brother, the very word *natura* means something that is going to be born, something that with greater hope is passing on to a greater beauty. If nature, as I reverently believe, is one of the garments of God by which we see Him, what an amazing hopefulness there is in God! I find it in nature.

Then, again, how evident it is in the inspired Word of the New Testament. When you come to think of that you see how significant it is. Let me try to explain you what I mean. Do I believe that God is everywhere revealed? Yes, I believe that God is everywhere revealed, but, mark you—this is tremendously important—but not that He is everywhere equally revealed. Why, you are not equally revealed in all you do, and I am not equally revealed in all I do; there are things that show far more of my character than other things I do. If that be true of you and me, how much truer is it of God in whose image we have all been made! I see Him in the mornings and the evenings, I see Him in the sunshine and the rain; but I see more of Him, far more of Him, in the inspired Word of the New Testament; and the glorious thing is that the most hopeful book in the literature of the heart, the greater is the hopefulness. Why, it thrills with joy, it rings with triumph. There "steals on your ear," friend, "the distant triumph song," written much of it in a majestic empire; it feels it is fighting with a beaten foe. My dear friend, if that be the Word of God, if that be the final expression of His will, how wonderful is the hopefulness of God!

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Let it be freely confessed that for the average English congregation, in these inquiring and sceptical days, "exclamation marks are not arguments." A colder and a harder style appeals more to English audiences, and they do not care so much to be addressed as "My dear friend." In estimating all Scottish preaching one has to take into account these differences of national accent. The Scot still goes to church, as the Englishman used to go to church, to hear the minister add another page of evidence to the volume of Christian testimony. The Scot would rather nod approval than make critical objections. Preaching, in the Scottish view, is a part of the service of praise. Deep in the heart of the Scots Presbyterian lies a loyal allegiance to that superb declaration of the Shorter Catechism: "The chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy Him for ever." That colours most Scottish preaching. The primary function of the Scottish pulpit is to glorify God—not humbly and tentatively to set forth the latest modern arguments to prove that there really is a God to glorify.

Dr. Morrison received in 1919 an invitation to become minister of Free St. George's, Edinburgh. He declined, but the invitation was a sufficient proof of the eminence which he had attained in the eyes of the United Free Church. In 1926 that Church elected him to the highest office in its gift, the Moderatorship of the General Assembly. Characteristically he decided not to concern himself during his year of office with questions of church polity, chief of which was the approaching union with the Church of Scotland, but to continue to exercise his own special gift as preacher and teacher. He spent four months of his Moderatorship in visiting the United Free Church Mission stations in South Africa. He found that he could preach to the

unlettered natives with as great acceptance as in his own church at Glasgow.

In October, 1928, at the height of his power and popularity, and after a very short illness, he died. George Herbert Morrison added nothing strikingly new to the thought of the Church, nor did he pioneer new paths in the art of preaching. His place in the records of pulpit leadership is rather that of the preacher who says " This one thing I do," and who puts into the doing of it every grain of concentrated devotion, knowledge and art of which he is possessed. The preaching of such a man may be either a deep or shallow stream, according to his gifts; but it will be as clear and pure and health-giving as water from the granite hills.

DR. W. E. ORCHARD

SOMEWHERE else in this book I have touched on the parallel, so far as the outlines of their ecclesiastical careers are concerned, between Cardinal Newman and Canon R. J. Campbell. Perhaps the Cardinal ought really to have been reserved to point the moral of Dr. Orchard's career. There was tragedy, or at least deep pathos, in the life of Newman. As an Anglican he was the brightest star in the heavens, a preacher who stole away the hearts of men and might have led the whole Church of England into a new way of life. As a Roman Catholic, in spite of his belated Cardinal's hat, his influence was less than that of any sturdy, commonplace Irish priest who had plodded his way upward to a bishopric. A radiant genius passed into neglect and comparative obscurity when conscience led John Henry Newman from Anglicanism to Rome.

The same thing has happened, in a different set of circumstances, in the case of Dr. W. E. Orchard. Had he kept on the broad highway of Free Church Protestant faith and practice he would have been hailed to-day as one of the mightiest preachers who have risen in the land since the days of Wesley. A new Evangelical Revival might have been associated with his name. But he left the highway and wandered along a strange path. At one time it was thought that a troop of the younger men would follow him. The hope has faded, and Dr. Orchard's superb gifts are expended—one must not say wasted—on a small group of personal followers. But Free Church

life as a whole has passed him by. He is a Congregationalist who celebrates Mass, a Protestant who accepts and preaches the main body of Catholic dogma. To speak quite plainly, this paradox, which at first interested or disturbed his Free Church brethren, has now come to irritate them. Much as they revere his character and admire his preaching, they have lost patience with the tangle of Catholic accretions and irrelevances with which Dr. Orchard's otherwise piercing and prophetic witness is encumbered.

There is a dainty story—*ben trovato*, let us suppose—of a Roman Catholic lady who was taken to one of Dr. Orchard's gorgeous ceremonial services at the King's Weigh House Church. She said when it was over: "It was certainly very impressive—*but I prefer our simple Catholic Mass!*"

Dr. Orchard probably does not think of his career in the light of tragedy. He is doing his work, and he is of all men the least moved by popular applause or popular neglect. But it all seems tragic in the eyes of those who recognise the searching power of his preaching. "This man," they say to each other, "ought to be drawing thousands to hear him. There are thousands upon thousands who might be converted or re-converted if only they could be brought within the sound of his voice. And they are kept away from a preacher who, in plain words, could save them, by hearing impatient reports of his vestments and his ceremonials—the very name of which disgusts the young, keen, modern mind searching for ultimate truth."

This is not written in an unfriendly spirit. It is rather an attempt to express what some of Dr. Orchard's keenest admirers feel about him. Many who speak of him like this will declare with emphasis that he is as a preacher

in a class by himself—the greatest preacher in England, the Savonarola of our time.

A little fair-haired man of fifty-three, with a pugnacious chin, a Cockney accent, and a manner that has no touch of careful dignity about it, Dr. Orchard is a complete surprise to good Protestants who have been led to regard him as a subtle Jesuit, a wolf among the flock, a dangerous perverter of Protestant youth to Catholic practices. They would be still more surprised if they could meet him in private life. A smiling ascetic, he will say more pleasant, merry, laughter-making things over his frugal meal than the most robustious humorist in the company. Wherever Orchard is, he is the central attraction of a delighted group. But his real life is lived in an austere and hermit-like solitude. One must not intrude into these privacies; yet it is well known that Dr. Orchard has for many years lived " the religious life " as Catholics understand it—a life of devotion, meditation and study which is strangely different from the busy existence of the average minister.

He has behind him a London boyhood, of which very few people, I think, know the details. He seldom indulges in reminiscence. For a time he was in business, and then he met kind and useful friends who made study and entrance into the ministry possible for him, and in 1904, after training at Westminster College, Cambridge, he became minister of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Enfield. There was nothing " eccentric " about this early ministry—only the evidence of a great sweep of historical and philosophical knowledge and a mind brooding over " the immensities." The War had just begun when he accepted the pastorate of the King's Weigh House Church, in Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, a Congregational church with a tradition of liberal

theology and liturgical experiment behind it. Here he first attracted general attention, not as a theological adventurer, but as a complete and completely fearless pacifist.

I heard Dr. Orchard speak on the War in its earliest stages, when the majority of us were convinced, rightly or wrongly, that England "could do no other." Dr. Orchard declared without qualification or hesitation that we ought to have done otherwise. "If you ask 'What could we have done?' he said, "I can only say, I don't know. I only know that what we did was wrong." It chilled my heart at that time. The point is that Dr. Orchard was not, and is not, a political or a rational or a common-sense pacifist. He would never argue against war on the ground that poison gas makes war too horrible to contemplate, or that another war would end civilization. His only argument is that a Christian man cannot fight and be a Christian. "What can he do?" Dr. Orchard would say, "He can climb Calvary and be nailed with Christ to the Cross." In other words Dr. Orchard is a Christian to the point of dying for it.

Nobody knows how Dr. Orchard kept out of prison during the War, or why his church was not pulled about his ears by the mob.

A queer, true story tells how a relative of Dr. Orchard's, an officer in the Army, once found himself at table with a very important Brass Hat. This dignitary remarked in the course of conversation: "Sometimes I get so fed up with war, and War Office work, and the futility of all this slaughter that I can't bear it any longer, and I go off to a place called the King's Weigh House Chapel, where a preacher named Orchard raves against war like a howling dervish. It restores my soul."

After the War Dr. Orchard still preached undiluted pacifism, and he combined it with an equally undiluted condemnation of our capitalistic society. Many ministers at that time were preaching against war and capitalism, but there was a different note in Orchard's assault. He never spoke as though he looked forward with eager expectation to a comfortable New Jerusalem where everybody will be well paid, well fed and well housed. There was not lacking the warm note of passionate pity for the poor and oppressed: and yet one felt that Orchard sympathised not at all with the ordinary man's visions of comfort and wealth. He wanted society reconstructed, not so much because it is a good thing for everybody to have a good dinner, but because it is a bad thing for anybody to have a good dinner when his brother is hungry. He wanted to abolish wealth, not because it makes thousands poor, but because it makes the wealthy poor in spiritual gifts. Not more wealth for everybody, but more evangelical poverty, seemed to be Dr. Orchard's ideal. The truth is that he looks at all mundane things with the eye of a priest, "a religious," and regards the pursuit of wealth and comfort with a sort of aloofness —even a wondering distaste. Life is too serious, too mysterious and wonderful, for anybody to care much about the body. The only worthy aim is to seek ever closer and closer communion with God. Dr. Orchard speaks of human life and of human sin with deep and searching insight; but it is the insight of a priest, withdrawn from ordinary human ways into a life in which spirit only is real, the flesh a hindrance and a handicap.

All this time Dr. Orchard was developing his highly individual form of ritualism, and his theory of Free Catholicism. Storms have arisen at intervals over such a paradox as the celebration of Mass in a Congregational

church. Every now and then some scandalised Congregationalist asks, in the words of Henry II—or very nearly in those words—"Will no one rid us of this turbulent priest?" But Congregational principle provides that no one can touch a minister, be he priest or heretic, so long as his own church supports him; and the only way of getting rid of Dr. Orchard would be the peremptory and, in these days, illegal method used in the case of Becket. Unlike Becket, Dr. Orchard would fearlessly and eagerly attempt to prove to his would-be assassins that they were really the unorthodox parties, and not he.

In a recent article in *The Atlantic Monthly* Dr. Orchard quite clearly defined his views with regard to Catholicism, and gave a string of reasons for not going over to the Church of Rome. "I often wish," he wrote, "that I had been born a Roman Catholic in a predominantly Roman country." But he went on to explain that in Protestantism he is free to teach Catholic truth to Protestants and Protestant truth to Catholics—whereas in the Roman Church he would only be allowed to fulfil half of that mission. And he believes that neither Rome nor Geneva possesses the whole of Christian truth. "The two systems have managed to divide Christianity roughly in two, each appropriating simply one half. It is the whole that I, and I believe so many others, crave."

. . . . .

A little while ago I went to the King's Weigh House Church with the idea of attempting to estimate Dr. Orchard's quality as a preacher pure and simple, without any reference to these controversies which have raged around him. Perhaps it was an impossible thing to aim at. One cannot go to hear a man like Dr. Orchard,

so long the subject of keen discussion, with a perfectly open mind. One watches instinctively for signs of his "Catholicism," for hints as to his ecclesiastical direction. Yet it was not impossible to gauge the effect of the sermon on any hearer who may have been able to listen in a mood of complete receptiveness. Imagining myself such an auditor, I might sum up my impressions in a couple of sentences: "This preacher forced me to face my life in the light of the Cross. With subtle, searching reasoning and a gentle sternness of spiritual challenge, he so urged his point—that God's forgiveness of us depends on our forgiveness of others—that one could neither deny the conclusion nor escape the application."

Dr. Orchard, that is to say, possesses the one essential gift of the preacher: he touches the heart and wins a verdict. Yet, under the circumstances, there is more that may be said. It is permissible to suggest reasons for the quite undeniable charm and power of Dr. Orchard's preaching. I found something very engaging in his bearing and manner; nothing of priestliness, arrogance, or the delight in standing *contra mundum* which one might perhaps deduce from some of his detached utterances. Frail in body, not strong in voice, he gave one the impression of a boundless secret courage; but no less manifest were his sense of deep responsibility and his entire sincerity.

The same engaging qualities were manifest in his mode of argument. Towards the end of the sermon he compared the Catholic and Evangelical views of forgiveness, to the disadvantage of the latter. Torn from its context, and read with the whole circumstances of the King's Weigh House ministry as background, the passage might well seem provocative and even offensive. But the point arose quite naturally in the course of a long,

patient and courteous argument. Dr. Orchard's line of thought was that the real problem is the problem of making forgiveness effective. Nothing can change God's intention and willingness to forgive; but it needed Christ's death to make His forgiveness effective in us, and it needs our forgiveness of men to allow that flow of divine grace to enter into ourselves and into those who have sinned against us. Dr. Orchard's criticism of the Evangelical doctrine was that it appears to assume that God had to be moved to forgiveness, and that it limits His forgiveness by the condition of "acceptance": in other words, it appears to him not such "good news" as the Catholic doctrine.

The central point of the sermon, one might say, was neither Catholic nor Evangelical, but simply Christian. It was the emphatic declaration that complete forgiveness of our enemies is only possible when we take God's view of things, and we see in the person who does the wrong, and not the person who is wronged, the one most deeply to be pitied. The one sinned against has suffered some temporal wrong; the other is in danger of eternal injury. We must forgive him to save him. Forgiveness, not revenge, will draw him to penitence and salvation.

Frankly recording the strongly favourable impression which Dr. Orchard's preaching made upon me, I must not pass over certain doubts which crept in. Dr. Orchard's great strength, I believe, lies in the fact that he preaches with evangelical passion a doctrine of salvation which is both firmly theological and inexorably ethical. It strongly appeals to minds revolting from flabby pietism on the one hand, and sloppy ethical sentiment on the other. But, finding himself at home in the Catholic dialectic, Dr. Orchard has got into an atmosphere which Free Churchmen are likely to feel oppressive. The

great Catholic theory of the ordered flow of Divine grace into the world is, after all, very largely a metaphor; and there is a danger in founding your dialectic on a metaphor. I thought I detected a cold distrust of those natural channels through which, in liberal Christian belief, the divine grace "comes, silent, flooding in." In a reference to national enmities, for example, Dr. Orchard seemed to suggest that self-interest is at the bottom of the indignation expressed by a nation when some other nation has been wronged. We know Dr. Orchard is a pacifist; but was there not a pure and generous indignation in the British people's attitude to the invasion of Belgium—in the light, that is, of our incomplete knowledge in 1914? This point I mention as an example of the true Catholic distrust of "uncovenanted" goodness. There was, too, a prevailingly sombre tone in the sermon, a profound preoccupation with our human tendency to be mistaken, short-sighted, illogical, in our religious notions. It is a note which needs sounding pretty often, but it is not much of a marching tune.

At the risk of being misunderstood I cannot help remarking that there was something which tended to disarm prejudice in Dr. Orchard's upward glance towards his little pulpit crucifix just before he began his sermon. Whatever may be said of his ecclesiastical loyalties, I do not think anyone could hear him preaching without a conviction of his passionate loyalty to the Figure which that crucifix symbolises.

DR. ROBERT F. HORTON

Coleridge, writing of Jeremy Taylor, declared: "The happiest synthesis of the divine, the scholar, and the gentleman was perhaps exhibited in him and Bishop Berkeley." There is no happier contemporary application of those words than to Dr. Robert Forman Horton, for fifty years the minister of Lyndhurst Road Congregational Church, Hampstead.

But in Dr. Horton's pulpit career there is something much greater than even the grace of a personality in which those three elements are so perfectly combined. A clergyman of the Church of England, presiding at a meeting at which Dr. Horton was one of the speakers, mentioned that he was a contemporary of R. F. Horton at Oxford; and he declared with deep feeling that he and his set used to fortify themselves against the prevalent undergraduate agnosticism by the argument that "if Horton of New found reasons for being a Christian, they might be content." It has been so all through R. F. Horton's life. Amid all the assaults which new knowledge and new ideas have launched against Christianity, thousands of men and women have barricaded themselves behind Horton. They have watched the new ideas pass through the laboratory of that keen, open, richly cultured intelligence, and they have seen that it was possible to be a "scholar and a gentleman" and yet a Nonconformist preacher; to accept the findings of science and criticism, and yet to retain a radiant evangelical faith and passion; to enter whole-heartedly

into the artistic and literary life of the day, to keep the mind and imagination sharpened to the finest edge of perception, and yet to remain a simple, humble Christian.

R. F. Horton has been one of the most powerful of the influences making for Christian faith and Christian idealism in England for half a century. He would have been a powerful influence in English life even if he had not felt called to the Christian ministry. It was from no ordinary position that he stepped up—or down, according to one's scale of social and intellectual values—into the Congregational ministry. "Horton of New" was one of the bright lights of Oxford in 1880. The son of a Congregational minister, he had gone to Oxford with a scholarship from Shrewsbury School; and he won fame in the University both as a scholar and an oarsman. He took a First in Classical Moderations and in Greats. He was President of the Union. And he wound up his University career with a Fellowship of his College and a lectureship in history. "Sir Robert Horton, Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford". . . . Something like that was an undoubted possibility. He put it all aside and entered the ministry of his father's Church. It was harder then than it is now for a "scholar and gentleman" to become "a Dissenting preacher"—harder, I mean, from the point of view of the sacrifice of legitimate pride and ambition that is required. The Free Church minister of to-day ranks equally with his Anglican brethren, both in local and national life. As a representative public man he is invited to the high places at civic and State functions. He sits on Royal Commissions, and is held to be eligible for admission to the high dignity of Companion of Honour. Fifty years ago only the very biggest and strongest men in the Free

Church ministry could surmount the social barrier between the Establishment and Dissent.

Young R. F. Horton had a sufficiently embittering experience of the prejudice in high places against Dissent. While holding his Fellowship at New College he had accepted the pastorate of the newly-formed Congregational Church at Hampstead, then just beginning to grow from a village into a suburb. Yet he could not quite make up his mind as to whether his future lay in Oxford or Hampstead. Oxford was the earthly paradise to him, as to Newman. In this crisis of his career he was given a University appointment (the duties of which he could have combined with his London ministry) as examiner in the rudiments of faith and religion. Horrified by the idea that spotless young Anglicans should be tainted by contact with a Dissenting don, the country clergy rallied to the Congregation and revoked the appointment by an overwhelming vote. That was the end of R. F. Horton's Oxford career. He made no public protest against the intolerance which had made this unfair distinction against Nonconformity in his person. But it is possible that this experience accounts, in no small measure, for a peculiar aspect of Dr. Horton's personality—the formidable gift of caustic satire which he has held in such truly Christian subjection that many of his admirers have never suspected its existence.

I recall one occasion on which the keen blade was suddenly unsheathed, to the amazed interest of a select company. When Booker Washington, the "minor Moses" of the negroes of America—himself born into slavery—visited London some twenty-five years ago, Dr. Horton was one of those who spoke at a banquet of welcome. With the most delicate and significant irony

he expressed the special sympathy felt for the American negroes by British Nonconformists—a class of men and women who were peculiarly qualified for understanding the pains and penalties of belonging to an inferior race.

But Dr. Horton has won renown by the suppression rather than by the cultivation of this gift of satire. His whole ministry, indeed, bears witness to a very remarkable species of self-discipline. It is a little vulgar to keep repeating the phrase "scholar and gentleman"; but I will use it once more to express this extraordinarily interesting side of a great preacher's character. Dr. Horton is a scholar and gentleman who has regarded humility as the first of Christian virtues, and who has deliberately and consistently forced himself to lay the pride of the scholar and the fastidiousness of the gentleman as a cheerful sacrifice at the feet of Christ.

This does not mean that Dr. Horton has "drowned his book," like Prospero. Indeed, his use of scholarship in the defence of the faith has been one of the glories of his ministry. But in the democratic lucidity of his language, in the almost feminine gentleness of his tones, in the gracious and humble-minded charitableness of his temper, one cannot but perceive (or imagine) a great inward battle won over the intellectual aristocrat, the fastidious stylist, the dangerous controversialist, which represent the "natural man" in Dr. Horton.

I looked in once at a mission service conducted by one of the popular peripatetic evangelists of twenty-five years ago. (There are none now; I mean there are no popular ones.) Some of the local clergy and ministers were present on the platform to encourage the visiting brother. Among them was Dr. Horton, and I confess to having watched his face whilst the evangelist preached his crude Funda-

mentalist doctrine. Ever since then I have thought of Dr. Horton when I read Browning's lines about the young Verdi; how, "at his worst opera's end," he glances through the ignorantly cheering crowd to the corner "where sits Rossini patient in his stall." The audience, pathetically anxious to be fed, even if the shepherd was an incompetent, warmed itself up by singing revival hymns, accompanying some of the refrains with rhythmic hand clapping (so simple and artless were the ways of our fathers). And there sat "Horton of New," benignantly joining in the singing and hand clapping, though I cannot imagine that either exercise could have been particularly congenial to him. Well, it was a perfect object-lesson in . . . gentlemanliness.

Horton's ministry at Hampstead was a brilliant success from the outset. Hampstead was already a "highbrow" suburb, and the young students and the older men and women of culture soon found that there was a preacher in their midst who was presenting Christianity in a manner which compelled the interest and respect of educated and inquiring people. H. H. Asquith, afterwards Prime Minister, was one of those who acknowledged his debt to Horton in those early years. But Horton was by no means content to be the pet preacher of a little intellectual coterie. The spiritual and bodily welfare of the masses has always been a first concern with him. No part of his preaching ministry yielded him greater satisfaction that the monthly "Artisans' Lecture," delivered on the first Sunday in the month at Lyndhurst Road for practically the whole fifty years of that wonderful pastorate. Almost every subject under the sun was dealt with in those Lectures. Dr. Horton made them the medium for his criticism of new books affecting Christian faith; for his interpretation of the

Christian ethic in terms of modern political and economic life; for passing on to his people the results of science and scholarship as they affect the Bible and various religious assumptions; for restating the fundamental truths of evangelical Christianity in the changing terminology of each new decade. In these lectures the history of half a century's religious thought is unrolled.

From a literary point of view Dr. Horton's sermons and lectures are peculiarly worth studying by preachers. His style is naturally flowing and pleasant, with a sort of easy "long-windedness" (or "long-leggedness") in the sentences which reminds one of Thackeray's long, melodious line. But the extreme and unique lucidity of the sentences are rather more than "natural." Without adornment, without rising into a flourish or falling into flatness, the pleasant, swift, eager exposition glides on—every "hard word" at once explained or exchanged for a simpler one; every point being made to stand out with perfect clarity, and with no oratorical "tricks of lighting" to make it seem more imposing than it really is.

It seems strange to-day to think of Dr. Horton in the light of a dangerous heretic. Yet he passed through a storm of obloquy in the 'eighties when he published his book on *Inspiration and the Bible*. This was a simple exposition of the new view of the Bible which the Higher Criticism had forced upon educated people of that day. That new view is, of course, an axiom of most of our contemporary preaching: In the 'eighties, however, it was "rank blasphemy" in the eyes of many—perhaps of the majority—among the religious public. Even some of Horton's elders and church members deserted him, and went in search of some purer tabernacle. It rained

pamphlets and prophecies and lamentations and objurgations.

By an ironic coincidence, at the very time when R. F. Horton's "heresies" were rousing the orthodox to fury, the young minister was engaged in the singularly orthodox occupation of conducting evangelistic missions, especially to young people, in churches throughout the country. For him the new light on the Bible only threw into brighter relief the central Figure in the Bible and in history and in his own preaching. "My doctrinal views," he said, "are summed up in the words 'Jesus Christ,' but I can only preach what has become real and vivid to myself." There is an extraordinary feeling of "free air" in Dr. Horton's preaching. He is anchored to no dogma, no tradition, no text; yet in spite of this, or because of it, none of our professedly Modernist preachers carries with him into the pulpit so much of the old evangelical warmth and intimacy of tone. "I have preached a Living Christ," he said on closing his ministry. Few preachers in this generation have done so much to translate that fine but difficult phrase into terms of actual belief and practical living. It would be an impertinence to attempt to define in a sentence what a great preacher has taken fifty years to explicate in its fullness. But one may express in a sentence the central *emphasis* of Dr. Horton's teaching. It is placed neither on the "Jesus of history" nor on the Christ of the formal theologies. Our effectual experience of God is what is called a mystical experience. "It really is not mysticism," said Dr. Horton in a quite recent sermon. "It is simply experience and consciousness." And as he said in the same sermon, "every human being who has now or has ever had that mysterious contact with the unseen and unknown God . . . gives a revelation to the race, and that kind of revelation is

bound up in our organism as personalities." In this light all history, art and culture are seen as a progressive enrichment of personality, a feeding (so to speak) of that spirit of man which is the eternal and confident witness to the Unseen. Hail to every new light which illumines the inward eye and confirms man's sense of his divine lineage!

And as we go into the deeper question of Jesus Christ our Lord we find that all is gathered up and summed up in that life, all that men have known and all that they know now, and it comes in Jesus Christ with an irresistible clearness and confidence. It is unmistakable. He speaks, as it were, in the very presence of the personal God. When He gives us the Lord's prayer it is a revelation, and when He gives us the commandments by which we are to live it is a revelation, which is in Himself so obvious, that human life is made by a personal God, and that a personal God claims the obedience and the communion of the human life that He has made.

The sermon from which these extracts are taken was delivered in the last year of Dr. Horton's ministry at Hampstead, which closed about twelve months ago. It is a sermon on Professor Julian Huxley's " Religion without Revelation "; and I think there is a poetic beauty, a dramatic completeness, in the fact that after fifty years of preaching Dr. Horton should be cheerfully welcoming the theories of Julian Huxley and the revelations of Eddington and Jeans, not as sinister attacks upon faith but as indirect confirmations of it—confirming it by their evidence of a disinterested love of truth in the human mind, and by their very weaknesses and fallacies. " The value of this book of Professor Julian Huxley is that it wants to save religion for men." Surely a gallant and noble

salute to "the foe that comes with fearless eyes." And then begins the critical examination of the foe's positions, leading up to a magnificently simple summary of the whole modern position with regard to religion and science. Let me quote the conclusion. In style, spirit and dialectic it may be taken as characteristic of the kind of leadership which questioning youth has had from that Hampstead pulpit through half a century of change:

Einstein and Rutherford have come to stay, and they have changed the whole aspect of things. I can only sum up in a few words what seems to me the change that is already apparent. There is a region of what is called science, physical science, but that region of physical science does not embrace the field of reality. It is only partial. However correct it is, it is not the complete account of reality. Not only is that reality beyond physical science, but it is behind it and underneath it, and unless it existed physical science itself would not exist. That beyond which we sometimes call the spiritual and which is essentially God is open to human consciousness in exactly the same way that the physical world is.

Now that is the point that is coming to be seen at last. You perceive the physical world by your senses, and those senses are perpetually betraying you. The physical world is not in the least what your senses tell you, and modern scientists, especially Einstein and Rutherford, are convincing us that the reality of that physical world is open to question. As you believe practically in a physical world, so you know and you believe in that larger reality which is called the spiritual world. The one is not more certain than the other. The spiritual world is also known to us in a way that requires, perpetually, correction and fresh search, but there it is, the unmistakable condition of the physical world or of human life, and, as we realise that to know God, not in

the old dogmatic sense perhaps but in the essential and philosophical sense, is the condition of knowing the physical universe and the condition of living aright and reaching a goal, as we realize that the knowledge of God is really essential, we ought to be thankful indeed that that knowledge is given us not by an elaborate train of reasoning but by the immediate verdict of consciousness and by the fact of our own personality.

I should not wonder in the light of this great change which is taking place to-day in the attitude of physical science to thought and to life, if presently science becomes one of the great contributing forces to religion. I should not wonder if, instead of discrediting revelation, science before long will approve it, will bring a further revelation from its own resources and will confirm that certainty of God and the relation to Him which we supposed was the gift of religion but which is really the gift of being a human being at all. Ever since Bergson and Eucken began to think and to teach us, thought has been moving rapidly. It has moved rapidly away from Bergson and away, in a sense, from Eucken. It has left them behind, but it has taken them with it, and thought has been developing in such a way that now science itself begins to see that it must be humble, that it must recognize a truth beyond itself. Science must not attempt to disprove that greater truth, the truth of the spirit, the truth which has made man, and on which man depends not only for life hereafter but for right life now. We are made far too much in the image of God ever to get on if we cease to believe in Him and lose the traces of His image.

This fortifying ministry has been carried on by a man of most attractive personal qualities. Grace, gentleness and refinement, with the unstrained dignity which those qualities generate in their habitual exercise, are the outstanding points in Dr. Horton's personality. The finely cut face, with its short silvery beard, reminds one not

a little of the famous "Greek god" photograph of George Meredith, though nothing could be farther from Dr. Horton's manner than the eager, ironic sharpness of the novelist. The voice is soft, level and appealing, yet without the almost too artless pathos of, say, "Dick" Sheppard's pulpit tones.

If Dr. Horton has a fault at all it is that of an almost excessive humility and sensitiveness of conscience. Once or twice, moved by his intense love of the foreign missionary enterprise, and his chivalrous concern for the workers in lonely places, he has spoken as if he had made a "great refusal" in not himself volunteering for the foreign field. Nobody but himself would so underestimate the unique value of his ministry to the Western world.

Liberal theology is sometimes spoken of as tending to freeze the springs of practical Christian benevolence; it is worthy of record that Dr. Horton's church has been the most generous giver to foreign missions in his denomination, and that it was responsible for one of the first and best of those missions in poor districts which are such a fine feature of modern Congregationalism.

In a serene and venerated old age Dr. Horton has become a sort of head and leader of his denomination on the spiritual and devotional side. On great occasions, when it is desired that the conduct of devotions should be marked by the highest possible dignity and grace, Dr. Horton is almost invariably called upon to lead the prayers of the assembled brethren. It does not need a scholar for the perfect conduct of worship—but it does need "a divine and a gentleman."

And in the last few years Dr. Horton has laid his denomination under still another debt. At his suggestion the keenest minds in Congregationalism have met each summer either at Oxford or Cambridge to re-think and

re-state Christian belief in the fullest light of modern thought, scholarship and science.

Robert Forman Horton takes rank with the very greatest of those preachers who have held, in the noble words of John Robinson of Leyden, that "God has yet more light and truth to break forth from His holy Word." And for him the Word of God is heard, not only in the Scripture which he loves, but in the songs of poets, in the dreams of artists, and in every wise and loving thought which has flowered in the hearts of men.

"DICK" SHEPPARD

WHAT is done at the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields is not done in a corner. It is done at the corner of Trafalgar Square, which is a very different thing. No more fortunate thing has happened to the Church of England since the War than that this central church of the metropolis should have shone forth as a beacon of the most attractive kind of Christianity in the world. Here we have witnessed for ten years a perfect example, a practical and living illustration, of the most beautiful of all ecclesiastical ideals—the Church as the home of the people.

It was as a rebel against ecclesiastical tradition, and especially against the bad old tradition that the Church of England could always be counted in as the bulwark of political and industrial conservatism and complacency, that Dr. H. R. L. Sheppard first became known to the religious public. He was a close friend of "Woodbine Willie," and he was ranked with that unquiet spirit as "a young man in a hurry"—a young man who urgently desired his Church to speak out against war and social injustice with a bolder, clearer accent than any branch of institutional religion had ever used before. I heard him once or twice in those early days. My recollection is that I prophesied one of two destinies for this young rebel. I thought he might continue his rebellion and either inspire a big new social movement in the Church of England or gradually be blanketed and silenced by the pressure of the machine, the institution. And at the

same time another possibility came into my mind. This young clergyman had such pleasant manners and such an engaging appearance and personality that I thought I saw Success and Promotion written ominously across his brow. The Church of England is kind to well-mannered and gentlemanly young clerics. It was not a cynical thought, I hope, either with regard to that great Church or to young Mr. Sheppard himself, that Mr. Sheppard seemed exactly the kind of man who "gets on" in the Church, and finishes his career as a Dean or a Bishop.

Well, young Mr. Sheppard is now the Very Reverend Dr. Sheppard, Dean of Canterbury. That part of my prophecy has been fulfilled. But I am only too happy to add that this promotion has not been bought at the price of any retreat or betrayal. "Dick" Sheppard is now what he always was: a fearless critic of cold and conservative institutionalism in the Church, and of time-honoured injustice and inequalities in the State. But his destiny proved to be something other than the leadership of organized revolt. His path was marked out for him by an accidental or providential circumstance; and in following this path he performed a truly glorious and beautiful service to his Church and to his fellow-men.

Hugh Richard Lawrie Sheppard, is the son of that courtly cleric of the last generation, Canon Edgar Sheppard, sub-dean of the Chapels Royal. Educated at Marlborough and Trinity Hall, Cambridge, he became chaplain (in 1907) and afterwards head of Oxford House, and while quite young was appointed "deputy priest in ordinary" to King Edward VII. After two brief charges in the West End he was appointed in 1914 to the vicarage of St. Martin-in-the-Fields; in the same year he went to France as a temporary chaplain to the

Forces. He has served as honorary secretary of the Life and Liberty Movement in the Church of England.

" Dick " Sheppard—as he was called first by his friends and then by the world—began at St. Martin's a ministry which felicitously recalls the legend of the saint to whom that church is dedicated. He found himself warm and well-cloaked in a world of shivering beggars, and he was filled with a passionate desire that the Church shall play St. Martin's part in clothing the naked and feeding the hungry. It seemed to him a sad and dreadful thing that the Church should ever appear before the people in any less attractive light than as the living incarnation of the pity and love of Christ. He found her absorbed in questions of doctrine and polity. He wanted her to be absorbed in the ministry of service and sympathy. In many ways he voiced his dissatisfaction with organized religion as it existed; but, what was far more effective, he strove to make his own church a model of what a Christian church should be in the midst of the people. He invited all friendless people in London to make St. Martin's their home. He opened the crypt for tired wanderers, and filled his rooms with young people from lonely lodgings. And all the time there sounded from the pulpit of St. Martin's the warmest, tenderest expression of Christianity as the religion of the fatherly love of God. All the common human anxieties and troubles seemed to be intimately and imaginatively known to this young preacher, and he seemed to lay them with a truly priestly gesture at the feet of Christ—kneeling at the altar with all these sad burdens, and turning to the waiting people with a message that throbbed with Christlike compassion and reassurance.

Then came the miracle of broadcasting, and in a little while " Dick " Sheppard was preaching, not to hundreds,

but to millions. Call it accidental or providential—at all events it was an extraordinarily happy thing that in the early years of broadcasting the message of the Church should have been so largely entrusted to "Dick" Sheppard. Perhaps nobody else could have done the Church so great a service. To the listening people there came over the ether a voice which spoke only of love and brotherhood, and of the heartsease and fortitude that come to tired and overborne people when they keep company with Christ. It was not "Repent" or "Do this" or "Don't do that." It was not argument for the Christian doctrines, or polemic against the non-Christian philosophies. The word of the Church which came to the world through "Dick" Sheppard's broadcast services was simply this: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

I believe that tens of thousands to-day are in contact with Christ and the Church who might have drifted away but for "Dick" Sheppard's broadcast addresses. Picture the Church of England in the past twelve years without Sheppard and Studdert Kennedy. It would have had its statesmen, its thinkers, its re-builders of theology, its preachers of a Christian reorganization of society. But I am sure that the friendliness with which it is regarded by the masses of the English people—a warmer friendliness than it has ever before enjoyed—is owing in an incalculable degree to those two voices, one agonized and vehement, the other gentle and wistful, which through the cynical and questioning years preached to the people the simple gospel of the love of God. "I don't care for the Episcopal Church much," said an American visitor who had been studying English ecclesiastical life, "but I love the *Decanal* Church." A church which possesses Deans like "Dick" Sheppard is a Church which can

indeed be loved: and no Church can survive which is not loved.

Is Dr. Sheppard a great preacher? Not by the ordinary standards of criticism. This simple, coaxing, colloquial style is not what we have in mind when we call up memories of the princes of the pulpit. Yet there is no preacher to-day who does with greater effectiveness two of the primary things for which preaching exists: first, to comfort and strengthen, second, to pierce home to conscience. I have failed badly if I have given the impression that Dr. Sheppard is a merely soothing preacher.

Just before Christmas a year or two ago I went to St. Martin's to hear Dr. Sheppard deliver his broadcast address. The church was packed to suffocation. Candles were gleaming on the altar—a sign, I suppose, of a certain degree of "High-ness" in the St. Martin's tradition That troubled me not at all, nor, I imagine, did it trouble anybody in the congregation. Ecclesiastical preoccupations seem a thing apart from "Dick" Sheppard's ministry; nobody cares whether he is High, Low, or Broad.

"Please let me say Christmas things to you to-day," he began. And the first Christmas thing he said, after wishing a happy Christmas to all his unseen listeners, was a warning against being too happy in a world full of unhappiness. "Try hard, my friends, not to be hard, not to be clumsy in the presence of suffering humanity. If your own lot is sheltered, try to be sensitive to the heart of the people who are out in the wilderness. For the Lord's sake, have a care!"

Then, with a certain fine candour, he tried to define what Christmas may mean to people who are only too conscious that the ages of faith are past—that all faith has to be fought for in these difficult days. "If it be

possible for you, conjure back into your lives and your hearts and your homes every bit of the faith and romance and joy that once was yours in childhood's days. I know that is very hard—so easy to suggest, but so hard to carry out. . . . It is immensely hard for many to draw near to the Babe of Bethlehem. The pressure of the hard facts of life has taken them away so far from Him, they feel, and they are so remote, and life is so stern; there is little time to think about the eternal things. There is no angelic choir now to make music, no star to lead through the darkness, no sense of expectancy, such as there was for the ancient world, when everyone was on tiptoe, looking out for a Saviour. They lived, those people, in Bethlehem of Judea in the time of Herod the Tetrarch—it sounds as if there was romance in that land. We live in Pimlico or Bradford, and there is no angelic choir. If there is, we cannot hear it. . . . Our faith has grown so weak under the pressure of these stern realities, and we cannot burst into rapturous song all of a sudden because the vicar gives out Hymn No. 244, 'O come, all ye faithful.'"

No "soothing sentimentalism" here!

Dr. Sheppard found the way out from this despondency and doubt in a plea for the place of the heart in religion. Christmas, with its divine simplicity, "beckons us back to a dream and a romance," recalls us to the fact that Christianity can never depend on purely rational arguments, challenges us once more with the fact that Christ reversed all our human values and showed us "God coming as a little child into the hearts of His own world."

"Try, if you can, hard as it is, to draw near to the Babe of Bethlehem; bring some gift, if you can, that costs you something, and it will mean much; put up a prayer, if you can, and see what happens; just ask to

be led towards the truth. If you are better now than you used to be when Jesus was real to you, as He has been to most of us at some time or another, then forget all that I am saying, do not heed my words; but if you are not really nearly as full of love as you used to be, and if the people in the homes where you are know that you cannot be counted on as once you were, well then, try again to draw near to the Babe of Bethlehem. I'll swear they can do with it. . . .

" So, good people, be young again, if you can, this Christmas Day; and, if you cannot, help someone to be happy. Pull your crackers and wear your caps, and don't mind looking like a fool—it is good for all of us—and get under the mistletoe with the one you love best. Forget your own dignity . . . but be tender, be so tender in the presence of suffering humanity. . . ."

I think I may end my quotation at that point. " Be tender, be so tender. . . ." Nobody in my recollection has struck that note in the pulpit with such simplicity of feeling and language. There are some who murmur " Sentiment! " But all over England, in the days when this message was being delivered from the pulpit of St. Martin's, there were people who never listened to sermons in the ordinary way but who, on certain Sunday nights, would be sure to say: " Switch on the wireless. ' Dick ' Sheppard's talking to-night."

It was a sad day for thousands of people when " Dick " Sheppard's voice was no longer heard from the pulpit of St. Martin's. He had fought for years against asthma, but the increasing severity of the attacks at last compelled him, in 1927, to resign his charge and go into the country for a long rest. After a partial recovery he was appointed Dean of Canterbury, with the sympathetic applause of all parties in the Church. His work is still sadly hampered

by ill-health, and at the moment the best-loved voice in the Church of England has fallen silent.

As I indicated at the start, "Dick" Sheppard's activities as a "rebel" tended to diminish under the responsibilities of his unique position as a preacher over the wireless. That position gave him such an unparalleled opportunity for service that he could not but conserve his waning energies for that special ministry. Yet he remains a rebel. His famous book, *The Impatience of a Parson*, published in 1927, was an urgent and outspoken plea to the Church to shake herself free from that institutionalism of the mind which is the ever-present danger of organized religion. It contained more than a hint of Dr. Sheppard's dissatisfaction with the leadership of the Church in recent years.

More recently Dean Sheppard has given further public expression to his grave doubt as to the churches' capacity, in their present condition, to win the hearts of the people to Christ. You will not get the spiritual revival for which the churches are yearning, he says, until your "call" to the nation is combined with "the offer of a Christian Society wider than any which exists to-day, and more passionate and completely Christian—that is, more Christlike in its spirit, outlook and expression." One of the "more Christlike" expressions of that spirit, in Dean Sheppard's view, would be "a declaration from the house-tops that there can be and shall be no barriers permitted, within or without the Churches, which separate those who love the Lord Jesus Christ from any act of corporate worship."

Dean Sheppard had no sympathy with the decision of the recent Lambeth Conference against Intercommunion with non-Anglicans (except on terms which would rob Intercommunion of all its Christian grace).

He announced, indeed, just after the Conference, that in a forthcoming visit to Scotland he proposed to take the Sacrament at the hands of a Presbyterian minister.

Dean Sheppard's opinions are valuable, and his work for a greater liberality and disinterestedness in the thought of the Church has had, and will continue to have, an important influence upon the younger clergy and many of the laity. But when all is said and done, it is not really Dean Sheppard's opinions that will give him his place in the pulpit history of this generation. He is not the first parson to be "impatient" of ecclesiastical limitations and traditions. But he is the first parson in a generation, perhaps in a century, to win millions of hearers by the sheer grace of his own Christian character and intention, shining through his spoken words so clearly that they have touched and inspired a whole nation. It is not Dean Sheppard but "Dick" Sheppard of whom English Christians of all denominations think as the model of a Christian minister in a troubled and weary age. In him, more than in any other preacher of our time, the new glory of the pulpit is illustrated—not the glory of sublime oratory or profound thought, but the greater glory of the man who stands in the midst of the people, a friend and brother, pouring out his soul in a passion of service and love.

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